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FROM

Rev. Frederick R. Griffin

Philadelphia

THE

HARVARD MAGAZINE.

VOLUME IV.

CAMBRIDGE:
PUBLISHED BY JOHN BARTLETT,
Bookseller to the University.
1858.

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Rev. Frederick R. Griffin
Philadelphia

CAMBRIDGE:
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John B. Ropes

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VOLUME IV.—No. I.

JANUARY, 1858.

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THE
HARVARD MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.

JANUARY, 1858.

No. 1.

HARVARD PERIODICALS.

" puerique claris
Patribus orti."

HOR.

G. A. Allen /
Ed -

THAT students at our age, the transition period between boyhood and manhood, are still in many respects children, curious to learn how their elders lived and thought and acted before them in their situation, may perhaps be a sufficient apology for the present article. For such children, and not for the barbarian world outside, is it designed. The latter has very different sympathies, and cannot always understand our likings. With this preliminary warning, therefore, we propose to relate a chapter in the history of our Alma Mater that has never yet been told.

This time, more than any other, seems peculiarly appropriate for a sketch of our College Periodicals. Our present Maga is now sure to equal in age her longest-lived predecessor, for no undertaking of this sort in Harvard has hitherto seen more than four years. Herein as successful as any Classes before us, we may feel entitled to review what they accomplished. But this is not all. The only remaining Class that helped in starting the Harvard Magazine will soon graduate. They, whose interest in its prosperity is

perhaps partly derived from their connection with its origin, must give place to others, who cannot be influenced by the same motives. But by recording the history and fate of similar periodicals before our own, we may possibly induce its future guardians to become as zealous as its founders have been for its long continuance.

College periodicals belong to that stage of life when we have just cast off the leading-strings of infancy and begun to think and act for ourselves, when enterprise is all awake and has not yet been crushed by the responsibilities of manhood. Like our literary societies, they are convenient safety-valves, which by the time of graduation are no longer needed, when the enthusiasm of this "golden youth" has been cooled by contact with the hard realities of life. As a natural growth of the peculiarities of College life, we might expect to find them at one time or another in every large institution of learning. And such is the case. The English classical schools (or Colleges, as they are there called), like Eton and Rugby, — corresponding to our Colleges, in the average age and close association of their students, more nearly than the English Universities, — have occasionally produced very interesting periodicals, begun and mainly supported by a few men of unusual ability, and falling through when they graduated. There is scarcely a College of any size in this country that has not at some time started a similar undertaking, originating in the same way as those of the English schools, and generally sharing their fate.

The history of College Periodicals in Harvard dates from the summer of 1810. Towards the end of their Junior year, six or seven members of the Class of 1811 issued a prospectus announcing their intention to publish a series of papers during their last year in College, under the name of "The Harvard Lyceum." The first number appeared about the first of July, the term then extending to September. They were continued through eighteen numbers, each containing twenty-four pages, and appeared regularly once in

two weeks until March of the following year, when they were stopped by a "deficiency in the subscription list." The introductory and concluding addresses of the Editors, as well as a large portion of the articles, are attributed to Edward Everett. The remainder was entirely contributed in different shares by the other Editors, two of whom are now living and bear a high reputation as elegant writers.*

The papers are altogether of a literary character, consisting of short essays on subjects connected with general literature or classical learning, and criticisms on ancient or standard modern authors. Appended to each number are collections of short miscellaneous remarks, generally of an historical or critical nature. Excepting several obituaries, and a notice of President Kirkland's inauguration, with the Latin and Greek odes prepared for the occasion, there are no allusions to contemporary student life, usually the most interesting features of such magazines. The poetry is throughout, like nearly all the poetry of that day, a studied imitation of Pope and Campbell, in their correct and measured style. Very few attempts are made at humorous writing. The prose articles are marked by the rhetorical elaboration characteristic of the times of Johnson and Gibbon. The great importance then attached to classical studies in comparison with contemporary literature and science, is very conspicuous. The serious tone that runs through the whole, and other peculiarities, suggest that it was modelled on the great English magazines of that period, which were the only examples its managers could have had before them. Excepting the fault of frequent heaviness, many of its articles are exceedingly able for youthful compositions, and do no discredit to the illustrious names of their authors.

* Rev. Dr. Frothingham of Boston and Rev. Dr. Gilman of Charleston, S. C.; the other four are said to have been Rev. Dr. Damon of West Cambridge, H. H. Fuller, a lawyer in Boston, J. H. Farnham, and J. T. Cooper, who are all deceased, the last dying just after graduation.

The Concluding Address states this to be "the first paper that ever was attempted by the students of Harvard," and, in regretting the indifference of the public, advises future Classes "that they enjoy all those exquisite pleasures which literary seclusion affords, but that they do not strive to communicate them to others."

This parting admonition was observed for some sixteen years. Another attempt was then made at establishing a College magazine. The time was most favorable. Harvard has seldom seen a more brilliant constellation of talent than was then in College. It has been observed that eminent names occur in clusters, as we pass down the list of successive Classes in the Triennial Catalogue. One of the most remarkable, both for numbers and for individual ability, is found in the Classes that produced the Register and its immediate successor, the Collegian.

In March of 1827 the first number of "The Harvard Register" was issued. The Editors were three undergraduates* in the second term of their Senior year, who originally proposed the undertaking, and carried it out on their own responsibility. These gentlemen, graduating in the last week of August, resigned their charge to three members of the Class of '28,† after publishing seven numbers. Two numbers, for October and November, were edited under this arrangement. The new Editors then associated with themselves six classmates, under the name of the Polyglot Club, and finished the volume in three more numbers, making twelve in all, appearing once a month. The Concluding Address complains of a want of "cordial support from fellow-students," and laments "that spirit of literary indifference which has given a death-blow to far more ambitious projects than the Harvard Register."

* Prof. C. C. Felton, Rev. Seth Sweetser of Worcester, and Rev. William M. Rogers of Boston, now deceased.

† Hon. G. S. Hillard, Rev. T. B. Fox of Dorchester, and Rev. J. C. Richmond.

The earlier numbers contained nothing but essays and a liberal amount of poetry, but in the last three appeared in addition "The Journal of the Polyglot Club," corresponding somewhat to the present "Tables." This gave very lively accounts of fictitious meetings, in which the different members were presented under different aliases.* Besides the Editors, many of the two Classes contributed very largely, and several of the "Polyglots" wrote a great deal in their Junior year before that club was formed.

The general style of the Register is very different from that of its predecessor. A revolution in taste had been long before effected in England. A new school of writers had arisen there since the century began. In our own neighborhood William E. Channing had gained a high reputation by a remarkably elegant and original style. His brother, for thirty-two years Professor of Rhetoric in Harvard, infused into his pupils his own taste for simplicity, and during his long term of service probably exerted more influence on the writing of New England than any contemporary.

The principal writers for the Register, moreover, were men of original minds, some of whom take a prominent place in the literature of to-day. The Introductory was written by Prof. Felton, and the Concluding Address by G. S. Hillard, who have lived to attain the eminence that their College efforts promised. The same ready flow and grace of diction, which have made their maturer writings models of style, were peculiar to them then. Mr. Hillard and Charles Emerson were the most brilliant men of their time in College. The latter was a youth of extraordinary promise, and won

* *Sylvanus Dashwood*, the Chairman, Hon. G. S. Hillard; *Oliver Martext*, Rev. J. C. Richmond; and *Solomon Pry, Esq.*, Rev. T. B. Fox, were the former Editors. The others were *Dr. Democritus*, C. C. Emerson (died in 1836); *Jeremiah Grimes, Jr., Gent.*, E. H. Hedge (died in 1837); *Quicksilver Smalltalk*, Rev. W. G. Swett of Lexington (died in 1843); *Seth Pringle*, Rev. C. F. Barnard of Boston; *Blank Etcetera, Sr.*, Hon. R. C. Winthrop; *Tristram Sturdy*, Judge Gilchrist of New Hampshire.

some distinction as a writer soon after graduation. All who knew him prophesied a glorious career, of which his short life gave an ample earnest. Like so many sons of Harvard nearly contemporary, he fell in the race before his time, and the fairest hopes were blasted by an early death.

Though the Register was begun and sustained by the Senior and Junior Classes, several articles were contributed by Rev. J. F. Clarke, then in his Sophomore year, and by J. O. Sargent, then a Freshman. The latter wrote seven or eight pieces in prose and poetry, among which was a notice of "The Etonian." This was a magazine of very great merit, conducted in 1820 - 21 by some students of Eton School in England.* The Editors and principal writers were Walter Blunt and W. M. Praed, the latter of whom was afterwards distinguished as a poet. The articles are varied and lively; some of the poetry is exceedingly beautiful; but one of its interesting features, the journal of a fictitious society by whom the magazine was supposed to be edited, is worthy of notice as having probably suggested the Polyglot Club.

Two years after the last appearance of the Register, Mr. Sargent, the only remaining contributor, was in his Senior year. In January of 1830 he proposed to several friends to revive that periodical under another name. His classmate, T. W. Snow, was his first confidant, and, associating Simmons, Brune, and Habersham of the Junior Class, they started "The Collegian." Oliver Wendell Holmes, having just graduated, and then studying in the Law School, was induced to give his aid as a contributor. The result was the most able and spirited periodical that Harvard has ever produced. It was continued through only six numbers, until the two Senior managers graduated, but during that time made quite a

* The two volumes of the Etonian reached a third edition (quite astonishing for school productions), a copy of which is in the College library. Previous to it there had been "The Microcosm," "The Miniature," and "The Saltbearer." Whether any have been published since, we know not. Excepting "The Rugby Magazine," we have heard of no periodicals at the other public schools.

sensation. At the end of each number came a report of the editorial club, entitled "Notes and Notices," like the Journal of the Polyglot, in which the Editors are introduced under fictitious names. In the Index prefixed to the volume, the articles are assigned to their authors by these titles.*

It was in the Collegian that Dr. Holmes began his career as a wit and poet. His pieces are more numerous than those of any other writer, but are all short poems, twenty-five in number. Many of them were copied into the papers of the day and circulated over the country. Twelve of them have been published with his older works, and are now among his most popular writings. The prose articles were contributed by the five undergraduates who started the magazine. Of these Mr. Sargent wrote more than any of his fellows, besides considerable poetry. Habersham, who died just after graduation, was noted in College for a wonderful facility of versification, and, besides several long poems, supplied versified descriptions of the club-meetings for the reports. William H. Simmons was an accomplished scholar, an elegant speaker, and a finished writer. In College he had perhaps the greatest reputation for ability of his time, which he would without doubt have justified in riper years, had he not, like Emerson, died in early life.

The general character of the Collegian is light and witty. Very few heavy pieces occur, and even the occasional book reviews are quite humorous. Vacation rambles, personal adventures, and extracts from private journals, are frequent topics. But the most popular pieces then, and the most readable now, are the sparkling, side-splitting effusions of the facetious Doctor. "The Height of the Ridiculous," "The Dorchester Giant," and "The Spectre Pig," are familiar to

* *Charles Sherry* was J. O. Sargent, now an eminent lawyer in New York; *Geoffrey La Touche*, Rev. T. W. Snow; *Luke Lockfast*, W. H. Simmons (died in 1841); *Frank Airy*, Robert Habersham (died in 1832); and *Arthur Templeton*, F. W. Brune, a lawyer in Baltimore. *Frank Hock* is said to have been intended for Dr. Holmes, who was never made an Editor, however, as is narrated.

every one, and there are many others, which have not been published elsewhere, as amusing as these.

In these two periodicals we find, for the first time, notices of current events in College, sketches of collegiate life, records of the Public Performances, allusions to habits and events that would not be understood out in the world, and a frequent use of our expressive local vocabulary. Unlike their predecessor, they are full of student feeling. There is no straining to imitate older periodicals, but an evident determination to write from the heart, to speak out the fancies of boyhood without putting on the grave and awkward garb of full-grown men; in short, to be natural and original.

In spite of its literary merits, the Register could not get enough patronage to encourage its continuance, and the Collegian was probably not designed to last beyond the summer term in which it was issued. Like the Lyceum, they were rather the private enterprises of individuals, than representatives of the undergraduate world. However popular at first, they could not be expected to survive their founders. The managers, not having been chosen by their classmates, had no constituents to rely on, equally interested in their success and morally pledged to their support. It was not till this principle of representation was recognized, that a College magazine could successfully appeal to the common sympathies of the College world.

Four years had passed away; one Class had graduated after another, and with them all who had known the Collegian when its racy pages first appeared. Its short-lived but brilliant success was remembered in College tradition, and soon incited another similar undertaking.

In the summer of 1834, two enterprising Freshmen chanced to be conversing together one evening before Massachusetts. As they talked, they became more excited; a friend approached and joined the discussion; others gathered and listened with attention; and finally the group adjourned till the morrow. Arrangements were made for a class-meet-

ing, which assembled the next evening in Massachusetts 32.* It was in this casual conversation that the idea was suggested of starting a periodical in which their whole Class should have an immediate interest, and in the meeting that followed, the subject was further debated, a committee appointed to mature a plan, and the class resolved itself into the "Irving Club." But news of their design reached the upper Classes; at the next meeting, in Stoughton 9, it was reported that the Juniors coveted the honor, and had determined to undertake it themselves. The Freshmen, of course, yielded to their elders; the club was broken up; but no Class was more zealous than theirs in supporting the magazine that they had originated, and the volume which fell to their care was perhaps the best of the four.

With the next September appeared the first number of "Harvardiana." It was managed by three Editors of the Senior Class, elected by their classmates the term before. The next summer it was transferred to the representatives of the next Class, and continued so through four volumes.† The Classes of '35 and '37 were the most interested in its success. The other two, for various reasons, were rather indifferent towards it, and gave very little assistance. At that time, the College was passing through a trying season; a spirit of insubordination among the students, and the actual rebellion of one Class, that of '36, were prejudicial to a general literary undertaking, by distracting the interest that might otherwise have been felt. The unfortunate excitement of

* Vide *Harvardiana*, Vol. III. p. 312. One of the first two, he who wielded the umbrella, was Charles Hayward. S. T. Hildreth was the third individual, and M. 32 his own room.

† The first volume was edited by Rev. C. C. Shackford of Lynn; A. C. Spooner (died in 1853), a successful lawyer in Boston; and J. H. Eliot. The second, by Robert Bartlett (died in 1843); G. W. Minns, formerly of Boston; and Hon. E. J. Morris, M. C. from Philadelphia. The third, by H. E. Hale, a lawyer in New Jersey; Charles Hayward (died in 1838); and S. T. Hildreth (died in 1839). To the preface of the fourth are appended these names, — Nathan Hale, Jr., Rufus King, G. W. Lippitt, J. R. Lowell, C. W. Scates.

the times could not but affect the tone of an Undergraduate periodical, and we cannot, therefore, be surprised to find stated in the announcement of its discontinuance, that "already the hand of prerogative is upon it." Nor was it strange, that, with the intense antipathies between Classes so peculiar to our College, an enterprise which was wholly managed by one Class should find little sympathy in others.

The first two volumes resemble the first part of the Register in containing merely essays and poetry, with no tail-pieces of any sort. They are much handsomer typographically than the last two, and present fewer instances of bad taste in other respects. In the third volume a series of fictitious club-meetings are reported in the manner of the Polyglot, under the title of the "Purophagoi," which, though sometimes very tedious, are sometimes also quite racy and pointed. The last volume has several sketches of the same sort that are very lively. The general style of the magazine is vigorous and manly, smacking strongly of College life, seldom aping older manners, and well flavored with genial humor. There are many articles that are, even now, most pleasant reading, and deserve to be rescued from the dust in which they repose.*

It is sad to observe how many of the most brilliant writers of that time were doomed to an early death. Robert Bartlett, leading his Class in scholarship, and inferior to none in other mental endowments; Hayward and Hildreth, both fine-looking men, and as finely gifted intellectually; — grievous losses these to our Alma Mater.

The successive Editors, especially those of the second volume, appear to have written the greater portion of the matter, — more than is usual in similar cases. Others, however, did good service. A large part of the poetry is attributed to

* The motto of Vol. I. is very neat: "*Juvenis tentat Achillei flectere arcum.*" So that of Vol. III.: "*Hippolyta.* This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard. *Theseus.* The best in their kind are but shadows."

Rev. John Weiss and to Jones Very, besides several able articles.

In one of the "Purophagoi" (for December, 1836) occurs a pleasant notice of the Yale Literary Magazine, then a "bantling" a year and a half younger than Harvardiana, but now the oldest of living College periodicals, and still as vigorous as ever.* It was begun the previous February, in the charge of five Editors from the Class of '37, among whom was W. M. Evarts, a Bostonian by birth, now an eminent member of the New York bar. Among other names, more or less known, of the earlier Editors, are those of Rev. Dr. J. P. Thompson of New York, and of D. G. Mitchel, the delightful Ik. Marvel.

Sixteen years elapsed before Harvard's children were again rallied in a common literary enterprise. Our present Maga was then founded, in its first year, certainly, a worthy successor of an illustrious line. With the consent of those most intimately connected, we will briefly mention the circumstances of its birth.

In the spring of 1854, a secret society of about thirty members, called the Sphinx, was started in the Sophomore Class (of '56), intended to belong to that Class only. In the enthusiasm of its earlier days, many novel designs were suggested and discussed; among which was the idea that it should publish a periodical. The proposition excited attention, amusement, and ridicule; but during the rest of the term it was occasionally brought up, and finally modified into the project of interesting the two upper Classes in a College magazine. On returning from Vacation, in September, some prominent members of the older Class (then Senior) were sounded, and found ready to assist. Subscription papers were immediately circulated, and thorough inquiries instituted. A meeting was held in Hollis 10, about

* Four periodicals had preceded it; of these, one survived a year, and the others only a few months. *Vide Yale Lit.*, Vol. XVIII. p. 197, and Vol. XIX. *passim*.

the middle of October, of some twenty men from both Classes, who were most ardent in the new enterprise. A business committee of three Juniors, and the first editorial board, were then selected. Our present publisher kindly agreed to manage its finances, and a few days before the first of December the first number of the Harvard Magazine appeared on Mr. Bartlett's counter.

Such is the history of our College periodicals, extending over almost fifty years. With each fresh effort there has been greater success. Each Class has learned by experience; each enterprise in many respects improved on previous enterprises, and failed at length. Looking with reverence on the distinguished names that are associated with our early predecessors, we yet believe that Time has given us to-day a great advantage over them. By observing the reasons of their final ill-success, the student world of to-day can hope to transmit, for coming generations of students, an institution in which successive Classes can record their noblest thoughts and picture their peculiar experiences, speaking to the hearts of the present and the future, and to their own hearts when a gulf of years has parted them from their own student days.

W. R. Huntington
'57.
Ed-

IN THE BUILDINGS.

WHEN the old Greeks called a man a barbarian, they did not necessarily imply that he was wholly rude, ignorant, and uncultivated. By no means; they simply wished it to be understood that he was not of the genuine Hellenic stock, — that, whatever might have been his achievements beyond the line that ran westward from Olympus, he was yet unworthy to be classed with those whose land had been through ages the abode of everything beautiful and good. Just so when we Cantabs speak among ourselves of a fellow-

student as being "out of College," we do not, as might reasonably be supposed, place him at once beyond the pale of College life; we do not mean to imply that his name is on the Triennial and off the Semiannual, nor yet that he has been expelled, suspended, or the like. No; we only use it as a laconism for "He lives on — Street, starts before the bell rings, never was hazed, and counts a latch-key among his dearest privileges."

At the risk of shortening the Harvard's subscription list by offending the transparietal subscribers, and at the imminent risk of injuring my chances for a room by increasing the demand next year, I yet propose to devote a few pages to a panegyric of that most happy, genial, and jovial state of being, — life in the buildings.

Let me be dispassionate and thoroughly impartial. Our outside friends — you see, reader, I do you the honor of supposing you an "in" — undoubtedly enjoy some advantages over us. Theirs are pellucid window-panes, and carpets that know the broom; while theirs are not, at least not frequently, the importunate Poco, and that *lucus a non* the Goody. But these are their only advantages, and even these some of us may question; for some of us are not averse to occasionally receiving "good pri-ice," and there are those who find a pleasure in tracing inscriptions in the dust that lies thick upon the looking-glass or desk. Besides, consider the innumerable conveniences which spring from proximity to chapel, exemption from landladies, and the society of neighbors. Why, I should as soon expect to hear a butterfly singing "I'd be a grub," as to find a student once in possession of these privileges sighing for the unfledged existence he had led before.

But putting aside the accessory attractions I have mentioned, — the concomitants, as they may be termed, of a College room, — let us confine ourselves to the consideration of those advantages which lie within the threshold. And first, the generally crazy and old-fashioned appearance that

prevails therein; for though Lord Napier insists that our Alma Mater is yet in her teens, the buildings, judged by the American standard, must be allowed to possess a tolerable antiquity. I doubt not some of you may ask, "What old-fashioned appearance? We perceive none." Think a moment. Have you never, on your return from a long vacation spent at home, felt a kind of quaint influence creep over you when first you opened the unpanelled door of your old room? Did you not seem to enter an atmosphere that transferred you at once from one state of being to another? And have you never felt at such a moment, as you looked upon the rusty grate and battered chairs, that it was something more to be a student, than the mere possessor of that pile of dusty lexicons on the table there? Assuredly you have felt all this. "But," you say, "the impression was momentary." I answer, Not at all. The perception was momentary, to be sure; you soon ceased touching the ceiling with your fingers, and mentally likening the undulations of your floor to the ups and downs of College life; but the real influence of these surroundings was not lost thus soon. Throughout the term you were a different man, thought differently, talked differently, than if you had thought and talked on the same subjects in a modern parlor, instead of a College room.

It is, perhaps, this same dumb influence of things and places, that is at the bottom of half the conservatism in the world. What else more than the old-world relics among which he lives attaches the modern Englishman so strongly to the customs and institutions of his fathers? Or what, save the presence of venerable cathedrals and tombs of martyred saints, makes the influence of the Romish Church so much more potent over believers in the Old than in the New World?

But I am wandering from my immediate subject, which is conservatism in Colleges, and not among mankind generally. To bring more humble examples. What else than

the existence of a certain elm not many rods from Hollis, keeps half the College out of bed on New-Year's eve till the night of December merges into the morning of January? And so with hundred other of our customs here, — they owe their power not to themselves, but mainly to associations which appertain to some tree, room, or building, bearing the stamp of age.

Probably this same power which old places and old things possess, is that which makes Harvard and Yale the two strong-holds of conservatism in the country; and let us hope that the result will go on increasing in the same ratio with the cause.

The love of comfort, that heirloom of the English race, is another thing that attaches us of the buildings to our mode of life. By no means is this desire for comfort akin to the desire for elegance; or rather, it is akin from it. If a chair be of polished rosewood, or a lounge of richest damask, neither may lay rightful claim to the adjective *comfortable*, though all the adjectives in the language expressive of beauty and costliness be theirs. Premising thus much, let me say a few words about that thoroughly comfortable, though slightly inelegant, piece of furniture, the window-seat. January, to be sure, is hardly the time to sound the praises of what belongs pre-eminently to June; but I trust, reader, you are not wholly averse to the pleasures of memory, and can transfer yourself in imagination to six months ago, with the greatest possible ease.

The window-seat, well cushioned and comfortably situated, is of a surety the pleasantest feature of a College room. This, money cannot buy outside the yard, and for the simple reason that houses are not built now-a-days in the solid style which found favor in the good old times when Hollis, Stoughton, and their contemporaries arose. Timber, it seems, grew larger in the days

“ When College was begun ”

than it does now, and the thickness of wall required to sup-

port the massive beams gave rise to the delightful combination of chair and lounge which we are considering. It can hardly be claimed for the window-seat that it is promotive of study. No; that requires a harder cushion and more upright position, but for reading purposes it is unrivalled. Elia had a theory that every book has its place; that is to say, one book, to be appreciated, must be read under certain circumstances, another under certain others. Walton he would enjoy beneath a tree in June; Shakespeare by the winter fire; Milton amid the strains of solemn music. Now a window-seat is just the place in which to appreciate Elia and all authors of his kin; if you doubt, ensconce yourself there the next sunny afternoon with "Dream Children" for your company.

But, after all, the siesta is that which hangs the brightest glory around the window-seat. Did you, reader, find anything pleasanter, during the perfect October days which made the early part of this term delightful, than to while away a post-prandial hour in looking from this cosy nest, and forgetting, in a general feeling of contentment, what few cares you may have possessed? Of the origin of window-seats we are not informed, and the name of him who first added the supplementary arm is, with that of so many benefactors of the race, for ever lost. I am inclined to think, however, that the institution dates far back into antiquity; and, however it may disagree with previously received interpretations, I cannot but believe that the "sedes beatorum" of the ancients were none else than window-seats.

Apropos of window-seats, does yours harbor a *transmittendum*? Did space allow, nothing would please me better than to indulge in some sage reflections on *transmittenda* in general. How might I not in this connection bring out an extended metaphor, in which the College room should represent some lofty summit, and the *transmittendum* the record upon which visitors through all previous time had left their names in commemoration of their exploit! A fine opportunity that for allusions to Parnassus, hills of difficulty, ladders of learning, and the rest!

Best of all, into what a magnificent reverie might I not sink, going back in imagination and peopling the room successively with those whose names adorn the precious scroll, — summoning them all up and demanding of each a sketch of College life in his day! The temptation to pursue this latter course is powerful, for if there be any one weakness which characterizes students in particular, it is an overweening fondness for reveries and day-dreams. I claim that this fact may be statistically proved by an examination of all the Society papers on record. A vast majority of these feeble literary efforts begin, “My study-lamp was burning low, the erst bright anthracite was beginning to pale, and the words of the novel before me to become confused, when —” Or, more jovially, “I was sitting, the other afternoon, with my heels in close proximity to the mantel-piece and my chair at an angle of 45° with the floor, lazily puffing away at one of Wiley’s best Havanas, when —” And they almost invariably end with the dreamer’s awakening to a consciousness of one o’clock in the morning, a dead fire, and a cold cigar. Now granting that but one half of the Society papers read — a small allowance — are reveries, and further that but half the reveries read were *bona fide* dreams, and not composed in cold blood and the middle of the forenoon, it is still evident that the amount of time spent here in College with heels in air and head on hands must be enormous. Taking all this into consideration, I trust, reader, that you fully appreciate my self-sacrifice in not dropping at once into a reverie over that most promising of subjects, a *transmittendum*.

As I have dealt with the window-seat, so might I go on to deal with each and every feature of our glorious old rooms, speaking reverently of some, cheerily of others, and lovingly of all, till I should doubtless fill more pages than find readers. Even as I write, the sound of a rousing chorus from a neighbor’s room reminds me how imperfectly I have represented the attractions of life in the buildings.

But it is necessary to stop here and say a few words to an objector, who, I feel confident, has been reading thus far under protest, mentally repeating at the close of every sentence: "All this would be well enough, provided we came to College to play instead of work, and our aim were to get as much comfort, not as much knowledge, as possible. To one who has the true spirit of study, it makes little difference whether the room he occupies be in one building or another, whether it date from the last century or the last year." To all of which, my sternly practical friend, I answer thus: Whatever has been said about the influence of association on our pleasures, may with still greater force be predicated of its influence on our studies. Surely it would seem as if the presence of countless generations of the diligent and wise must have left these venerable halls so thoroughly imbued with what you call the spirit of study, as to make aught else within their precincts well-nigh impossible. I might, moreover, dismounting from this hobby of antiquity, argue the question upon the ground of experience and observation; for, truth to tell, I chose to exhibit the social phase of life in the buildings, from a fear lest its other aspects might be too familiar to the reader.

Finally, friend, if you happen to be an outsider, — as all along I have supposed you not, — and are laboring under any kind of ill, *ennui*, discontent, or lack of friends, — if, in short, studentship does not seem to you quite that blissful thing which catalogues and class-orations represented it to your sub-Freshman imagination, — be not yet discouraged; migrate at the earliest opportunity into our genial neighborhood; and, trust me, when the young lady in the next conversational break in the next quadrille shall ask, "How do you enjoy College life?" you will answer, with the usual insipidity, though more than the usual truth, "Very much indeed, I thank you."

A SIMILE.

*W. R. Huntington,**Editor.*

My Shadow and I one sunny day
 A walking went.
 With gambols many and gleesome play,
 On pleasure bent,
 O'er meadows and fields we took a way
 With light besprent.

My heart was glad, and quoth I then :
 " Shadow of mine,
 Though faithless have proved the sons of men
 As yestern wine,
 Yet as truly we 'll be what we have been
 As sun doth shine."

" Ay," cried the Shade, " so truly we
 Will ever cling — "
 Athwart the sun some cloudlets free
 Their banners fling.
 I look for my Shadow. Where is he ?
 A vanished thing.

VERACITY IN FICTION.

J. H. Cram / 57

A JUDICIOUS critic lately discoursed to us in this wise. *Ed.*
 " The writers in the North American Review and kindred periodicals," said he, " in their reviews of novels and poetry seem to think it necessary to preface their criticisms with a discussion of the nature of novels or poetry, as the case may be, considered in the abstract. If it is a poem they would criticise, they must first define and analyze for us the epic and the pastoral, the lyric and the didactic ; or, soaring above all these, show us whence the very essence of poetry itself is distilled. Or in the department of Fiction, they explain to us the origin, growth, nature, and use of novels, with

a refinement of speculation and profoundness of theory truly wonderful. And having thus paid their homage to the impersonal spirit of Fiction or of Song, they reach at the end of the fifth page the subject of their criticism.

"These introductions," continued the critic, "may perhaps be correct in logic, but in practice, as all admit, they are insufferably dull. There are some who think that the critics themselves are aware of this, and rejoice in it, thinking to use them as sieves to sift their readers; since any one capable of getting through their introduction, would be surely able to appreciate whatever might follow them. In this light these introductions may be compared to the Styx of the ancients, turning back at the outset all incompetent persons from the Elysium beyond; with this difference only, that here Morpheus, not Charon, is the ferryman.

"I would advise you, therefore," concluded the critic, "regarding your readers rather than your reviewers, to write an article or two for the Harvard Magazine embracing as many as possible of these introductory essays, which may answer as introductions for all your future reviewers. The style necessary is easily acquired; theories and ideas abound in all the great Reviews; and thus with very little labor you may do a lasting service both to your readers and your writers."

Without having the fullest confidence either in the facts or the arguments of our friend, we have determined to act on his suggestion; to endeavor, if we may return to his figure, to draw off this Styx of the reviewers into a private pond of our own, across which no one will swim for the sake of getting to the other side; but, if any swim it at all, they will do it simply for the love of swimming.

If there should be born and live and die in London the men and women whom we read of in *The Newcomes*; and if these people should act towards each other, should love and hate and marry each other, as they are represented to do in that work; and, after they had all passed away, the records and history of the family, as we find them in *The New-*

comes, should be put into the hands of Thackeray, and he should write their biography; then *The Newcomes* would have changed from a novel into a biography. Yet the instruction which it might have for us would be the same as in the novel; the insight into human nature which it might give us would be the same; its representation of London life and society, the same.

What, then, it is fair to ask, is the difference between *The Newcomes*, a novel which we actually have, and *The Newcomes*, a biography which we have supposed? For in form and letter they are identical. Nor, so far as we can see, does the supposition which we have made involve any inherent impossibility.

The books themselves, we said, are identical; they differ only in the evidences which they offer us of their veracity. The biography claims to be the record of facts, of what real living men actually did. And hence, it is argued, any deductions and generalizations made from these records may be reasonably expected to be true. Great stress is laid on the facts upon which biography rests.

The novel, on the other hand, claims not to be the record of facts, but only of things which might be facts. The novelist says: "It is in human nature to do all this which I have related." The public reads with interest and instruction of the lives and characters of Savage and of Stirling, and the novelist asks them to listen to what these men might have been and might have done, placed in different circumstances or possessing different natures. He is a prophet, and the veracity of his prophecies depends on the fulness of his inspiration.

It is not our purpose to compare the value of biography and of fiction, but only to compare the veracity which is in each. These two questions, of veracity and of value, are not very closely allied. The novelist may tell the truth, and yet tell things which had better not be told. The value of his works depends, not on the amount of truth, but on the

amount of good truth, which they contain. We say this to avoid the imputation of lauding novels when we simply wish to say that they *may* be veracious. We purpose only to compare the data which the biographer and the novelist possess for telling the truth.

The biographer, in his investigations, starts with facts. He is required from the actions of his hero to determine his character. Peculiarities of intellect and of temper, the various stages of his development, the whole nature and organization of the man, are to be learned from the records which they have left of themselves. They are the unknown quantities which enter into the problem set before the biographer to be solved. And he is happy beyond most biographers, if he finds the number of his equations equal to the number of unknown elements that enter into them. He reconstructs the whole outward life of his subject, and then sees what kind of a character will fit into it, interpreting its actions by virtue of what he has in common with it. With the biographer, the actions of his subject are fixed and clear; the question with him is, what lies behind the actions, and gives them their individual and peculiar stamp.

The novelist, on the other hand, starts with character. He assumes, at the outset, that the persons to whom he will introduce us, and whose lives and fortunes he will relate to us, possess this or that cast of character, — that they are villains or heroes, geniuses or dunces, angels or fiends, or even rarely good commonplace people, just as he chooses. He is only restrained in his choice by the limits of human nature. But having once created his characters, they pass from beneath his control. They become forthwith free agents. The question for the novelist is, "What will the persons whom I have created do?" The problem has changed its form; what to the biographer was known, is to the novelist unknown; and what the former was required to find, the latter has given him at the outset. Starting with character, he is to determine the actions which must naturally spring from it.

He may, indeed, control some of the outward circumstances of his hero's life. He may enrich or impoverish him; he may kill his friends and his enemies; he may place him in almost any circumstances which he pleases. But what his hero will do, placed in any given circumstances, is not subject to the whim of the author. The novelist has then no more control over his hero's actions, than the biographer has over *his* hero's character. The character, it is agreed, determines the actions; and when either is given, the other is fixed.

If, therefore, the novelist is as sure that the characters with which he starts are within the limits of human nature, as the biographer is that his facts are true, the former has as much right to lay claim to veracity in his works, as the latter. For, setting out at opposite points, each works through to where the other began. The biography is simply the novel written backwards. It avails nothing to say that the novelist may misconceive human nature and imagine impossible characters. For the same ignorance of human nature would lead him in writing a biography to deduce an impossible character from the facts on which his biography is founded. The sword cuts equally well either way. We must grant to both a knowledge of the world and an insight into men, as a necessary qualification for their work.

The novelist has even in some respects the advantage in his data over the biographer. He knows the whole character of his hero, down to his most transient whims and fancies. But the biographer knows but a small part of his subject's life and history. His finer moods and fancies are usually hidden from him, and he can at best only guess at them. The one is an artist reconstructing a broken statue from a few scattered fragments; the other cuts his figure from the solid marble. Novels are superior in details; while biography gives us the outlines only, but the outlines of great men. Novels, it has been said, are the biographies of little men.

H. L. Patton 188-

CHARACTERS IN BULKLEY.

Ed.

TWICE a year I become a satirist ; namely, when I make my semiannual visits to the little, old, dilapidated village of Bulkley, of which I have the honor to be a native, and in which are still the household gods of our family. Thither I go, when College breaks up, to spend the vacations, both winter and summer, dutifully at home. It is during these periods, from the middle of January till March, and again from the middle of July till September, that the satiric fit begins to come over me. But in the beginning I must caution you, friendly reader, against forming any disparaging opinion of Bulkley. It is not any worse than the rest of the world. On the contrary, in my view, it is a good deal better than many more famous places. There are at least the usual proportion of good men and women in it, whom I greatly respect, and from whose lives I learn in vacation many a lesson of virtue, which it would be much better if I put in practice in term-time. Good old Parson Smith, and Deacon Junkins, and others who are neither parsons nor deacons, — Heaven forbid that I should ever speak of you with disrespect, or think without reverence of your gray heads and venerable forms ! Nothing delights me more, when I go home, than to take off my hat to you, as you vigorously grasp my hand, and inquire kindly after the health and progress of the College boy you look upon with so much interest.

Yet, for all this, there is a good deal I cannot help laughing at, and that deserves to be laughed at, in Bulkley. The great satirists tell us, that in the big world there are wise follies and great littlenesses, as well as absurd and insignificant ones ; that there are vices and meannesses displayed in courts and senates of just the same sort as those of common people. But then not every one has the cool, steady eye to see all these ; the splendor and greatness outside of them



dazzle most people. Not so is it where things are on so small a scale as in Bulkley, and where there exists very little refinement or intellectual culture to conceal or diminish the weaknesses and follies incidental to human nature. Even I can be a satirist there.

But, without further preface, suppose it to be vacation, reader, and with me take the somewhat peculiar and unfrequented route to Bulkley, and let me introduce you to *our* village. It may be considered in several aspects, physically, religiously, and politically. Physically it is sandy, flat, and sterile, so that I have always wondered why its ancient founders chose such an uninviting spot for their habitation. The only way of accounting for it is to suppose them actuated by the spirit of martyrdom, and to have been anxious to pass their brief sojourn on earth with as little comfort as possible. Religiously, Bulkley has long since departed from the good old Puritanic simplicity and unity, and, to say nothing of the scattering adherents to Millerism, Spiritualism, and the like, is divided into three sects. The solid, dignified, aristocratic (to import a term into Bulkley) part of the community hold to the Orthodox faith, and every Sunday attend all day the old meeting-house in the centre of the village and of the town, spending the noon on the sunny side, under the droppings of the sanctuary, in talking of the crops and the weather. The more enthusiastic in religious matters are the Methodists, whose boisterous piety, resounding from their inconveniently near chapel, greatly disturbs Parson Smith, as he preaches his long sermons on election and total depravity to the first-mentioned congregation. Lastly come the Universalists, who have no regular services, but now and then listen to some itinerant preacher in a half-painted and prematurely old edifice, built with great ambition, as its tall steeple indicates, but not yet, and never to be, finished. Politically, the Bulkleyians are as much divided and subdivided as a convention for the nomination of a union candidate. But all parties may be reduced to two, the con-

servative and the progressive. The former are the Democrats, the latter the Republicans.

On the political aspect I propose to dwell, since it is connected with two very important characters. Namely, the fat, pompous, red-faced old Squire Slowcoach, who is worth the comfortable fortune of twenty thousand dollars, and is emphatically the solid man of Bulkley, and the little, wiry lawyer, in threadbare blue coat with brass buttons, dirty shirt, and tobacco-stained teeth, whose sign in gilt letters, "ANDREW JACKSON PUG, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW," illumines the village from the second story of Captain "Sarm-bun's" store. These two worthies are rivals. Pug continually barks at the wheels of Slowcoach, while Slowcoach vainly endeavors to ride over the nose of Pug. They are also perfect opposites in character. In politics the Squire is a stiff, hunker Democrat, with the motto, "Party, right or wrong," and is much scandalized that the name of the heroic Jackson should be prefixed to that of Pug, who is a grandiloquent and fiery Republican; in religion the former professes old-fashioned Orthodoxy, the latter is a Universalist, and much given to theological discussion; in morals there is not much to choose between them, the former being remarkably avaricious, in Yankee dialect a skinflint, and a liberal drinker of the hardest of hard cider, except in haying time, when New England rum will alone suffice, while the latter smokes bad cigars, drinks the vilest of whiskey, and is a very skilful hand at cheating in trade. The Squire in appearance and manners is the personification of assumed and cheap dignity, the pettifogger the embodiment of snappish impudence; the former prides himself on being an old settler, his ancestors having lived in the town and on the same homestead for several generations, and looks upon the latter as an upstart and intruder.

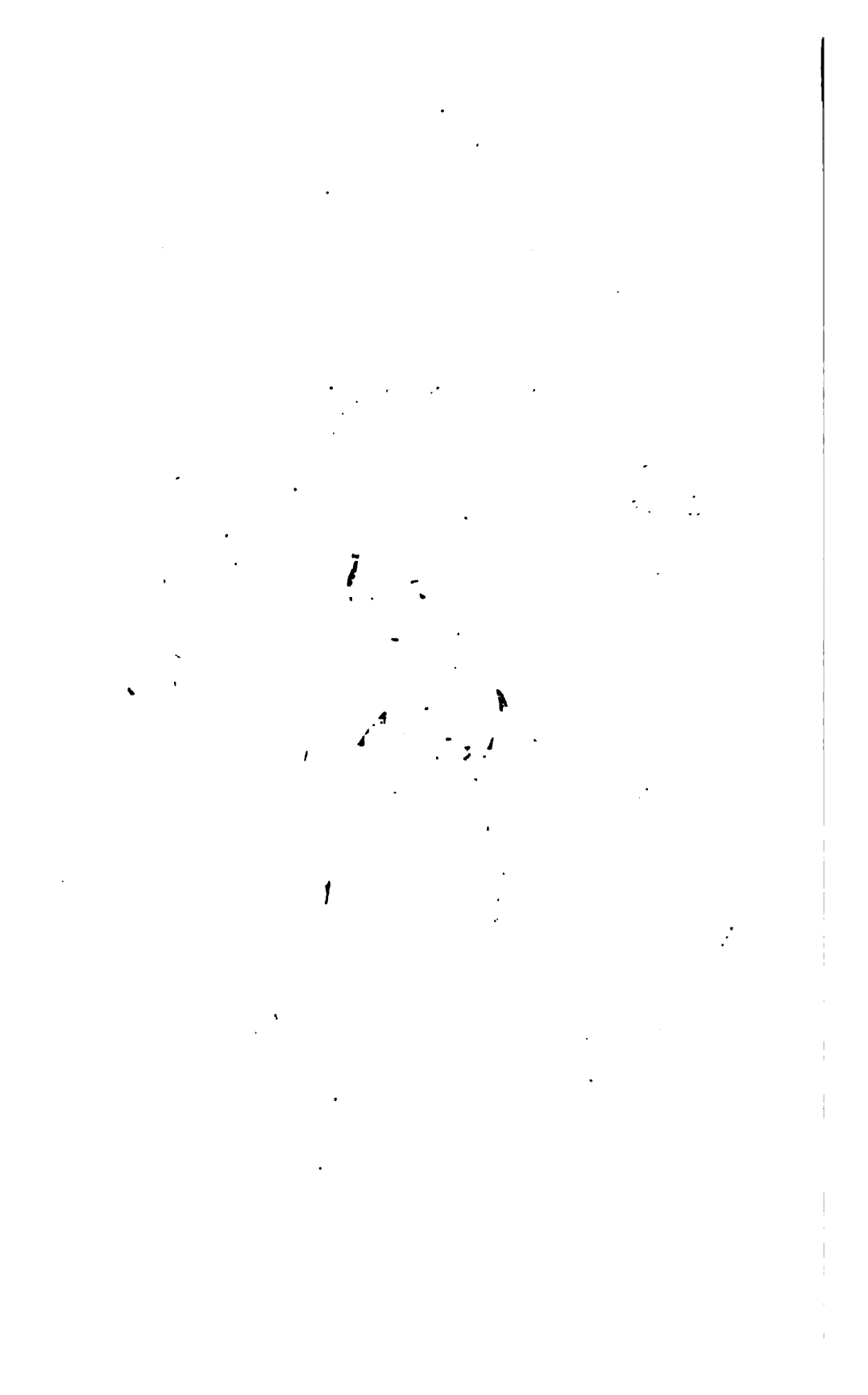
But the hostility arising from character and position is increased to an alarming degree by their professional interference. For be it understood that Squire Slowcoach, as his title

imports, is a Justice of the Peace. Now in the good old Arcadian times of Bulkley, before any lawyer had invaded its precincts, there being none nearer than the neighboring shire-town, and those never called in except on extraordinary occasions, Squire Slowcoach was the undisputed oracle in law, as well as leader in politics. His dignified manners in presiding over a case of assault and battery, or of robbing hen-roosts, for these are the most common matters of trial in the town, and the profound stupidity with which, whatever the evidence, he uttered the same stereotype decision, "five dollars and costs," for every offence, procured for him the universal respect and confidence of the community. If during that happy period you had asked an inhabitant, "Who's the Representative from Bulkley this year?" the reply would always have been, — Squire Slowcoach; "Who is first Selectman?" — Squire Slowcoach; "Who is chairman of the School Committee?" — Squire Slowcoach; and so on through half the offices in town. Now, alas! all this has passed away. Now, whenever any one gets into law, and that happens pretty often in these degenerate times, in consequence of the machinations of Pug, that personage is of course called in as counsel for one of the parties, and some brother pettifogger from somewhere else is engaged by the other party; and in this way the justice court in Bulkley gets to be quite a complicated affair, and the old Squire gets terribly perplexed by the impassioned eloquence of the counsel on both sides, and by the innumerable technical terms and exceptions of which they are full, but of which he is in blissful ignorance. I have seen sometimes on such occasions his cider-reddened face grow redder and redder, and the perspiration stream down his forehead till he seemed in utter despair. Not that he ever acknowledged any ignorance, or was ever practically nonplussed. Not he. He is always equal to the emergency, and after all the discussion is over, gives his decision, "five dollars and costs," with the utmost independence and disregard of law and evidence.

But he does not any the less forget the trouble he has received from Pug. It is all treasured up in his magnanimous mind.

In town meeting also this waspish fellow, Pug, is continually vexing him. He can no sooner get up to express his sentiments on any subject, than Pug is up too, either uttering the "Mr. Moderator" before him, or interrupting him frequently with "begging leave to ask a question," or "to be allowed to correct the gentleman," and doing a good many other things which seriously impede the never very rapid flow of the Squire's eloquence. And then, worst of all, Pug's "reply to the last speaker," his utter disregard for the old gentleman's dignity, those long, glib sentences that flow so easily from his lips, and on great subjects, such as the question of laying out a new road or repairing the Town-House, his grandiloquent periods and impassioned action, entirely annihilate the Squire's peace of mind. You may easily imagine the discomfiture the old Democrat must feel, when I tell you the astounding fact, that, by a long series of stratagems, by Know Nothing lodges in the first place, and afterwards by Fremont Clubs and the like, Pug has so far led away the Bulkleians from their original principles, that, while formerly not twenty men could have been found to vote anything else than the Democratic ticket, in the last election the vote stood one hundred for Fremont, one hundred for Buchanan, and one for Fillmore!

These two worthies, as I said above, are the leaders of the two great parties in the town. But the limits of the present article will not allow me to enter upon the important and complicated subject of the Present Political Condition and Future Prospects of Bulkley. I therefore reserve it for another time.



ALONE WITH MY PIPE.

"Ex fumo dare lucem."

HOR.

G. C. Tobey.
Ed.

How hoarsely the storm howls, as it rages around the brick walls of the building! How fiercely the sleet drives against the window-panes! The coals must be heaped high on Harvard's fires this night! Ay, "blow, wind, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!" you will find no admittance here. I am altogether too comfortably seated in dressing-gown and slippers to receive any such boisterous visitor as yourself. I don't doubt but the blazing Cannel looks very cheerful, and its red glare flickering about the room quite warm and pleasant like. Doubtless, too, you would like to have one good puff at the solar shining brightly upon the table. Or perhaps your majesty is anxious to send the soft smoke, rising so daintily from my pipe, whirling and streaming through the room. O you may roar away, still louder if you choose, and, like a baffled giant, seize the shutters and sashes, and shake and rattle them in your blind fury. I tell you, you are altogether too unruly, and you can't come in, whatever your personal appearance may be. A fine uproar you would make in the room, indeed, and a nice condition you would leave it in. I suppose you never heard of such an institution as a Parietal Committee, did you? So you may as well go back, old Boreas, or Aquilo, or whatever your name is, and let King Æolus shut you up in the dark cave again. My chum has gone away to attend to the decent laying out of some defunct Greek-Letter Society, or the appeasing of its unquiet ghost, and I am here alone with my pipe, and want no other company. You won't go? Well, then, howl away! Your wild music will only make the glow and cheerfulness of the room all the more vivid and pleasant.

Alone with my pipe, I said. Rather an unsocial acquaintance in the judgment of many, and one that would not do

much towards enlivening the conversation. How little they know of my friend! How poorly are they acquainted with its real qualities! A pleasanter companion for a long winter's evening I know not. How it fumes and sparkles, true College pipe as it is, at the very thought of being considered a bore! Taciturn! To him who hears aright, the pipe speaks "a various language." To be sure, the pipe is not garrulous, but, like a skilful pleader, it is constantly throwing out ideas and suggestions, which the hearer catches up and amplifies until he really believes them to be his own, and consequently — since men have a pardonable affection for the offspring of their brain, just as every woman thinks her baby is about the most faultless specimen of young humanity that ever was born — they must be correct views of the question.

Taciturn indeed! On almost every subject the pipe holds sweet discourse. Its colloquial powers extend to all branches of knowledge, and an auditor has only to be attentive and watchful to enjoy most profitable converse. Mark that smoke-wreath, now, which just came spinning from my lips. A whole sermon is contained therein. How round and firm it looks, — a faultless circle! And yet it will soon dissolve and melt away from my sight. That teaches the transient, uncertain character of our visions of success, whatever beauty and stability they may seem at first to possess. Or, again, the wreath typifies the real weakness of atheistical reasoning. Error may appear fair and specious and compact enough at first, and yet one blast of honest truth will break it, and send all the light fallacies drifting helplessly through the air. Nay, more, grant but time, it will burst of itself, and expose all the vanity of its fabric. Look! now the wreath has increased in circumference, and is gradually growing larger and larger, until it reaches the farthest distention. How similar — changing the application abruptly — to the Christian's theory of the evidences of an overruling Providence! A sudden conception that there is design some-

where, strikes him with its novel appearance. He examines, and finds it, though small, yet round and complete. He investigates more deeply, and, with his study, his view enlarges, the great scheme is developed and becomes apparent. He sees it now clear, well defined, and united. Still, surely and proportionately with his knowledge and observation, the grand circle expands, its area increases, and still it is perfect and symmetrical. More and more it dilates, larger and larger it harmoniously swells, until finally it rests as it began in unbroken symmetry and union. Now he has reached the limit of human knowledge. He can trace the beauteous whole no further; so far as he could trace it, all was round and complete, — no maze, no break, — clear; simple, and perfect.

"Fizz-fizz-fizz-z-z-z!" says the pipe, — trying to show its disapproval of all sermons from a layman, I suppose, — for this is a way it has of interrupting me when spinning out its suggestions too far. Gramercy! O most orthodox pipe, thy advice is well given, and I will cease the homily lest thou shouldst be thought but a dull fellow, after all. Ah, that reminds me! Pleasing discourse is not the only attraction of the pipe. What a most potent exorcist of evil spirits is it! If sadness and dejection lower over one, or imaginary troubles fret, let him but call upon his pipe, bribe it well with the fragrant Indian weed, and away all his cares scud like ghosts before the breaking clouds of the dawn. Nor is it less powerful over more real and startling interlopers. Difficulties and impediments vanish before its magical fumes. Intricacies are unravelled, dilemmas become demonstrable lemmas through its subtle agency. Witness how the embarrassments attending the early settlement of New York disappeared before that ubiquitous pipe of Wouter Van Twiller, as chronicled by the veracious Diedrich. Then, too, how the thought of man awakes at its wizard touch! How his wit brightens with its fire, and his inspiration rises with its curling smoke! His very genius begins to show itself;

for it is often with the powers of man as with the Genii of the Arabian Nights,—first a great cloud of smoke is seen, and then the Genius appears. What wonder, then, that the pipe became the symbol of the care-worn, thought-ridden scholar, as the staff did of the palmer, and the sword of the warrior! What wonder that among College students—who, in addition to the perplexities of study, have to experience all those peculiarly sinking sensations attendant upon ignoble “fizzles” and “deads”—pipes should become

“Familiar in their mouths as household words”!

And now, as I proceed in my train of thought, the pipe sings shrilly through its curved stem, and sends out complacent puffs of undulating smoke, while its mild fire shines with a serene glow of self-content.

How truly the pipe indicates the state of mind of its devotee! Mark my friend Volatile, now. Smoothly the perfumed smoke glides from his lips; gently it rises and lingers lovingly around his brow, ere it floats in entwining eddies towards the ceiling. Softly and slowly the fleecy puffs sail away, like white clouds of a summer sky. Anybody would know that Volatile is in the best of humors. His temper is as serene and quiet as the subdued glow of the burning leaf. He is at peace with everybody and everything. That calm and pleasing languor is upon him which pervades us in the sultry days of August, when, half dreaming, half awake, beneath the delicious shade of the favorite elm, one is so filled with a quiet joy, a soft bliss, that, like a beaker of rich Champagne, his heart must gush up and run over with pure goodness,—when one lazily watches the antics of a queer little mosquito, and wonders how much longer the sting of that funny-looking bill can be endured, before it becomes convenient to brush the humorous fellow away. But look at Volatile again. Slowly and heavily the thick smoke rolls from his mouth, and hangs around and conceals, like a dense fog, his thoughtful countenance. A murky cloud of

dull, sluggish vapor closes over him. An impenetrable haze envelops him. Volatile is evidently in a brown study. But lo! the fog lifts, and phiff, phiff, in quick, successive, nervous puffs the pipe declares my friend has caught a bright idea, but is so excited with his good fortune that the glittering captive will probably escape. There, he has lost it! splash it falls into the river Lethe. And now he is angry. Puff—puff—puff, in fierce throbs, as if belching from a park of artillery, the heavy cloud rushes from mouth and nostril. The kindling leaf gleams or smoulders as passion heaves or falls. Fitful volumes of dark smoke signal each new attack of the fiend. Like *Ætna* upon *Enceladus*, as often as the struggling Titan turns his side, the pipe

*"Atram prorumpit ad æthera nubem,
Turbine fumantem."*

But another quality, and by no means the least refreshing one, which makes the pipe so agreeable a companion, is its Sophomoric dislike for all Freshmen. From time immemorial, an ancestral feud has existed between pipes and the aforesaid objects of compassion. If a Freshman attempts to scrape acquaintance with the pipe, it resents the familiarity so strongly, that the offender grows pallid and sickens at the thought of his audacity ever afterward. If he rashly takes one for the purpose of settling his dinner, the pipe obstinately persists in effecting the reverse of settling. In short, the pipe declares that it is every way more becoming a Freshman to devote his attention exclusively to volumes of lore, and have nothing to do with volumes of smoke, except as they are judiciously administered by members of higher classes for the especial moral health of the patient. Freshmen,—smoking! What visions rise at the mention of the words! The foreboding tramp of lawless Sophomore bands, armed with short clays and plug, the befogged room and its obsequious inmates, the sharp, official knock upon the door, and the hasty flight of the marauders,—all are reacted. The hoary legends of excavated pump-

kin shells throwing up a perfect Stromboli of sickening vapor, of fumigators surpassing in efficiency all the inventions of modern horticulturists, — who has not heard them again and again? Shade of Corporal Trim, into what insignificance does that incomparable artillery attack upon Uncle Toby's miniature town sink before the colossal achievements of College ingenuity! Could so kindly and simple a spirit be moved by envy, how sadly would you gaze upon our Sophomoric triumphs in the fumigating art!

Apropos of visions. What pleasing images the pipe can conjure up! Let the opium-eater and the hasheesh-eater gloat over the ecstatic dreams and gorgeous illusions of their crazed imaginations, I am not envious. They boast that, under the influence of their god, they revel with immortals, and banquet with the mythological deities. I go further! I steal the attribute of Zeus Omnipotent himself, — for am I not *Νεφεληγερέτα*? My reveries, if they lack the ecstasy and sublimity of theirs, are equally delightful and perfect. With what an air of peculiar contentment one inhales the warm breath of his pipe! With what supreme satisfaction he puffs forth the light cloud, and how complacently he watches it writhing and twisting through the air! Now the smoke takes all kinds of fantastic forms. Delicate ringlets float around; frail, fleecy lines crawl through their tortuous courses, and soft, white pencillings are scrawled up and down as though a falling feather had left its wake through the air. Suddenly the scenes are shifted and the air becomes peopled. More queer conceits and odd fancies than ever flew from the crotchety brain of Cruikshank hover in the hazy atmosphere. Diminutive brownies and troops of little devilkins climb the zigzag windings of the smoke; bashful fairies swim in its whirling eddies; roguish elves hide in its circling wreaths. Funny phizzes grin from curling volutes, and grotesque faces peer from the mazy undulations as if wrought there in arabesque. And there, right there, — one can't deny it, — framed in a silvery smoke-wreath, is the radi-

ant miniature of—her. Who? Alas! for myself I know not. O ye stony-hearted College walls, more cruel than the wicked wall which separated Pyramus from his Thisbe dear, that have caused an ardent and susceptible youth of twenty-one still to be undecided upon so delicate and pertinent a question! My choleric friend Volatile knows whose face it is that appears, though. Shall I describe her? No. Does any one deny that she has the radiance of sea-born Aphrodite? the fascination of Ninon de l'Enclos? Does he doubt if she be as accomplished as De Staël, or as pure as the Madonna? I think not. I think not. Dares he lisp the insinuation that, with the beauty of the Borgia, she may possess her disposition? Shade of Don Quixote forbid! Arise, thou gaunt knight of the raw-boned steed! mount thy good *Rocinante*, and smite the miscreant, even as doughty Hudibras smote Sidrophel!

“How swells my theme.”—But why should I muse over thy many companionable qualities, my incense-breathing friend! Are they not written upon the hearts of thy devotees? One charm will but suggest another. Yet there are those unable to undergo the ordeal of a first acquaintance, who revile thee, just as bandy-legged, awkward persons declaim against the merry dance. Have we not heard their unreasonable censures again and again, *usque ad nauseam*? Away, ye croakers! “Think ye because ye are virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?” Ay, and even more terrible opponents have deigned to assail thee. Popes have thundered their anathemas against thy humble self, kings have issued royal edicts, and ladies have frowned their displeasure. Dost not fear these?

But the pipe, overcome by the praise of its unassuming merit, has, as any modest person would do under similar circumstances, very quietly gone out. Well, well, my gentle friend, let the thunders of the Vatican roll! with thee I will send up a storm-cloud to match, and one shall be as pregnant of danger as the other. Let the Pope send forth his

bulls! they shall meet with the same reception that Irish ones would, and he will get only roars in return. Let Royalty, with haughty brow, forbid! you are a true republican pipe, and shall yon fires be extinguished when Royalty tolls the curfew? Let the ladies fr— But hold! whither so fast? And supposing the ladies do object, what then? Verily, I know not. Gallantry forbids that I should proceed.

Heigh-ho, I must knock the ashes from my pipe and lay it aside, — for I have an article to write for the Harvard. I wonder what it will be all about? If I am not very much mistaken, the whole thing will end in smoke.

A LOST FAME.

C. A. Lilly / 7 -
Ed.

"It is a very old book, Sir," said we. "Yes, yes, it will be hard to replace that, if you lose it," answered the Librarian, as he jealously handed us the queer, parchment-bound octavo.

We had seen it that afternoon for the first time, while looking through the upper shelves in one of the alcoves at the southern end of Gore Hall, and had been so struck with the rudely engraved face which fronted the title-page, that we were curious to read whatever thoughts came from such a head. The volume contained nothing but *Epistolæ* in Latin; these letters were written to men who had a great name among their disciples, when they were alive, but of whom nearly all, save Erasmus and the elder Scaliger, are now forgotten. They do not say much of the author's life; we could not learn from them the date of his birth or of any incident in his whole career, and it is seldom that there can be found in them mention of his profession or information respecting his habits; yet they are very interesting, as showing the whole course and extent of the thoughts, as revealing

every wish and every purpose of the writer, and as making up the autobiography of a mind, while they leave the actions and wants of the body out of the narrative. Full of a desire to know something of the history of this strange thinker, after reading his book we searched in all dictionaries, biographical and historical, and in every work of his contemporaries and friends to which we could gain access. Yet so rarely was he noticed in his own age that we were not able to find his name more than a score of times in all the volumes we examined; and so completely has he been forgotten since his death, that the latest mention of him previous to this article is to be seen in an edition of Martial printed in 1689. Our search resulted in the discovery of the following facts. Some time in 1469, John and Martha, a tailor and a tailor's daughter, married at Duisburg, on the Rhine; in 1471 a son was born to them, whom they named Jacob. This Jacob was very lazy in his youth,* said his father, yet he contrived to pick up from some charitable elder the rudiments of the Latin tongue, and was sent to one of the universities, then under the direction of monks, at so early an age as to graduate at twenty. His course at his school was in no way discreditable to himself or to the penetration of the patron who gave him his education; he even achieved quite a notoriety by the elegance and spirit of some translations, one of which, by no means the best, a version from Horace, commencing, "*Περσικὴν μισῶ λάτρι λαμπρότητα*," gained him the acquaintance of a young bastard, in high repute as a scholar, and known as Gerard; an acquaintance which, when Gerard, the friend of Sir Thomas More and the pride of two countries, had become renowned as Desiderius Erasmus, was the boast of our letter-writer's manhood. While at school, Jacob, after the manner of his kind, took another name, Pheletes, by which he was thenceforth called, and to which, when he had come to be famous enough for his town

* "In quibus noster quoque Pheletes, ut pater ejus persæpe dicebat," writes Erasmus, speaking of the idle boyhood of many an erudite doctor.

to be proud of him, he added a third, Dispargas, from Dispargum, the Latin for Duisburg.

From his twentieth to his twenty-eighth year, he was either travelling or else staying snugly at home; at least we have a right to suppose that, or anything else, of him, as no record whatsoever of his doings at that time is extant. It was only known that, soon after his emergence from the care of his tutors, he went out from among his friends, and when, on his return to society, eight years later, he was questioned as to the cause of his long absence, he always replied that he had been learning. Directly on his reappearance, he began to practise medicine at Cologne, being what was then called an alchemist; he did not so much profess to heal bodily as mental disease, and gave marked attention to that particular malady known as Love. His was a remedy, whatever may have been its composition, of singular efficacy in all cases of disappointment and trouble; he used to receive in his laboratory despairing and complaining men, and send them forth strong and hopeful again. He seems, however, to have confined his care wholly to his own sex, and it was much talked of that he never admitted to his house or his conversation any woman, so long as he lived a physician. It was during his stay at Cologne that he wrote these marvellous letters to his friends, in which, while all the surrounding country was filled with his fame, and all his time was, apparently, taken up by the vast throng of sick and unhappy that demanded his attention, there is hardly a word relating to his daily avocation. There it was, too, that he published his *Salutaria*, a collection of healthful maxims, at that season, as we learn from a chance notice, in great acceptance.* After six years had been spent in this sort of labor, he changed from an alchemist into a philosopher, and read lectures to all who would hear him, in his own house. These lectures, the reputation of which made men forget

* "J. Pheletæ Disparg. *Salutaria*, olim bene audientia." Note to Martini's *Martial*, Colonis Agrippinæ, 1689.

Pheletes the Doctor in Pheletes the Aristotelian, were kept up, without break, for two years, at the rate of one every week. They advocated the doctrines of Averrhoes, an Arabian, whose disciples, the Averrhoists, disputed the claims of the Alexandrinists to a true interpretation of their great master, Aristotle. The zeal and acuteness displayed by Pheletes in these discourses provoked at once the admiration and the censure of Julius Cæsar Scaliger, who, literary despot as he fancied himself, warned our philosopher to beware of wasting in endless argument on worthless dogmas a life so precious to all lovers of learning and science. But the words of the scholar were unheeded, and the tailor's son wielded his versatile talents in so masterly a style as at last to make himself the most noted man of his city. Crowds went to hear him ; citizens, ladies, students, all eager to hear and see the new teacher, filled his rooms, and his private class numbered more than one hundred members. His name was everywhere heard, his words everywhere recited, his abilities everywhere extolled, throughout Cologne ; he had managed to keep himself, as doctor and lecturer, before the notice of the public for eight years ; and yet, when his instruction was most heeded and his influence most widely felt, he suddenly cast aside Greek and Arabic manuscripts, and gave out that, for the rest of his life, he would give lessons in all languages.

His previous fame drew pupils enough, but the wiser ones wondered how he was to satisfy them, doubted whether he had a sufficient knowledge of the many tongues he proposed to teach, and asked one another where he had gained so much philological learning. Whatever mode he had really adopted of acquainting himself with foreign languages, it was, at all events, a most effectual one. No one came to him from foreign lands who did not receive a greeting in his own dialect ; no monk or tutor could puzzle him, even by discussing theology with him, in languages to which they had devoted years ; he handled controversial as skilfully as common

phrases, and was never at fault in the use of mood or particle. While in this business he wholly dropped the correspondence which, during his philosophical fever, he had begun to let flag, and so we are left without any indication of what his purpose was in engaging in a new pursuit. His classes in the languages were very profitable to him, and his worldly position was never higher than at this time; yet, without a word of notice beforehand, he dismissed his pupils one fine morning, giving intimation that they need not come again, and assuring them that he was determined to compose some great work. This was to be, as Scaliger has it, a *Treatise on Woe*,* and, if completed in accordance with the author's design, would have come down to us one of the most wonderful results of human genius and labor. The plan of the composition was stupendous; in it was to be collected every recorded instance of misery caused or endured by man. Trouble of every sort was to be referred to one of two causes, women or the stomach. Substances, either vegetable or mineral, the virtues of which had hitherto been hidden, were to be pointed out, and their true application taught. From the study of such a book, and the use of such remedies, the happiest effects were to follow;—memory was to be no longer sad, joyous anticipation was to take the place of despair and foreboding, and grief was to be banished from the dwellings of mortals. Of the two prime sources of ill, women and the stomach, women were to be properly subjected to certain laws, and the stomach was to be brought, by constant attention, into such a state that indigestion was to be an impossibility. Love was to be treated as a disease, and no man was to be allowed to marry until he had safely passed through all its very many stages. The plan carried out by Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, closely resembles the one to have been adopted in this *Treatise*, and, indeed, may have been borrowed from Scaliger's

* "Qui, cum sibi linguarum scientiam assereret, omni mente se ad studium Tristitiæ conferret." J. C. Scaligeri *Epistolarum Lib. xxvi.* 107.

description, as we find Burton, in his chapter on Love and its attendant maladies, referring to "a certain Dutchman." On this lugubrious subject, according to the same authority, he labored cheerfully for more than a year, when a fever cut him off at the age of forty-one, before he had written more than a dozen chapters of the work that was to perpetuate his name. He was buried with much ceremony, and was honored with a monument, at Duisburg.

Such were the chief events of his life. Before attempting to describe his character, let us give some description of his face, of which a just notion can be got only from the portrait already referred to. His forehead, rather narrower at the base than at the top, rested, calm and high, over restless, brilliant eyes and a most unquiet mouth; his nose was thin and straight, his cheeks hollow and marked with lines; he wore no beard, and his hair, early gray, curled closely about his head. We must also bid the reader turn to the book containing his portrait, if he wishes to form a true idea of the character of this changeable genius, but will venture to give our own opinion respecting it, as the volume in question is rare, and not easily to be found. His own view of himself is somewhat frankly expressed in a letter to Francis Eupithes of Divona, a commentator on Sallust of approved scholarship, which letter, or a part of which, may be thus translated:—"For I am a man naturally given to openness and jovialty, having neither hatred nor suspicion of any, but when, once having been injured, I am again made liable to receive harm, there is no one more cautious or distrustful than I. Besides, and this has brought me more evil than any ill favor of others, I am too greatly under the influence of the man who has last approached me. I am timorous, and fearful of giving offence, and have oftentimes been grievously annoyed by callers at unseasonable hours, not having the daring to refuse them my conversation. I am wasteful and improvident in matters of my daily expenditure, not regarding the future, but given to laying out all my store to

increase my enjoyment of the present. I naturally, too, am inclined to take in good faith whatsoever tale I hear, deeming it fair that, as I would knowingly deceive none, so that none should deceive me, which easy habit has more than once brought me to great mortification. I am of no assured faith in any religion, and this it is which has cost me more than any other fault. It is easy for me to accept, with my reason and tongue, our own faith, and to order my life so as to make it accord with my expressed belief, but I can never say I have full trust, blindly, and without examination of the evidences. I am of a quick and jealous disposition, taking a slight as of more consequence than an affront, and apt to make much of trifles." So he went on, for a page or more farther, laying to his charge more faults than he seems to have had, and showing great reluctance to attribute to himself any good quality of mind or disposition.

But we can gather from his own words, and the records of his correspondents, several other conclusions respecting him. It is clear enough that he had a daring and lively imagination, often displaying itself in delicate and poetic comparisons, and in unexpected turns of thought, dressed in language of exceeding grace and fitness. His perception was quick and accurate; he not only saw all there was to be seen, but also saw, at the same glance, what, of all that was before his vision, he could best adapt to his own purposes; he was swift to trace the connection between cause and effect, to draw deductions and establish analogies; his judgment was eminently sound and healthy, his understanding very great; he was better able to appreciate at first sight the intellect of those with whom he came in contact, than to discover whether or not they were honest. He was a sturdy worker, and never broke down under the heaviest burden of care or labor; his powers of acquisition were unrivalled, and were what attracted most notice in his own day; he could have had but eight years, the season of his estrangement, to have studied medicine, languages, and philosophy; yet he

had a perfect knowledge of all these. In the case of a man so richly endowed as Pheletes, what could have hindered his producing a more lasting effect? why has not his fame been as bright since his death as during his life? why has his name utterly perished from the speech and writing of men? The best answer to these questions is the reply made by him to an inquiring pupil, who asked him if he were not happy to think that his name would go down to after ages with so much glory. "This load of fame," said he, "that I have acquired from so many pursuits, is not single, not simple enough to hold together long; it will fall to pieces by reason of its composition." And so it has been; this united renown, this reputation as doctor, philosopher, linguist, has crumbled and dwindled away until his very name is forgotten. The gentleness and skill that, united, gave him in his own day the name of a worker of miracles; the matchless eloquence, and fancy, and logic, and science, that, together, welded a glittering chain of argument; the marvellous union of memory and discrimination, that enabled him to speak the tongues of the world correctly and purely,—all these have had no effect strong enough to preserve his fame; and a man as wise as Erasmus, as learned as Scaliger, and more cunning in the occult branches of knowledge than either, has been celebrated only in the meagre notices of him scattered throughout their writings.

COLLEGE RECORD.

DRAUGHTS.

THE challenge to play a match of four games of draughts by correspondence, issued by Harvard to any American College, has been accepted by Knox, and the games are now in progress.

The delay of the Knox players in replying was caused by a wish to have the challenge published in the Knox Collegiate Magazine first, so that all players in the College might have an equal chance to play, if so disposed.

stately band to follow us. After a careful search we at length brushed the snow off an old worn sandstone which made part of the threshold of a little door in the side of the building, on sight of which the old Præses exclaimed, "There it is! I should have discovered it long ago, had not the snow hidden it; we can't get out in the summer time. It's a grievous shame!" continued he, growing tearful, "and if your officers are as just men as I take them to be, they will, on a proper representation of my wrong, restore me this humble slab. I will seek the President without delay." So saying, he turned towards University Hall, but on our reminding him that the office hours were, at present, from three to six in the afternoon, he was persuaded to await a more fitting season.

Emboldened by our success, we ventured to enter into conversation with the reverend assemblage; addressing the owner of the newly found property, we asked if it was not usual for them to confine such expeditions to Christmas night, and to retire about twelve. "O no!" said he, "we are allowed the whole week, from Christmas to New Year's. And as to the hour, ever since these Horse Cars have been running, there have been so many people out at midnight, as to make our rambles unpleasant if we start so early." While the venerable Doctor was talking, the other shapes clustered around us, and told us that we had done a great service to the denizens of the churchyard hard by in our recovery of the monument, and we were further informed that we were at liberty to walk about with them, and give them a little information as to the new buildings now in process of erection. This favor we availed ourselves of; and, after discoursing about the Laboratory and Chapel, sat down to rest in the interior of the latter. "Make yourselves comfortable, sirs," said one of the ghostly array. So they all disposed themselves as easily as might be on the various blocks of soft stone scattered over the floor, while we listened to their words. "It is a beautiful night; I wonder if the Athenæum is open? I should like to go in and finish my pictures," began a gentle, quiet man, with flowing hair, and a mournful, unsatisfied look in his handsome face. "Nonsense!" exclaimed a bluff old divine; "don't instil any of your vague, weary longings into the head of this young person here. Look up, my son, and listen to some healthful advice. Oho! you've been drinking lemons and water, have you?" said he, as I came nearer him; "well, well, my advice may as well be on that as any other subject; use scalding hot water in your mugs, — and don't use too much sugar; if you do —" "These grounds look much fairer than they did when I was here," interrupted a tall, slender man in a wig. "You ought to see them in summer, though," said we, eagerly. "Ah!" replied he, softly, "you think of the beauty and greenness of the elms and grass twice as often in the winter as in the summer or spring. It's the same old fashion, — you never dream how lovely a vision is, until it has fled. You will find it so in other and weightier matters, sir; when the snow and chill of old age is about you and upon you, you will wonder why it was that you did not recognize the surpassing advantages of your student life, that you did not appreciate the jollity and freedom of those four years at twenty as thoroughly as then at seventy. You are living a romance, now, every day, and might enjoy it as such if your eyes were sharper." "Just so! mind that, young man. And another thing I want you to give heed to," continued the new speaker, a stout

man with a hard, shrewd face, "stick to your Class and don't stand out from it; don't shut yourself apart and study all the time; always cultivate a lot of Class-feeling. I know what this standing out is; it's hot work. I've had enough of it. My name is—" "Mather Byles, the Tory," suggested we. "To be sure. Even this chap knows what a fool I was," said the old minister, testily, as he gave way to a dignified personage, who pointed to the unfinished walls about us, and asked, "Do you know what this thing cost?" Receiving no answer, he went on: "Holden Chapel was quite big enough in my day; this is n't much higher, now, and not half as snug."

At the mention of Holden there was a general stir, and the throng moved off towards the rear of Hollis. The door of the little chapel was ajar, and we mounted to the Botanical Room. Such a spread as was there laid out! The benches had been removed, and the room entirely refurnished. From the round windows in the roof hung two resplendent candelabra; while up and down the whole apartment ran a table heaped with edibles. The Reverend Doctor Urianus Oakes checked the greedy crowd, who were for attacking the food at once, and pronounced a blessing. All then fell to eating, while the bluff divine who spake of lemons brewed some wonderful punch. "Who is your cook, sir?" said we to the painter, after a deep silence of half an hour. "Our cook? O certainly! a very good one, ain't he? By the way, my good friend, would n't this make a capital picture?" "Pray, sir, who is your cook?" asked we of Mather Byles, determined, if possible, to secure that functionary's assistance on our Class-day. "Yes, yes, he cooks very well indeed. He will always have his dishes a bit overdone, though, that's his fault." "It may be that our young companion would like to go to bed," interrupted he of the gravestone, as he saw that our question was to be aimed at him next. "Will any one show him his room?" "O, don't trouble yourselves, we beg," answered we, as, with many bows, we passed out into the clear morning air. Just then three o'clock rung out from the church-tower, and with unsteady steps we sought our room.

They
 "THE air bites shrewdly; it is very cold,"—"It is a nipping and an eager air,"—were the quotations which came to mind as the still, frosty air of the winter morning unmercifully pinched our editorial face. The snow-flakes were falling gently down; the ground was already covered, and a protracted storm appeared to be impending. Thereupon arose in our imaginations visions of frozen water-buckets, blue noses, huge snow-drifts, irregular attendance at chapel, and the consequent confidential visits to the Class Tutor upon private business of importance. But we are not much afraid of the cold, and so these visions were soon succeeded by more stirring ones. We thought of the handsome sleigh, luxurious with warm robes, and drawn by a spirited steed. We thought of the music of the merry bells, and the tugging of the tightened reins. Nay, we even went to such a pitch as to imagine ourselves to be the gentlemanly occupant of said establishment, and by our side a pair of roguish black eyes, and cheeks rosy with the healthy exercise. If we remember rightly, we looked very cold and red and simple. Do we indulge in such vanities, did you ask? Editorially, we must decry the idle pastime; individually, we are human. However, one caution we

will give, and that shall be in verse. Let no one say that we parody. The incomprehensible style is entirely original with us.

If the red sleigher thinks he sleighs,
Or deems the metal bells are naught,
He knows not well the subtle ways
By which our mothers' sons are caught.
He reckons ill, and all in vain,
When he forgets bright woman's art;
He is the sleigher and the slain,
And belles of mettle break his heart.

We miss several exchanges, the names of which we find on the list transmitted to us by our predecessors. Where are our old friends, the Yale Review, the Marietta, the Erskine Collegiate, and the rest? We hope they are not discontinued. We trust that some response will reach us from our lost brethren, even if it be but their own obituaries. There is, however, quite a pile of magazines on the Editorial Table, all the articles of which we have read with the greatest interest, — at least their titles. Conspicuous among them is the highly esteemed Yale Lit., whose well-known red covers, with the antiquated big-wig as vignette, always contain wit and jollity of the first water. But by the way, brother Lit., who is that venerable old gentleman who has stood so long and with so much dignity in the centre of your title-page? Can't you write his history? Or is he no actual personage, and only imaginary, — an ideal representation of the Genius of Yale? Don't fail to tell us, for we are anxious to know. Speaking of covers, we must express our astonishment at the strange excrescence that has broken out on the fair face of our friend, the Amherst Collegiate. What is the cause of it? She seems all sound and vigorous within; indeed, never better. At first we supposed it was a huge blot of printer's ink carelessly spilt on the cover by the "devil." But the new title and Dr. Hitchcock's letter in the first number enabled us to perceive that it was nothing else than a stone suspended in mid-air, contrary to all the laws of gravitation. So far from symbolizing permanence, as was suggested in the above-mentioned letter, it seemed in a state of exceedingly unstable equilibrium. We hope it will speedily be taken down, lest it fall and crush somebody terribly. Or if it must remain, we would suggest that the motto, to correspond with the tracks in the stone, should read, —

"And departing leave behind us
Goose-tracks on the sands of time."

But we cannot praise too highly the rejuvenated appearance of its interior, and the just ideas, editorially expressed, of what a College periodical should be; only (and here 's at you, Yale) we don't like to have prize essays served up when we expect something light and entertaining. On this matter Kenyon for November has some pertinent remarks at the end of its Table. Finally, to all of our fellow-laborers in sister Colleges we extend a cordial hand. Give us a little pleasant chat occasionally for our private ear, and if any of you chance in this neighborhood, we shall be happy to have you pop into our sanctum.

EVERYBODY enjoyed the three Christmas holidays which the Faculty so kindly gave us; but surely that was no reason why any one should perpetrate so vile a play upon words as this, and have the impudence to entitle it an

EPIGRAM.

The College Fathers thought, and well,
Our merit worth reward,
And meant that gifts their joy should tell,
— Our virtues speak abroad.
Yet times were hard; 't would scarcely pay,
So, credit still to save,
Instead of Christmas *presents*, they
A Christmas *absence* gave.

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We felt beforehand that we should not succeed in this line of business. We are (or rather let us say, we were) a little bashful. In our own room and by our own fire we are good against any form of man or beast. There we are king supreme. But to assail a man in his own room, to argue with him, and, finally, if he prove obstinate, to sit down before him and starve him to a surrender, — that indeed is the test of merit. For a defensive war, we know of no superior; but when we undertake offensive operations, we break down entirely. We knew we should before we tried it, and the event justified our anticipations.

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"PAYABLE ON THE DELIVERY OF THE FIRST NUMBER."

EDITORS' TABLE.

"HAPPY new year, sir!" shouts a rosy-faced urchin to us, as, with all the dignity and self-complacency which bespeak an Editor, we step out into the cold air of the morning. Said urchin is a diminutive son of the Emerald Isle, who for some time past has been at the door appealing to our philanthropy to "set him up in the match business," proposing to leave, as security for the specie advanced, a dilapidated pair of boots and an outer garment of very suspicious appearance. We have usually received his importunities coldly, not through any apprehension for the safety of the speculation, but from a fear that he might forget to take away the proposed security after repaying the capital. This morning, however, the prayer for our perennial happiness is accompanied by the more matter-of-fact request, "Please give me a penny, sir?" and happening by a novel coincidence to have just that amount in our pocket, we pass it over and send him on his way rejoicing.

It is with the same invocation for your happiness, benevolent reader, though with a less mercenary view, that Maga now addresses you. All that she asks in return is your continued good-will and support. To suppose you a son of Harvard, and not a subscriber, would be an injustice surpassed only by the insinuation that you are not a paying one. Therefore, as we have said, Maga simply craves your kindly favor, and your liberal contributions for the ensuing volume. A happy new year to you, then! Long may Maga live! and ere another twelve months have flown away,

"May you again with smiles indulgent hear
A 'Merry Christmas' and a 'Happy Year!'"

THE lemons were very strong, and had brought us into so free and charitable a frame of mind, that we had determined to abjure straight lines and bend our whole attention to curves, which we were then describing with great earnestness all over the fair white surface of the College Yard. It lacked but a few days of the first of January, and we had not yet written anything for the Table. We were trying to compose a suitable greeting to our subscribers as we walked homeward, and, wondering whether a simple, hearty salutation would not be the best, were repeating meditatively to ourselves the ancient formula,—"A happy new year to you! a happy new year to you!" when we were startled at hearing a grave, low voice answer, "Thank you, young sir; perhaps you can tell me where my tombstone is?" "Yes! that's it, young man,—do you know where his tombstone is?" shouted a dozen voices in concert. We begged to be excused, and tried to get away, but the gowned figures clustered about us, and again demanded in chorus where that tombstone was. "It was a large thin one," said the first speaker,— "a yellow sandstone, with my name, Oakes, and the date of my death, 1681, on it." Then we remembered having been told that President Oakes's gravestone had been built into the Baptist Church, and timidly asked the

stately band to follow us. After a careful search we at length brushed the snow off an old worn sandstone which made part of the threshold of a little door in the side of the building, on sight of which the old Præses exclaimed, "There it is! I should have discovered it long ago, had not the snow hidden it; we can't get out in the summer time. It's a grievous shame!" continued he, growing tearful, "and if your officers are as just men as I take them to be, they will, on a proper representation of my wrong, restore me this humble slab. I will seek the President without delay." So saying, he turned towards University Hall, but on our reminding him that the office hours were, at present, from three to six in the afternoon, he was persuaded to await a more fitting season.

Emboldened by our success, we ventured to enter into conversation with the reverend assemblage; addressing the owner of the newly found property, we asked if it was not usual for them to confine such expeditions to Christmas night, and to retire about twelve. "O no!" said he, "we are allowed the whole week, from Christmas to New Year's. And as to the hour, ever since these Horse Cars have been running, there have been so many people out at midnight, as to make our rambles unpleasant if we start so early." While the venerable Doctor was talking, the other shapes clustered around us, and told us that we had done a great service to the denizens of the churchyard hard by in our recovery of the monument, and we were further informed that we were at liberty to walk about with them, and give them a little information as to the new buildings now in process of erection. This favor we availed ourselves of; and, after discoursing about the Laboratory and Chapel, sat down to rest in the interior of the latter. "Make yourselves comfortable, sirs," said one of the ghostly array. So they all disposed themselves as easily as might be on the various blocks of soft stone scattered over the floor, while we listened to their words. "It is a beautiful night; I wonder if the Athenæum is open? I should like to go in and finish my pictures," began a gentle, quiet man, with flowing hair, and a mournful, unsatisfied look in his handsome face. "Nonsense!" exclaimed a bluff old divine; "don't instil any of your vague, weary longings into the head of this young person here. Look up, my son, and listen to some healthful advice. Oho! you've been drinking lemons and water, have you?" said he, as I came nearer him; "well, well, my advice may as well be on that as any other subject; use scalding hot water in your mugs, — and don't use too much sugar; if you do —" "These grounds look much fairer than they did when I was here," interrupted a tall, slender man in a wig. "You ought to see them in summer, though," said we, eagerly. "Ah!" replied he, softly, "you think of the beauty and greenness of the elms and grass twice as often in the winter as in the summer or spring. It's the same old fashion, — you never dream how lovely a vision is, until it has fled. You will find it so in other and weightier matters, sir; when the snow and chill of old age is about you and upon you, you will wonder why it was that you did not recognize the surpassing advantages of your student life, that you did not appreciate the jollity and freedom of those four years at twenty as thoroughly as then at seventy. You are living a romance, now, every day, and might enjoy it as such if your eyes were sharper." "Just so! mind that, young man. And another thing I want you to give heed to," continued the new speaker, a stout

man with a hard, shrewd face, "stick to your Class and don't stand out from it; don't shut yourself apart and study all the time; always cultivate a lot of Class-feeling. I know what this standing out is; it's hot work. I've had enough of it. My name is —" "Mather Byles, the Tory," suggested we. "To be sure. Even this chap knows what a fool I was," said the old minister, testily, as he gave way to a dignified personage, who pointed to the unfinished walls about us, and asked, "Do you know what this thing cost?" Receiving no answer, he went on: "Holden Chapel was quite big enough in my day; this is n't much higher, now, and not half as snug."

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He knows not well the subtle ways
By which our mothers' sons are caught.
He reckons ill, and all in vain,
When he forgets bright woman's art;
He is the sleigher and the slain,
And belles of mettle break his heart.

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EPIGRAM.

The College Fathers thought, and well,
 Our merit worth reward,
 And meant that gifts their joy should tell,
 —Our virtues speak abroad.
 Yet times were hard; 't would scarcely pay,
 So, credit still to save,
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 A Christmas absence gave.

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THE HARVARD MAGAZINE

Claims only to be the exponent of the thoughts and feelings of the students of Harvard College. It lays no claim to the highest literary excellence, but only to such a degree of excellence as may be justly expected of young and undisciplined writers. It depends on a personal interest in the writers, rather than on the intrinsic merits of the articles themselves, to give to it zest and interest. It addresses itself, therefore, chiefly to the undergraduates of Harvard, and on them it rests mainly for its support.

The Magazine will be published on the first day of every month, with the exception of February and August. TERMS, \$2.00 per annum, *payable on the delivery of the first number*. Those remitting \$2.00 in advance to the Publisher will receive the Magazine free of postage.

TO CONTRIBUTORS. — Contributions for the next number must be sent in to its Publishing Editor, care of Mr. Bartlett, by the first of February. For the convenience of both Editors and printers, contributors are requested to use white letter-paper, and to write on one side only.

EXCHANGES received since our last issue: — The Yale Lit., "Ichnolite" or Amherst Collegiate, Williams Quarterly, Nassau Lit., University Lit. (Va.), and Beloit Monthly, for November; — Yale Lit., Nassau Lit., University Lit., Knox, Kenyon, Student's Miscellany (Wis.), and Beloit, for December; — Student's Miscellany, for January. Recent exchanges can be seen by any of our subscribers at H'y 2.

THE
HARVARD MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.

MARCH, 1858.

No. 2.

LESSING.

"His province criticism, his passion truth."

WE should naturally think that the German literature had been as slowly and regularly developed as that of most other nations. But, on the contrary, modern German literature is still very young, scarcely more than a single century old. The old literature had flourished richly in the successive hands of Minnesingers, mystics, and Reformers.

Then came centuries of anarchy and civil war, in which all industry was discouraged, all progress checked, national ties weakened, and German literature, like German soil, given up to foreign invasion and conquest. During the first half of the last century, the state of things was bad enough. There was no good national literature, and was no prospect of any. The bigoted and ignorant Church would permit no popular instruction but her own; the language was still rude and uncultivated, and its treasures unknown and unused; those who wished to write well wrote in Latin or French. Nothing original was produced; everything was translated or imitated from foreign literature, Hebrew, Greek, English, or French, the latter decidedly predominating. In general, French authors were the

models, and French critics the guides,—the worst models and guides that Germany could well have.

In a single generation everything is changed. The Church has learned the spirit as well as the doctrines of Calvin and Luther. The language has become flexible and polished. A noble and truly national literature has been begun. Foreign literature is critically studied and wisely used. French influence has been destroyed, and French authority exploded. A new form and a new impulse have been given to the national literary life. All this was the work of one man, and that man is our present subject.

Lessing was born in 1729, at Camenz, a little town in Saxony, where his father was settled as Lutheran clergyman. He was very precocious; at the age of five he was remarkable for his knowledge of the Bible, the Catechism, and Luther's Hymns; and he was early proficient in Latin and drawing. His first instruction was from his father, quite an intellectual man. At nine he was sent to a boarding-school. Here he fitted himself admirably for the academy at Meissen, where he remained from twelve to seventeen.

In these five years he laid the foundation of his future knowledge. He diligently pursued the classical and mathematical course of the school,—much more thorough than that usually passed over by an American B. A.,—and added extensive private studies. He read many Greek and Latin authors, among them Plautus, Terence, Sophocles, Euclid, the Peripatetic Theophrast, &c. At fourteen he gave his father a long and learned treatise against the doctrine of the Degeneracy of the Age, as a birthday present. He made poetic translations from Anacreon, and several comedies, to the great annoyance of his parents.

At seventeen he went to the University of Leipzig, where Goethe afterwards studied. Their courses of study were somewhat similar. Lessing was nominally a divinity student, but he heard few lectures beside those of Ernesti, the

Professor of Greek, and Kästner, the Professor of Mathematics, both celebrated men. He was no philologist or mathematician, but he liked one study for its literary wealth and the other for its mental discipline. He distinguished himself at Kästner's Philosophical Debating Society; he made good use of the great University library, twice as large as our own, and read incessantly, guided, as he was during all his early life, by no definite plan, but by a strong and healthy instinct. His principal subject was the drama; he studied the dramatic literature of Greece and Rome, Spain and Italy, England and France, — German there was none. He read Shakespeare, and a new light shone upon his path. He patronized the theatre, where he first learned and then taught declamation, and wrote many comedies, some of which were very successful, and are still preserved. Here belong his keen, wicked epigrams, and his songs, still favorites at the Kneipe and the Commerz. He mixed freely with his fellow-students, but the good principles he had learned at home preserved him from any gross dissipation. He gave much attention to riding, fencing, dancing, and gymnastics. These pursuits were not at all pleasing to his parents, and his mother and sister found them very sinful. His patient and respectful conduct, and his great economy, long deferred the crisis, but at last it came. His father declared that he must pass his examination in theology immediately, or he could no longer support him. Lessing replied: "I cannot believe all your doctrines, and I am not going to be a hypocrite."

Accordingly Lessing came, at twenty-one, to Berlin, where he passed the next ten busy years, with occasional visits to Leipzig. He studied and composed incessantly, and supported himself — at first with great difficulty — by writing for the journals and the theatre, by translating, and by the publication of various miscellaneous works. Among these are his Fables, no imitations, but rather a reproduction of *Æsop's*, and for our age exactly what those were for an-

tiquity. At Berlin Lessing made the acquaintance of many distinguished authors, among them Voltaire, Nicolai, a popular and very eccentric writer, and Moses Mendelssohn. The latter was a Jew, of refined tastes and philosophic intellect. Lessing first made his acquaintance through their common knowledge of chess, and found him a very congenial companion. Their intimate friendship continued through Lessing's whole life, and Mendelssohn's literary exertions to defend the memory of his deceased friend brought on his own death. Lessing, Mendelssohn, and Nicolai, with other authors of less note, entered together on a most important undertaking, the restoration of the national literature. For this end they commenced a review entitled "The Literary Library," the object, matter, and style of which were equally excellent. The deficiencies of existing German literature, especially of the so-called French school, were clearly and forcibly exposed. The critical standard was very high, and was fearlessly applied. All the leading writers, even the king of Prussia himself, were attacked. The merits of the Literary Library were acknowledged, but its severity made many enemies, and the offence to royal vanity was fatal to its existence.

Lessing had been especially struck with the deficiencies of the German drama, and in 1755, during this golden age of the Literary Library, he wrote the first of his great dramas, *Miss Sara Sampson*. This work was designed to show what a national drama should be, to counteract the French influence, and point out the superior advantages of English models. The scene and plot are entirely English, the characters are powerfully drawn, and the dialogue is extremely lively and interesting. It was the commencement and the model of the German domestic tragedy, and was universally received and eagerly imitated.

After the cessation of the Literary Library, Lessing and Mendelssohn produced a work entitled "*Pope as a Metaphysician*," which is universally considered the best

piece of philosophical criticism in the language. Pope is first shown to be no philosopher, and the inherent absurdities of all didactic poetry are then exposed.

In 1759 Lessing and his friends commenced the "Letters on the Literature of the Day," a work whose character and success much resemble those of the Literary Library, and in which Shakespeare was strongly recommended as the best model for German poetry, and the merits of the rising genius of Kant were first made known to the world.

About this time French influence was powerfully attacked from a very unexpected quarter. In 1757 the famous Seven Years' War broke out, in which Prussia, by her heroic resistance to the combined forces of almost all the rest of Europe, won universal admiration, and aroused a strong national feeling, and French influence was counteracted by the indignation occasioned by the wanton outrages and shameful defeats of the French troops.

The immediate effects of the war were, however, very unfavorable to the plans of the Berlin critics. Their literary circle was invaded, not only by marauding Croats and Cossacks, but by the contagious spirit of enterprise and adventure, which infected even their great leader. Lessing suddenly broke off his studies, and threw up his literary engagements. He had had enough of endless disputations and cold book-learning; he must think over what he had done and read,—must see the world and his fellow-men. He became, in 1760, the secretary of General Tauentzien, governor of Silesia, and spent the remaining five years of the war at Breslau. He shared freely in the amusements of the Prussian officers, among which must be mentioned faro; but he was by no means idle. He returned to Berlin in 1765, with a large library, some property, and two immortal works, the *Laocoön* and the *Minna von Barnhelm*. The *Laocoön* appeared first, in 1766. It shows great learning, and refined and healthy taste, and is enriched with copious illustrations from Homer and Shakespeare, Virgil

man with a hard, shrewd face, "stick to your Class and don't stand out from it; don't shut yourself apart and study all the time; always cultivate a lot of Class-feeling. I know what this standing out is; it's hot work. I've had enough of it. My name is —" "Mather Byles, the Tory," suggested we. "To be sure. Even this chap knows what a fool I was," said the old minister, testily, as he gave way to a dignified personage, who pointed to the unfinished walls about us, and asked, "Do you know what this thing cost?" Receiving no answer, he went on: "Holden Chapel was quite big enough in my day; this is n't much higher, now, and not half as snug."

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Instead of Christmas *presents*, they
A Christmas *absence* gave.

We have our own ideas as to the qualifications required in an Editor to canvass successfully for subscribers. It is necessary, in the first place, that he should be tall and stately in person, with an air and presence about him that should saturate the atmosphere of whatever room he might enter with respect and veneration. And, in the second place, he must have unbounded confidence in himself, and unbounded pride in his office. He would ask a Sophomore or a Freshman for his subscription, as though he were doing him a favor by his condescension; and his bewildered victim would subscribe just for the sake of writing his name in the presence of this distinguished person, with a dim conviction that he was doing honor to himself by the act, as he doubtless would be. The fact is, the length of "our worthy publisher's" subscription list depends much more on the genius of the Editors for canvassing than on their genius for writing.

We felt beforehand that we should not succeed in this line of business. We are (or rather let us say, we were) a little bashful. In our own room and by our own fire we are good against any form of man or beast. There we are king supreme. But to assail a man in his own room, to argue with him, and, finally, if he prove obstinate, to sit down before him and starve him to a surrender, — that indeed is the test of merit. For a defensive war, we know of no superior; but when we undertake offensive operations, we break down entirely. We knew we should before we tried it, and the event justified our anticipations.

Still we have a single word to say to those few who did put their names to our list. As you stand at Mr. Bartlett's counter and receive this present number of the Magazine, turn, before you leave, to the cover, and read,

"PAYABLE ON THE DELIVERY OF THE FIRST NUMBER."

THE HARVARD MAGAZINE

Claims only to be the exponent of the thoughts and feelings of the students of Harvard College. It lays no claim to the highest literary excellence, but only to such a degree of excellence as may be justly expected of young and undisciplined writers. It depends on a personal interest in the writers, rather than on the intrinsic merits of the articles themselves, to give to it zest and interest. It addresses itself, therefore, chiefly to the undergraduates of Harvard, and on them it rests mainly for its support.

The Magazine will be published on the first day of every month, with the exception of February and August. TERMS, \$2.00 per annum, *payable on the delivery of the first number*. Those remitting \$2.00 in advance to the Publisher will receive the Magazine free of postage.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Contributions for the next number must be sent in to its Publishing Editor, care of Mr. Bartlett, by the first of February. For the convenience of both Editors and printers, contributors are requested to use white letter-paper, and to write on one side only.

EXCHANGES received since our last issue:—The Yale Lit., "Ichnolite" or Amherst Collegiate, Williams Quarterly, Nassau Lit., University Lit. (Va.), and Beloit Monthly, for November;—Yale Lit., Nassau Lit., University Lit., Knox, Kenyon, Student's Miscellany (Wis.), and Beloit, for December;—Student's Miscellany, for January. Recent exchanges can be seen by any of our subscribers at H'y 2.

THE

HARVARD MAGAZINE.

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LESSING.

"His province criticism, his passion truth."

WE should naturally think that the German literature had been as slowly and regularly developed as that of most other nations. But, on the contrary, modern German literature is still very young, scarcely more than a single century old. The old literature had flourished richly in the successive hands of Minnesingers, mystics, and Reformers.

Then came centuries of anarchy and civil war, in which all industry was discouraged, all progress checked, national ties weakened, and German literature, like German soil, given up to foreign invasion and conquest. During the first half of the last century, the state of things was bad enough. There was no good national literature, and was no prospect of any. The bigoted and ignorant Church would permit no popular instruction but her own; the language was still rude and uncultivated, and its treasures unknown and unused; those who wished to write well wrote in Latin or French. Nothing original was produced; everything was translated or imitated from foreign literature, Hebrew, Greek, English, or French, the latter decidedly predominating. In general, French authors were the

models, and French critics the guides,—the worst models and guides that Germany could well have.

In a single generation everything is changed. The Church has learned the spirit as well as the doctrines of Calvin and Luther. The language has become flexible and polished. A noble and truly national literature has been begun. Foreign literature is critically studied and wisely used. French influence has been destroyed, and French authority exploded. A new form and a new impulse have been given to the national literary life. All this was the work of one man, and that man is our present subject.

Lessing was born in 1729, at Camenz, a little town in Saxony, where his father was settled as Lutheran clergyman. He was very precocious; at the age of five he was remarkable for his knowledge of the Bible, the Catechism, and Luther's Hymns; and he was early proficient in Latin and drawing. His first instruction was from his father, quite an intellectual man. At nine he was sent to a boarding-school. Here he fitted himself admirably for the academy at Meissen, where he remained from twelve to seventeen.

In these five years he laid the foundation of his future knowledge. He diligently pursued the classical and mathematical course of the school,—much more thorough than that usually passed over by an American B. A.,—and added extensive private studies. He read many Greek and Latin authors, among them Plautus, Terence, Sophocles, Euclid, the Peripatetic Theophrast, &c. At fourteen he gave his father a long and learned treatise against the doctrine of the Degeneracy of the Age, as a birthday present. He made poetic translations from Anacreon, and several comedies, to the great annoyance of his parents.

At seventeen he went to the University of Leipzig, where Goethe afterwards studied. Their courses of study were somewhat similar. Lessing was nominally a divinity student, but he heard few lectures beside those of Ernesti, the

Professor of Greek, and Kästner, the Professor of Mathematics, both celebrated men. He was no philologist or mathematician, but he liked one study for its literary wealth and the other for its mental discipline. He distinguished himself at Kästner's Philosophical Debating Society; he made good use of the great University library, twice as large as our own, and read incessantly, guided, as he was during all his early life, by no definite plan, but by a strong and healthy instinct. His principal subject was the drama; he studied the dramatic literature of Greece and Rome, Spain and Italy, England and France, — German there was none. He read Shakespeare, and a new light shone upon his path. He patronized the theatre, where he first learned and then taught declamation, and wrote many comedies, some of which were very successful, and are still preserved. Here belong his keen, wicked epigrams, and his songs, still favorites at the Kneipe and the Commerz. He mixed freely with his fellow-students, but the good principles he had learned at home preserved him from any gross dissipation. He gave much attention to riding, fencing, dancing, and gymnastics. These pursuits were not at all pleasing to his parents, and his mother and sister found them very sinful. His patient and respectful conduct, and his great economy, long deferred the crisis, but at last it came. His father declared that he must pass his examination in theology immediately, or he could no longer support him. Lessing replied: "I cannot believe all your doctrines, and I am not going to be a hypocrite."

Accordingly Lessing came, at twenty-one, to Berlin, where he passed the next ten busy years, with occasional visits to Leipzig. He studied and composed incessantly, and supported himself — at first with great difficulty — by writing for the journals and the theatre, by translating, and by the publication of various miscellaneous works. Among these are his Fables, no imitations, but rather a reproduction of *Æsop's*, and for our age exactly what those were for an-

From Wolfenbüttel dates a large part of his manly and spirited correspondence, well worth the notice of those who would know more about the man or the age. We now see Lessing in a new character. He had inherited a taste for theology, and had often done good service to the Orthodox controversialists. Himself *a pious rationalist*, he wished to make the existing religion at the same time more philosophic and intellectual, and more effectual and practical. For this purpose he published, in a form only accessible to theologians, some spirited writings of a friend, whose perfect acquaintance with polemics enabled him to attack orthodoxy from an entirely new point. He accompanied each paper with a sort of muzzle, in which he showed that the arguments, formidable as they were to existing dogmatics, did not affect Christianity itself, and could easily be answered from a liberal ground. The wiser theologians acknowledged Lessing's services; but the bigots took the alarm, and held him up before their readers and hearers as an open atheist, a seducer of the people, an enemy of the police! Lessing's exemplary patience at last gave way, and he attacked the leader, Goeze, in a series of letters which, in their spirit, resemble the masterpieces of Luther, and in their style the masterpieces of Demosthenes. Goeze was annihilated, and a new impulse given to theology. Their leading thesis is: "The letter is not the spirit, and the Bible is not religion."

In 1776 he married an excellent lady, whom he had long sincerely loved. His married life was happy, but very short. His wife died in 1778, to his almost inconsolable grief. He wrote to his brother: "If I could, by the sacrifice of half my remaining days, buy the privilege of passing the rest with her, how gladly would I do it. But alas!" He at length rallied his energies, and composed his two greatest works, different in form, but very similar in style and spirit. The *Erziehung des Menschen-Geschlechts* (Education of Mankind), the Hundred Thoughts of Miss Martineau's essays, is a con-

cise and elegant demonstration of the gradual development and progressive character of revelation. *Nathan der Weise* teaches, in a dramatic form, the doctrines of tolerance, practical piety, and reasonable faith. It is the most celebrated of Lessing's writings, and ranks very high among German dramas. The hero is a portrait, I think, of Moses Mendelssohn, but most of the characters have a strong family likeness to Lessing himself. The heroine, Recha, is apparently sketched after Shakespeare's Miranda, as the Minna and her Franciska after Portia and Nerissa, Emilia after Juliet, and Miss Sara Sampson after Desdemona. Literary exertions, domestic misfortunes, bitter controversies, and popular neglect had, however, exhausted Lessing's strength. He died of premature old age, in 1781, aged 52. "He left," says Mendelssohn, "no children; but he left a more enduring memorial. He wrote *Nathan der Weise*, and died."

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

WHEN the verdict of a past age has been ratified by succeeding generations of critics, no little hardihood is required in a dissenter from that recorded opinion. If he venture to present his minority report, he is greeted at once with cries of "affected singularity," "censures excellence too complete for his feeble powers to comprehend," and so on. But knowing that the way of all reformers, as well as of transgressors, is hard, and that the number of reformers has increased in our liberal time, so that I shall have a numerous and respectable band to share my fate, I shall venture to assail one of the established conclusions. And I disclaim all affectation, to begin with,—writing, I honestly believe, in good faith and all sincerity. If you will not take my

word for it, reader, think your worst, and be assured I deserve your harshest judgment, since my opinion of you is, in that case, that you are an obstinate, illiberal person.

It is perhaps unfortunate for Shakespeare that he has been so bepraised (a very different word that from praised!) by indiscriminate admirers. The man who would gain the reputation of a sound critic must not censure, but must discover new merits in the mighty master whom the world "delighteth to honor." And seldom has a blemish been detected in any of his works, that zealous advocates have not started up to defend, maintaining it to be an additional beauty, whereupon the "good, easy men," who have been seriously disturbed at the whisper of fallibility in their oracle, sink back into their old security, devoutly accepting the explanation of the sound commentator. Sound, indeed! True, he is sound, — "all sound and fury, signifying nothing."

The result of having our opinions ready made, so that we are allowed only to admire, and not permitted to condemn, is, that few have any real love for Shakespeare. Everybody recoils at the name. "No author can portray all the emotions of the heart." "What! not Shakespeare?" "Oh! well, I suppose — why, yes; Shakespeare, of course." There it is, — "Shakespeare, of course." There is the cause of the whole mischief. You believe in Shakespeare because you are told to, — as you would sign the Thirty-nine Articles, — in either case without reading. Let us learn to like Shakespeare by venturing on a little censure; we cannot love where we are fearful of all familiarity. Find fault a little. "Depend upon it, it is safest to begin with a little aversion." O Mrs. Malaprop! sagest of philosopheresses! how have thy maxims been derided, and lo! the direful result! If our criticisms chance to be flippant rather than profound, pardon the error, for it is one on the right side.

Shakespeare has been again and again praised for his fidelity to nature, until his dicta have been in many instan-

ces taken in defiance of Nature's own. O unhesitating admirer of sweet Will! the pig! the pig! Didst thou never hear of the Athenians and the pig? An thou didst not, I will briefly tell it thee. ("*Pauca verba*," quoth Corporal Nym.) Celebrated mimic—imitated pig—rival—real pig—Athenians hiss—pig shown—Athenians nowhere. I trust you are not bored by the story, even if you recollect it of old.

(As I review what I have written, I experience a deep feeling of satisfaction. Having been requested to write seven or eight pages for the "Harvard," I have finished one page, be it more or less, without entering upon my subject; so much clear gain. Even the "Edinburgh Review" could hardly have economized material and wasted paper more judiciously.)

The subject, so long neglected, of this paper, was suggested by one of the sketches in Mrs. Cowden Clarke's "Childhood of Shakespeare's Heroines." She makes Katharina a violent but good-hearted girl, who has been driven, as it were, into her rude ways by the sickening hypocrisy of those around her,—fiery, but warm. On the other hand, Bianca is a sly puss, very demure and proper, who artfully makes her passionate sister a foil to her own perfections. So at school Bianca is represented as praising her companions for the very qualities they lack, thus calling general attention to their deficiencies.

This view of the characters of the two sisters harmonizes perfectly with the last scene in the "Taming of the Shrew," where the soft Bianca shows herself at once insolent and disobedient, while the impetuous Kate has become the submissive, devoted wife. It is the true, masterly, central idea of the play. But was it Shakespeare's idea? It should have been, that is clear. If, however, we refuse to believe it was, because it ought to have been, his design, and critically examine, requiring him to prove his excellence, instead of resting upon his reputation, we shall find, I think, that this truly

artistic design, so clearly shown in the after part of the drama, was an afterthought, irreconcilable with Katharina's conduct in the earlier scenes. In a word, that the earlier and latter scenes are inconsistent.

If this had been Shakespeare's idea, he would have carefully avoided, in his delineation of Katharina, any indication of an "ugly" temper. Violent she might have been, easily roused to any burst of passion, but there should be no unprovoked outbreak. But listen to her, and judge if Shakespeare has not so far overstepped the line that there can be no consistent return,—if he has not made his heroine thoroughly repulsive, and deservedly so. And then, this point established, let us inquire what his plan really was.

My first extract is from the first scene in the second act.

Bianca. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me ;
That I disdain ; but for these other gauds,
Unbind my hands, I 'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat ;
Or what you will command me will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Katharina. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lovest best. See thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou liest ! Is 't not Hortensio ?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
I 'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

You have but jested with me all this while.

I pr'ythee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, than all the rest was so.

[Strikes her.

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why dost thou wrong her, who did ne'er wrong thee ?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word ?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I 'll be revenged.

[Flies after Bianca.

What! will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see
 She is your treasure; she must have a husband;
 I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day,
 And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.
 Talk not to me; I will go sit and weep,
 Till I can find occasion of revenge.

[Exit.

Bap. Was ever gentleman so grieved as I?

Bianca may or may not be sincere, and from the latter part of the play we may derive a clew to her conduct, and decide against her. But Katharina is worse than hot-tempered. There is no evidence of inconsistency in the younger sister. As for the elder, after looking upon her as we have, let us take her next as she shows in the third scene of the fourth act:—

Katharina. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.
 What! did he marry me to famish me?

But I, who never knew how to entreat,
 Nor ever needed that I should entreat,
 Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
 With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed.

Go get thee gone, thou false, deluding slave,
 That feed'st me with the very name of meat;
 Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
 That triumph thus upon my misery!
 Go, get thee gone, I say.

Petruchio. I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
 What! not a word! Nay, then thou lovest it not;
 And all my pains is sorted to no proof.
 Here, take away this dish.

Kath. Pray you, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks.
 And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, sir.

Was not the haughty Katharina's face painfully flushed, and did not her bosom heave with fierce, indignant sobs, as she stammered out the forced thanks? Will not her passion

find a vent, when she shall be at all released from the constraint of her jovial tyrant? If you doubt it, see her now, when refreshed by a hurried meal, freed but for an instant.

Katharina. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak !

And speak I will ! I am no child, no babe ;
Your betters have endured me say my mind,
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break.
And rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true : it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin, a bawble, a silken pie ;
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not .

Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap,
And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown ? why, ay. — Come, tailor, let us see 't.
O mercy, God ! what masking stuff is here ?

Why, what, o' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this ?

Hortensio [*aside*]. I see, she 's like to have neither cap nor gown.

Kath. Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true, — he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tailor. She says your worship means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance !

Leave the fun, dear reader, for a moment. You cannot be more conscious of the rich humor of this scene than I am, but be with me while I draw this inference. The unfortunate Mrs. P., into whose domestic harmony we have just had a peep, has been boiling with rage until she has fairly effervesced. She can accomplish nothing, and finally yields in despair to her impassive husband. But she will bide her time, be assured. And if she is once free, — once free, — let Petruchio beware. Accordingly, passing over her compulsory and fantastic submission in Scene V. as quite of a piece with her enforced silence in the third scene, we come rather suddenly upon Act V. Katharina disconcerts us not a little with her subordination when once the pressure is re-

moved. We might account for it by supposing her fairly cowed and terrified, so that she can never lose her fear of Petruchio's frown. But this will not do, although it at first appears a plausible explanation. Her obedience is not the faltering mechanical submission which would result from such a dread. She is fluent, ready, and earnest. Her whole soul is in what she says. The transition is not only abrupt, but complete, and hence unnatural. But before I quote, in proof of what I say, let me call attention to a brilliant note by one of the commentators, against whose fulsome flattery I have already declared war. I quote from the fifth scene in the fourth act, which I passed over:—

Kath. Pardon, O father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
That everything I look on seemeth green.

Note, by sage commentator: "Another proof of Shakespeare's accurate observation of natural phenomena. When one has been long in the sunshine, the surrounding objects will often appear tinged with green."

The touch was very well, certainly, but nothing wonderful; and the comparison is common enough,—what anybody would say. So, also, Lear's famous "Pr'ythee, undo this button," which has been lauded till one would think nothing good had ever been said before, or ever would be again. Why, I venture to say the sapient critic might do as well himself.

But let us look at our rebellious Katharina. That is, if she will come at her husband's bidding, for we are doubtful. We agree with Tranio, when he retorts upon Petruchio:—

"'T is thought your deer doth hold you at a bay."

We should like to go halves in Lucentio's bet. But Petruchio is dangerously confident and easy. The sound of rapid, willing steps draws nearer and nearer, till

"Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!"

Her husband listens in amused triumph to the wondering, defeated betters, saying : —

“ Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
An awful rule, and right supremacy :
And, to be short, what not that ’s sweet and happy.”

He tells his wife her cap “ becomes her not,” and she obediently throws it down.

Bianca. Fie ! what a foolish duty call you this ?

Lucentio. I would your duty were as foolish too !
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me a hundred crowns since supper-time.

Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty !

Petruchio chuckles, be sure, as he thinks of the quiet life Lucentio is to lead with his angel wife. But Katharina speaks, — not till she is spoken to ; she only does that once since her return, and then in defence of her husband.

Kath. Fie ! fie ! unknot that threatening unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy king, thy lord, thy governor.

(Query. — Is the last individual supposed to be Baptista ?)

Come, come, you froward and unable worms !
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason, haply, more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown.

(Mark that !)

Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband’s foot.
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready ; may it do him ease.

Hor. Now go thy ways ; thou hast tamed a cursed shrew.

Luc. ’T is a wonder, by your leave, she will be tamed so.

That Hortensio and Lucentio should be unable to explain the change in Katharina’s conduct, is no evidence of its being inexplicable, to be sure. But we have watched her

throughout, heard Grumio's reports, and listened to Petruchio's soliloquy, and we are equally unable to account for the change. The author of the continuation of *Ivanhoe*, "*Rebecca and Rowena*," could solve the mystery with a Thackeranian wand. I can fancy Katharina represented as having submitted from policy, her alacrity feigned, her discourse upon wifely duties a clever lesson conned by rote, and can imagine the formidable Petruchio desperately henpecked in his later years. But these be pibbles and prables, look you.

A certain individual who spelled the word Asia "A-s-h-a," on being corrected, indignantly rejoined, "If A-s-h-a don't spell Asia, what does it spell?" In like manner, if Shakespeare did not mean, when he introduced "Kate the curst," to have her such a Kate as she appears at the close, what did he mean? It is so much easier to censure than to improve, that I feel some hesitation in propounding my theory, and am fain to entreat indulgence beforehand. I consider that Shakespeare introduced Katharina with the simplest possible conception of her character. She was a real shrew, to be held up as a general warning, — spiteful, malicious, curst, in a word, and as far from being a composite, varying, natural girl, as naughty Tom Brown, who would n't eat burnt porridge, and was deservedly terminated by bears.

Nonsense! Can the great dramatist be suspected of so childish a plan as that? On inquiry, we may find examples of equal simplicity in Shakespeare. Look at the ghosts in *Richard III.*; can anything be more childish than they are? Are they, with their portentous "head-tones," any more than the "Bogy" which was used to frighten bad children with? Shakespeare's plays are not all Hamlets.

Of course this paper is utterly heretical; but as sincere, and as bringing up, or attempting to bring up, arguments and evidence in support of its positions, it is entitled to a fair reading, and is not to be refuted by authority. If I were

to *say*, merely, I think Shakespeare wrong, it would be a fair retort to say, "Whose opinion do you suppose to be entitled to more weight, yours or his?" But if I bring to bear a single argument, however weak, no name can counterbalance that. Meet name with name, if you will, but meet argument with argument. So Ruskin says, and so say I, if that indorsement is of any consequence. If you reply only with authorities, I may ask, "Are you afraid to trust your cause to argument?"

TRANSITION.

LET it not be supposed that we meditate an exhaustive treatment of a subject so extensive. We only offer a few thoughts, rather as suggestive than as conclusive, bearing more or less directly upon the most striking transition of which we are here cognizant; and whatever truth they may contain will probably apply, *mutatis mutandis*, to other natural transitions.

To begin with a lemma: Just as our truest perceptions of the eternal verities come but in those moments when we are rapt from the conscious presence of the sensuous, and seem to see in its own clear light the truth from before which the material veil has fallen, so at those same moments do we gain the deepest insight into our own nature. For as at such times the soul is drawn into harmony with the deepest relations of things, its own most essential (which are probably also its most distinctively individual) characteristics must be brought out, under true conditions, freed from the limitations of the temporary and accidental. Then, when all the powers are in the highest activity, memory presents the past with the vividness of sight, and its image blends with that of the present and that of the future, prophetically seen, in

a single complete picture, into which the idea of time does not enter, — not, at least, *as time*, though it may be the equivalent of some element of *relation* which is recognized.

God does not mean that we shall work blindly, without a sense of what we are, and of what are our relations to himself and to the world ; though it is of course impossible for our ultimate destiny to be disclosed to us, until we have developed in ourselves the ability to comprehend it. It seems natural, therefore, that when about to leave one sphere of existence for another, where we shall be placed in different circumstances, with new subjects to engage our powers, and probably with new powers, higher in kind and stronger and more subtile than the old, which also are themselves exalted and strengthened, — it seems natural that in such a crisis of life we should review the past, and gain a clear idea of its real value, of what it has done for us and made us, so to obtain a more perfect understanding of the nature and effects of the change. There are some things which seem to indicate that this actually takes place. We have seen that our clearest views are obtained when the bodily senses lose their wonted power, and the soul is at the same time drawn into such relations that the light of the absolute can flow in upon it. In the gradual decline of old age, we have the former of these conditions without the latter. As the avenues of perception become more and more obstructed, the mind reverts to what it has before acquired, — kept in store by faithful memory, which suffers not the slightest impression to be lost. Thus it lives over again the years of its life, and, with ever-backward step, retraces the path that leads from where the “solemn starlight” falls on the gray-gleaming snows of the mountains; back through ripened fields of harvest, where, in the mellow sunlight, the yellow grain and ruddy fruit almost rival the crimson and scarlet and gold of the trees ; through groves and gardens, where the deep incense of the flowers rises under the clear moonlit sky, and bears the soul above in the fulness of grateful joy ;

still back to where the air, glowing with tremulous ecstasy, as it breathes the odor of violets, mingled with the fragrance of the warm earth and the opening buds, shows all things in the light of a glorious idealization, while from the birds gush forth such melodies as never elsewhere fill the ear. So it is said that after death the face will change from the expression of age to that of manhood, and then to that it wore in infancy, and sometimes the lineaments, before unseen, of some distant progenitor will appear, as if the very clay had a life of its own, which would lose none of its characteristics ere it passed into other forms.

In a typical case, that is, where a man had lived a pure, strong, *natural* life, the power of spiritual insight would, I think, be developed contemporaneously with the enfeebling of the bodily sense and the strengthening of the memory. But full of discordance as the world now is, there may be a necessity of putting off the effects of its artificialness before the conditions requisite for this can be fulfilled. Thus, as one by one his senses fail him, the old man's thought and feeling free themselves from the stains with which life's battle has defiled them,* and he becomes likened in spirit to the little child before the original purity of his essential nature had been obscured by the incrusting worldliness of later years.† Then is superadded the power which, penetrating form, shows the substance of things, and, as we saw at first, lays open to the soul its inmost recesses, and reveals its

* "And our armor defiled with the stains of the field."

Class Poem, '49.

† See Milnes's exquisite little poem, "Back again, back again." I have heard suggested as an æsthetic reason for this return in old age to the spirit of childhood, that it is fitting no state of existence should end abruptly, or serve *merely* as a "stepping-stone to higher things," but that each should have a rounded completeness in itself; and for this rounding of our earthly life, the return we are considering seems an appropriate means. This notion, — which is certainly plausible as well as beautiful, — though differing from that above given, does not conflict with it, and, as we shall see, would not interfere with the gradual development of spiritual insight in the normal case.

deepest feelings, that have been, scarce consciously perhaps, the underlying motives of its life, while the gates are flung wide that barred the future from its vision, and the dim vistas are flooded with light.

This illumination may not come full and complete at once. It may be heralded by partial glimpses of that "glory of the sum of things" to be afterwards seen more perfectly. So, in that "mysterious hour when the night and morning meet," long before the always undreamed-of glories of the dawn appear, the first faint ray of twilight, trembling on the darkness, has wakened the birds that love the sun, and with glad songs of welcome they foretell his coming. Or, have you not stood upon the beach, when the full moon was hanging half-way up the sky, and watched the sheen widening and stretching away to the far verge of the horizon, strangely beautiful; yet its beauty is indistinct and dreamy, while nearer all is dark and forbidding, till, as the great wave rises chill and threatening, and rolls toward you, suddenly a single sparkle starts out on its crest, vanishes, another flashes out, and at last the whole wave bursts into white flame; the spray dashes up, and you think of the rainbow splendors in which the water-spirits beyond must be rejoicing; and now all the surface is alive with the rippling light. It is in this way our vague imaginings of the future's life give place, as the death-wave nears us, to the chill and dread, till a transient gleam of the immortal glory strikes through the gloom, and at length, in the moment of complete enlightenment, the reality, never before conceived, breaks on the view; and if, at the instant when the soul casts off the body, and is standing on the threshold of its new existence, the change seem full of bewilderment, yet we are sure the angels can see its beauty.

In cases of sudden death, it is probable these changes take place much more rapidly. The crowding memories rush tumultuously on the soul, bringing now calm joy or still calmer sorrow, now the maddening wine of the wildest

pleasure, now the bitterest draughts of anguish and remorse ; and in the moments that suffice to review the experience of years, it has time to feel the full strength of all. This is amply proved by the testimony of those who have been restored after life was nearly extinct, of which the most familiar examples are cases of recovery from drowning ;* and it throws a reflex confirmation on what has before been said of memory. The view above taken of the spiritual illumination which follows this awakening of memory, is more difficult to establish ; for, as death approaches, the body becomes a very imperfect medium through which to observe the workings of the soul, whose connection with it may already be partly severed. Doubtless the power of speech is often lost before any such light is given ; though, even were this power retained, the soul would be too entirely absorbed in its own visions to make a useless communication to those around, whose unquickened sense could no more perceive its meaning than the words of earthly language could convey it. Still, many death-scenes corroborate the position, and as our knowledge of psychology advances, and our means of observation become more delicate and certain, it may be found substantially correct.

What was just now hinted, that for some time prior to death the spirit partially resigns its control over the body to the forces of mere organic life, is perhaps generally true ; yet there are times when, just before it consigns again to earth the material form which has thus far been its dwelling-place, it seems to reassert its old supremacy, and transfigures with the rapture of its own beatitude the face through which its light had dimly shown in life ; and the features preserve the traces of that parting beauty long after the power that gave it has passed to animate higher forms,

“ Like the deep, saddened glow of remembrance
For the sunset that passeth away.”

* The fact that the mind's operations are nearly, if not quite, *independent of time*, is further confirmed by the effects of opium and hasheesh.

The foregoing considerations bring up the question, What is the connection between the quickening of memory and of spiritual vision, and the failing of bodily sense which we have seen accompany it? In the case of memory it has before been intimated, that, the ordinary objects of attention furnished by the senses being withdrawn, the mind is compelled to live in the past, and from this constant exercise the faculty of reminiscence acquires strength. A second cause for the quickening of memory at this period has also been alluded to, — that, as the old man becomes childlike, he will recur *from choice* to the experiences of childhood, and will be able to understand and appreciate them, which in the full activity of manhood he could not have done. Both causes may operate, and they will react to assist each other, the strength gained by exercise being directed by the love of reminiscence, and this love inducing more constant exercise. It is possible that a reason why memory should receive an accession of strength before the other faculties may be found in the consideration that it is to form the chief connecting link between the old life and the new, and is to furnish data for those faculties to work upon.

The opening of the spiritual perception cannot be regarded as dependent upon the failing of the physical. Yet a reason for its normal development parallel with this failing in age may lie in the law that a natural progress must be constant; and even when its course appears to be in cycles, the plan is that of a widening and mounting spiral; although, in a life where aspiration and upward effort have been exchanged for grovelling aims and pursuits, the spire may be found, when the cycle is completed, to have been descending and contracting. Whenever, then, in the soul's growth, any power becomes enfeebled, or decays, its place must be supplied by one higher and more comprehensive, including all of the old which was essential. We might, indeed, reasonably suppose that, in the highest experience,

all the physical senses would come in with their most intense activity, though of course so entirely subordinate to the spiritual that their action would probably be unnoticed by the soul. But I think the facts tend to show, what on reflection will appear also more natural, that at the times of highest enlightenment these senses are in a state of absolute torpor. There is a theory (to be credited, I believe, to "the spirits") that the spiritual body is formed within the natural during the present life, becoming more and more fully developed, until at death the old material body drops off and leaves it perfect. Fanciful though it seem, I yet suspect this may be substantially true, and, adopting it, shall assume that, in the enlightenment we are speaking of, the soul discards the physical and makes use of the spiritual senses.* While so much is thus gained, nothing is lost, for the interior powers, it has just been seen, must include everything which is essential of the external. The world of matter will then be seen in substance, if not in form; and, further, even if form be only the mode in which truth is presented to our bodily sense, it must still have important relations to the truth of which it is the expression, it is at least the *language* in which God addresses us, and as such would seem worthy the study of an illumined mind. Form, then, as well as substance, and also the occult nature of their connection, are, in all likelihood, recognized in the future life and in the enlightened hours of this. The somewhat analogous connection of the soul with the material body may likewise then be understood, when from that high vantage-ground we look back upon it.

This enlightenment is by no means confined to old age or the hour of death. Prophets and seers have furnished examples of it at all periods of life. The world's poets too, who are to be counted among its noblest prophets, have

* If we reject the idea of a spiritual body, it is only necessary to transfer what is here said of it to the bodiless spirit and its means of perception.

sometimes left us records of such experience. Instances occur in those prose poems of Emerson, his Essays, in Milnes, in Tennyson. Of these I shall refer to but one,—that passage in Tennyson's *In Memoriam* * beginning

“By night we lingered on the lawn,” —

where the perfect “picture of feeling” in the scene around gradually prepares us for the vision, and no less gently does the breeze come on its tremulous wings to bear us down from those “empyrean heights,” till we see again the white kine glimmer, and are ready to find in nature's daily miracle a meaning unrecognized before. Closely akin to trance is doubtless the condition we name *clairvoyance*, and possibly some of the phenomena called “spiritual” may be connected with it. These states, as they afford the best opportunities we at present have for the study of this subject, are those to which we must look for further light upon it. Here numerous questions of interest concerning the effect of organization, moral preparation, etc., at once present themselves, but we have neither room nor ability to consider them. The attention of men of science is being turned in this direction, and though from the intrinsic difficulty of the subject, and from the great difference between psychical phenomena and physical, and our consequent ignorance of the best modes of observation, progress may be slow, yet there is reason to anticipate that we shall ultimately be able to prove the close similarity of trance and its analogues to the state of the soul after death. We will only add in this connection that the complete independence in clairvoyance of material obstacles to sight, may indicate how we shall then be free from all such limitations.

It was said at the outset, that a resemblance could no doubt be traced among all natural transitions. Space will allow us barely to glance at one of these and compare it with that we have been examining. Let us take the pas-

* XCIII.

sage through scepticism, from the simple trust, and traditional, unquestioned belief of the child, to the man's faith, which must be wrought out of the solid stuff of life's experience, and be so inwoven with every fibre of his being that the character shall become a fabric of asbestos which the most consuming fire cannot disorganize. Not unlike this the plant, which in the spring was tender and frail, as the ruder winds of autumn visit it sends its roots wider and deeper, and takes up the firm flint to incorporate with its substance; then it welcomes the blasts which would once have laid it prostrate, that it may feel how securely it is fixed in the solid earth, and how it has made its own texture of earth's indestructible materials. But before this change can take place, the old views and feelings must gather all their force, compelling their full value to be acknowledged; and if suddenly assailed, they rise with all the stronger might. So when any opinion is supplanted by a better, we never before saw the first so clearly. This corresponds to what we found true of our former transition, and we shall see another point of analogy. It is said to be a fact, that a chill is felt just before the morning twilight, and this has lately been accounted for by supposing that in the higher, unreflecting regions of the atmosphere some vapors or crystals of ice, which served to send back to the earth its heat, are dissipated by the sun's first beams, invisible to us. This will not inaptly illustrate the shudder that all feel when it is first discovered that what has been so fondly trusted in may be unworthy of reliance. But it leaves the air clearer for the keen brightness of the stars to penetrate, and is the premonition of a light which, transcending theirs, shall "broaden into boundless day."

BY THE SEA.

DARK loom the crags that gird the seething bay ;
The thievish moon, Prometheus of the sky,
Hoards miserly her ravished gains on high,
And doles reluctant forth a niggard ray.
Heavens ! how the mad winds lash the indignant sea !
Like lion chafed it roars against the stars,
And leaps in fury on the prison-bars
That curb the fierceness of its sovereignty. .
Hoarse swells the smothered booming of the waves
Deep in the bowels of yon dripping rocks ;
Like jaws of Cerberus, dragon-mouthed caves
Stretch wide their armed throats, and wait the shocks
Of battling tides, that darkling onward come,
But, routed, back retreat in floods of froth and foam.

A HOMILY.

BEING A SENIOR'S EPISTLE OF ADVICE.

DEAR FRANK :—

You beg so earnestly the advice of your "gray-haired Senior" (as a stripling of fourteen is pleased to style a patriarch of twenty-one) with regard to College life, that I will no longer object to offering you a few hints on that subject,—most of which, of course, will be wholly unheeded.

You are now (or ought to be) anxiously looking forward to the Examination which will admit you to the joys of College, or remand you for another year to odious Sub-Freshmanship. With your proficiency in Latin and Greek and the primary Mathematics, I am convinced that you will pass the examination creditably and honorably. This comforting assurance, however, you will reject, of course, choos-

ing to harass your mind by day with Unexpected Questions, Conditions, Careless Committees, Irascible Tutors, and the like; and to dream by night incongruous dreams of misfortune, — of standing in the Faculty Room, perhaps, on the last hour of that dread day, staring at the characters which flame from the wall: Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin.

Leaving, therefore, this disagreeable topic, on which it would be bootless to offer further encouragement or counsel, accept, my dear Frank, in answer to your request, a few suggestions about College from your loving coz, who has now nearly finished the curriculum.

Once fairly "admitted on probation," (at which cautious proviso be no wise alarmed,) you will probably feel much elated with that new dignity. This is not surprising nor ridiculous; rather, will not be, unless you display an extravagant notion of your own importance. Some of your fellows (not my cousin Frank, I know) will betray ludicrous vanity at the joyous event. Their conceited airs will attract the satirical notice of everybody, the class above meanwhile not failing to mark them as worthy of correction and humiliation. There are two extremes, in a word, in the bearing of a Freshman, both displeasing. The one is a shy, a scared, or, worse, a smirking deportment, which surely *you* need not be told, my dear Frank, is opposed to true manliness. The other is the more annoying extreme in many College eyes, because it is a pompous, swelling, swaggering air; and this is very indecent, as well as somewhat unsafe. Indeed, can anything be more unbecoming and unnatural than for a fledgling Freshman to strut across the College Yard with cigar and cane, as if he were the personal owner of the premises, talking loudly, nodding familiarly to his Seniors, and giving himself, in fine, airs which even the head of the College, after four years in the buildings, would not presume to parade every day?

The faults just mentioned may appear in one's dress, as well as in one's gait and words. The gairish costume

of the Sophomore sets off only Sophomoric dignity ; but shabby and slovenly garments are still farther out of taste. The great majority of the College see us only on the way to chapel and recitations, never exchanging so much as a " Good morning " with us. As for one's scholarship, that must needs be famous to resound through the University as it does through his class. It's by your dress and carriage that you will be taken for a modest and gentlemanly fellow, or the displeasing reverse.

Pray do not think me presuming, in making the preceding suggestion. By way of excuse, I confess to having dressed in the extreme of fashion, Freshman year. And now it is clear enough that I (though never a fop, I know) must have been popularly reckoned a sort of walking advertisement for Jacobs & Deane, Merchant Tailors. We cannot improve much upon Shakespeare's counsel, after all : —

" Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy ; rich, not gaudy ;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man."

I am confident, my dear coz, that you will pursue the golden mean between these diverse errors, of which we have been speaking ; and that you will acquire the happy art of being manly without being assuming, and modest without being obsequious.

If you are ambitious of high rank (as I hope you are), do not publish the fact to the whole College. Such a flourish of trumpets would expose you, first, to the envy of rivals (for there is jealousy in College, even) in case of success ; or, secondly, to the ridicule of the whole (College) world, if you should fail. To be sure, the panegyrics of affectionate aunts, and of your and my old pedagogue, Carolus Burnett, Artium Magister, and the too partial admiration of proud and loving sisters and mothers, — these, to be sure, cannot be silenced. But, luckily, such fond domestic praises are never wafted within the College posts, and need not trouble us.

But there is so little likelihood of your falling into the preceding error, that we will pass at once to another bit of counsel, namely, that it is a grave mistake to study chiefly for rank. Now, though you may never have heard it before, this last statement is stereotyped, and every collegian will testify to its truth. Yet, strange to say, some genuine "digs for rank," as College parlance styles them, will be found in this very crowd of witnesses. Ah, it's easy enough for all of us to preach about high aims. Uncle John wrote me, four years ago, in his clerical way, thus: "If, in laying the foundations of future scholarship, you have time to build of oak, and polish it to brilliancy besides, you will be a superior workman indeed. But pray do not content yourself with a shell of veneering. It may be shining to look upon, but will crush under the first pressure in the practical world." I bequeath the advice to you, Cousin Frank.

If, unluckily, you should make slow progress, Freshman year, do not conclude therefore that it is not yours to shine in a College firmament, and waste the rest of the quadriennium in desultory reading or in dissipation. Keep a good heart, and you will soon be speeding away over the course, with full sails. Why, there's Smith of ours, almost unknown in *incunabulis*, as Freshman, but now respected for a sound and thorough student. And his rank, I presume, is high,—though *that* neither he nor I think so great a matter,—because (between ourselves) mistakes are sometimes made in the rank; but Smith did not blunder when he got those studious habits of his, and that solid stock of knowledge. On the other hand, look at Jackson, who entered quite vainglorious, but, through not being appreciated at first, fell into a slough of despond, and took to general reading. All through the course he has nourished the singular delusion that he is an injured man, and he seems to suspect the Faculty of being in league to thwart and harass him. He has button-holed me many a time to pour

out his complaints. "If Thompson had given me eight in Latin, Freshman year, (as he ought, the rascal!) and if Johnson had allowed me — well, a decent mark for my Greek, — only a *decent* one, mind you, — I should have — " what? my dear Frank. Why, he would have detected other tutors in some conspiracy against him, and have been the selfsame, injured, martyred Jackson that he is now.

Let us leave this topic now, and turn to a more perplexing one, namely, one's social habits in College. My dear Frank, you will not account your friend a mere flatterer, when he writes that you have pleasant manners, an agreeable face, and a kind heart. With these graces, (though the last, I am sorry to say, is not the most valuable for this purpose,) you may easily be popular with your classmates, whose respect and good-will I hope you will try to secure. And with your liberal allowance of pocket-money, you may, if you please, become a boon companion of all our wild blades and spendthrifts, who will assuredly seek your acquaintance.

Now, without setting up for a moralist, allow me to say, that it will seem very fine, perhaps, to have a jovial supper at Parker's every week; or to pass every other night at Ripley's for billiards, coming home too well filled with claret; or to try the low haunts of vice, in order to "see life"; or to indulge in drinking bouts in your own room or a neighbor's, whence the jolly health-drinkers retire in a pitiable condition. I can't blame so much the poor fellows who have been forced to College, and cannot study for the life of them, for becoming dissipated. But for a real student, who loves knowledge and covets the garlands earned in scholars' Games, — for him to waste his time, spoil his beauty and health, scatter his youthful spirits, neglect his brain, ah! and let his heart grow callous the while, — for others besides Methodist parsons tell us that these are the wages of dissipation, — this, sure, is the folly of all follies. And the worst of it is that these young rakes are

ofttimes handsome, agreeable, gentlemanly, generous, perhaps talented and accomplished beside,—in a word, the most charming companions in the world while we are youths.

How easy it is to pass to the opposite extreme, and live like a recluse, as Griggs does, not mixing with his classmates, growing old and dry before his time, you will soon find. Men of that stamp are infinitely better associates, certainly, than their antipodes, the polite blacklegs of the city, always so ready to usher lads smoothly into the labyrinth of vice. But those hermits must be content with our respect, without expecting affection or sympathy. Before you have been very long in College, you will meet a comfortable set of fellows, whose sincere, good-humored ways naturally attract friendship. They will neither be sour, nor grumbling, nor selfish, nor sots. In their company, I trust, you will pass many a merry, happy hour, very pleasant to remember, long after Alma Mater's tutelage has gone.

If then, my dear fellow, you are a student by taste and by choice, and not a fast man, stand up for the students manfully. Of all odious sights, one of the most odious is a fellow who studies hard trying to be ranked with those who don't study at all. To see him nod a sage approval when his puzzle-headed friends so absurdly insist, in effect, that College was not made for study; to hear him admit, with a show of frankness, that *these plodders*, as a family, are *very unsociable*, and that the way they have of being respectful to the authorities is downright sneaking; to see him—naturally a sedate and quiet chap—slap Jones on the back, with a brusque "How are you, old Tom!"—Jones, the great sot, (a clever fellow, though,) who likes to be pointed out as the man who has been drunk, more or less, half the time for the last six months;—this is enough to cure one of sycophancy. The fact being indisputable that it's as foolish for a man to eschew studying in College as to eschew business in the counting-room, or husbandry on

a farm, it's humiliating to see the Joneses bully their parasites into confessing that to learn to be a man of the world, and a fast one, is the chief end of College life. My dear Frank, I am *sure* you will show your contempt for such unmanly conduct.

The practice of toad-eating for the Professors I mention (like its twin vice just noticed) only to inform you that it exists, though confident that you need not be warned against it. This low habit is so odious to every true soul, that those who are detected in it are universally branded as sneaks. An inscription on one of the College walls runs like this: "On the last day of your course here, your remembrances will be pleasant or sad." Whether this profound sentiment be correct or not as a general truth, or whether joyous and sad sensations will not be mixed on Commencement Day, or whether most of us will have time or mind then to moralize at all, must be learned by experience. But I can tell you one thing: those poor fellows who have been playing underhand tricks all through the course will be ashamed on that day. And the higher their ephemeral honors, the more troubled will be their consciences, unless, indeed, they are already seared with selfishness.

My dear Frank, I said honestly what I did say above about dissipation, honestly and in great plainness of speech, because *you* certainly are not inclined towards asceticism. You know I was never the zealot to believe in the straitness and austerity of Puritan fashions. And you remember how only last August one of your Milldale clergymen (Parson Low) feared I was "on the downward road to a drunkard's grave," because I did not sign his temperance pledge. You will not, then, consider me extravagant on the present subject? Everybody (that is the correct word, I fear) digresses somewhat from the highway of principle upon which he sets out on entering College. Is this result surprising? Most of us have been trained carelessly or artifi-

cially to a knowledge of life; and when, at length, our eyes are opened on the world of real men and women, we find that nursery morality, be it taught by never so kind and loving teachers, is founded largely upon fiction. It's a sort of theatrical morality after all. When we exchange the grave, sweet, simple faces of childhood's companions for coarse-featured, hard-featured, every-day men, then our scepticism begins. We see so many flourishing villains and suffering saints; so much unprospered honesty and unpunished knavery; so many hypocrites whom we were wont to revere as earthly angels; so much uncertainty and bickering and hot strife in the teachings and acts of good men; that our childish ideals suffer rude and ruinous shocks. Our whilom heroes and heroines dwindle to men subject to like passions as we are, wayward, imperfect. Fortunate we are if, in the recoil, we do not doubt the very existence of the pure and saintly virtues.

Now we are all a little infected with this sceptical fever, in College. Sometimes (Heaven forgive us!) we harbor the thought that untainted magnanimity and self-denial, on which men discourse so fondly, may be found only in the regions beyond the stars. But to yield to these tempting suggestions, and carve therefrom a dark and ungenial creed, is a grievous error. Such cold, suspicious, sneering philosophy is repulsive to all noble and gentle natures, and its disciples are the selfish and heartless.

But you 've had quite enough of sermonizing. What else could you expect, though, in a "letter of advice"? Was I to be comic or didactic? Yet I've tried rather to introduce you to some College ways and characters, than to copy any schedules of Rules of Life out of those absurd Student's Guides. I can't help smiling, however, to see in how true College style the passages about Freshman deportment are writ. We all (after our first year) try to reckon the Freshman a sort of chrysalis, which bursts into the resplendent butterfly only by being a pupa for a twelve-month. But those hints will be useful, perhaps.

In fine, dear Frank,—to close a long letter, which has been modestly penned, I hope,—your excellent breeding will be sufficient for all those details of conduct to which it would be impertinent for me to allude; and you will experience the worth of that good breeding in College, from football night to Commencement Day.

No more now from

Your affectionate Cousin, the

“GRAY-HAIRED SENIOR.”

CAMBRIDGE IN VACATION.

“Solitude made a Cincinnatus.”

M. F. TUPPER.

“O jucunda Solitudo!”

MART. *Epigram*. Lib. XII. 24. 1.

“Woe to him that is alone.”

Eccles. iv. 10.

“Cærulei Lividique Dæmones.”

CIC. *de Nat. Deor.* IV. 3.

ON the morning of Thursday, the 21st day of January, 1858, there was no discordant clangor of a prayer-bell to arouse us; yet the habit contracted in term-time held such sway over us, that, even in vacation, and without the aid of the customary summons, we awoke, as we had done for some months before, at just a quarter of eight. We lay quietly behind the curtain for a few moments, wondering what it was that we ought to feel happy about, until presently the fact that for six weeks we were to be free,—free to work or read, to ride, walk, or call, to do anything, indeed, that our caprice prompted or our purse allowed,—dawned upon us; there was such repose, such sleepiness, in the very anticipation of exemption from routine, that our dutiful intention of at once dressing for breakfast was given

up, and we stayed in bed, to think, luxuriously, of a six weeks' vacation. What a fine long time it is to stretch our intellectual legs in! soliloquized we, *more hibernico*; what a chance to unbend our energies! And with that we began to count over the advantages we should derive from spending this month and a half in Cambridge, as we had determined to do.

First, clearly enough, we must be alone. Solitude was a good thing, we concluded, but reserved the further consideration of the beauties of retirement until we had tried it a few days. Then in the second place But some way the second place was not so easily filled as the first had been, and, after vainly trying to find out what was the next advantage, we resolved to wait for the remaining benefits of seclusion to show themselves as the vacation shortened.

As until next term we were to inhabit Graduates' Hall, and as we had not yet carried our books thither, we soon got up, passed the day in moving, and saying to such of our friends as had not already left town, "Good by, and a pleasant vacation," and, before night, had so completed our arrangements at our new abode, that, in a snug close-curtained room, with gas and fire brightly burning, with comfortable appointments and a plenty of books, a room as cosy and compact as we had always fancied a monastic cell to be, we began the first evening of our vacation. One shelf in our bookcase was packed with treatises, in prose and verse, on Retirement, from which works we purposed to draw much good counsel as to the use to be made of our loneliness. Besides the ideas to be gained from these homilies we had some notions of our own on the subject; we had no doubt that this isolation would give us a chance for self-communing. We had great hopes of self-communing; it had manufactured, according to all accounts, many very great and good men. Then, again, we should be forced to reflect; nothing else could be done while we were alone and

indisposed to work ; we should be compelled to brood over all the eggs that, during the past term, had been put under us, and with so long an incubation we must surely hatch something. Besides, we had heard of hermits and monks, of retired scholars and poets, who in their solitude had wrought fitting garments of words for the noblest thoughts, and, by withdrawing their bodies from among their fellows, had insured for their names an eternal companionship with those of the foremost men of the race ; their labors and their renown should urge us to work. We would write, we would publish, in this Magazine. We had several subjects about which we wished to say our word, and we would compose articles for the Harvard which would increase our fame and its subscription list.

With many like anticipations and resolutions we commenced our vacation. Never in term-time had we lived a jollier life ; we were rid of vexatious duties, and were bound to study no science we cared nothing for ; we were free from too much company, and saw only enough to save us from being lonesome ; we could walk over the College grounds, or through the streets of the city, while the mildness of the season, with its warm breezes and starting buds, gave our walks in midwinter the charm of rambles in early spring. We read wherever we fancied, in History or Romance, Gossipry or Poetry, — and never had either seemed to us so entertaining before ; we had time enough to do as we liked, that was the secret of our enjoyment, and we grew more attached to Cambridge in a week of uncompelled residence than we had done in two years' regular attendance at the University. We waxed healthier and stronger, stood long before the mirror, and seriously meditated going into society. Every evening, as we saw the southern sky brilliant with stars, or the northern sky alight with its mysterious Aurora, every morning, as we flung open our window and saw the ground free from signs of wintry weather, we congratulated ourself that we had stayed in Cambridge. We

got much pleasure from our letters, and took a new interest in correspondence; we did a little on our essays for the Harvard, and finished several pages of an earnest appeal in behalf of a great moral reform. We philosophized a good deal, too, by our fire, and built a good many castles in the air, with as much judgment and gravity as belong to young men of our own age. We liked to go to bed early, — such pleasant dreams followed such delightful days. We had never before understood the surpassing excellence of solitude; — we could act ourself out, without conforming to any social rules or to anybody's notions of propriety; we could live one life, instead of the double one we were weak enough to live when our acquaintances were around us. But we did not pass every hour by our hearth; we knew there was ice over the water of Fresh Pond, and that, if we were not too idle, there was skating to be had.

Accordingly, one afternoon when the air was chilly enough to make active exercise a pleasure, we joined a throng of five hundred gentlemen and ladies, girls and boys, on the ice. It was the merriest crowd we had seen since Class Day, and, had we not been enthusiastic beforehand on the subject of vacation joys, this sight would have made us so. As the afternoon wore away, the scene grew more and more attractive; as the clouds all about the west became tinted with the colors of an unusually gorgeous sunset, as the ruddy light on the ice deepened to a crimson glow, every face was turned westward, and the sport we came for was unheeded, while we watched with increasing admiration the happy looks of every skater, the beauty of the changing hues as the sun's rays were showered now on the shore behind us, now on the gray ice, now on the blue water in the cleft between us and the opposite land, and as we turned to gaze, with the rest, at the incomparable splendor of the spectacle on the horizon. These charming surroundings, however, did not render us entirely careless of the more selfish personal pleasure to be gained in the act

of skating. Nowhere were we so untrammelled and swift, nowhere so much our own master, as on the ice; we could move quickly or slowly, turn or stop, as we liked; we could linger by a friend, or race with him, or, better than all, could skate, alone, mile-heats against time.

As this last suggestion entered our head, we buttoned our coat more tightly, screwed and buckled our skates more firmly, and, clutching the stick we held with both hands, started toward a knot of people three quarters of a mile away. First came the slow, steady glide, each foot creeping cautiously along as we tested anew ourself and our equipment; then, as the glide grew more rapid, our feet were oftener lifted, the ice-dust flew on either side, the wind sung by our ears, we squared our shoulders, bowed our head forward, and, in less than half a minute from setting out, were dashing on at our topmost speed. Then only did we feel the best, fullest joy of the pastime. This matchless flight was our own work; we owed it to neither horse nor steam; naught but our own will could check us. The cold, the distance back, the aches and pains consequent on such exertion, everything, in fact, was forgotten, was as nothing in comparison with this headlong swaying rush,—whither would it not suffice to carry us? We got excited, rapt, hurried away in the passionate triumphing gladness of this magnificent advance; then we grew angry at the jealous boundaries which cut us off from limitless journeying over far-stretching frozen plains. We reached the company we had aimed at, but never slackened our pace. Some called out to us; the shout came broken and meaningless to our ears amid the ceaseless crunch of our steel as it every second spurned the ice. Charging through the throng, we still kept on, when, in an instant, crowd, shore, ice—vanished, and we were half-way to the bottom of the pond. Presently we crawled out of the opening into which we had tumbled, and laboriously staggered homeward. The next morning our joints were stiff, our eyes sticky, our tongue felt like a

sponge. We got up with difficulty, — the room seemed low and chilly, — the air heavy, — the sky dull and lowering. The charm of vacation was gone, — and we began to be miserable and blue.

Nothing suited us, that we used to like. The prospect from our window was no longer inviting; the moment we began to philosophize or dream, blue devils would cluster on either shoulder, and the shrug that would once have driven them away only made them settle down more snugly; we were too stupid to answer any letters, and our correspondence failed; the only writing we attempted was laid out on our article, but the last part, when completed, was as petulant as the first had been decorous. Friends called, through this, as through the brighter portion of vacation, but they too seemed infected with our moroseness, and often, after we had talked an hour to please a visitor, he would say with a yawn, as he rose to go, "How stupid it is here — in Cambridge!" We sought comfort outside our room, but our daily walk was no longer satisfactory; the surface of the College Yard was rustier, the leafless trees, their buds just withered by a late frost, were more gaunt and scraggy, the buildings wore a drearier look, the abandonment of the whole institution was more complete, it seemed to us, than ever before. No students thronged the staircases of the various halls. No steps sounded along the stone aisles of University; the new Chapel, too, was deserted; the Library looked like a huge tomb that had ages ago been sealed for ever; the shops were empty of customers, the bookstores in vain announced with glaring placards the arrival of the newest novel or the latest magazine, and the Post-Office had as few visitors as letters. We paced languidly up and down all the length of the lonely streets throughout the town, but never met a human being to bow to, and at last, wearied and unrelieved of gloom, we slowly went back to our fireside.

EDITORS' TABLE.

"Command me, fair sirs and gallant gentlemen, of what shall I discourse to you,—of criticism, or the cut of your doublets,—of true piety, or the fashion of your morality?" — *Old Play*.

SOME sage counsellors occasionally give us a bit of advice about this Magazine. They usually begin by telling us the Harvard has no character, no dignity, no gravity; besides, they add, it does not aim high enough, and neither gives our writers the practice they need in thinking and composing, nor lays before outsiders a fair specimen of the learning, skill, and ability of the undergraduates. They then go on to show how we may avoid all similar objections in future, by banishing local articles, and giving more space to essays on critical and abstract subjects.

Such observations, we think, are prompted by a false notion of what a College Magazine ought to be, and can be. Our friends want it to rival the recognized and full-grown reviews, forgetting, it seems, that our periodical is carried on, not by the Professors, but by the students of the University, while we wish its prose articles in every issue to treat, with one or two exceptions, on matters immediately interesting to us as Collegians; and we have two reasons for saying so. First, we know local articles are more cared for, and more read, among ourselves, and elsewhere, than any others; and secondly, we do not believe that we young men can publish, on any other than our own subjects of conversation and reflection, papers as good as what have been already written on the same themes, or which will even repay perusal. On student-life, and on that alone, we speak with authority, and on that only will our words be heeded. Whatever we can say of College is best fitted for our own reading, because it may serve to put into our heads some new idea, or give a definite shape to some crude thought already there; and it is also best liked by all who ever graduated here, as it awakens in their minds memories more entertaining than our wit, and pleases by being so suggestive.

Because some of us have got a style of composition, and do not wish to use it on familiar subjects, considering it better adapted for loftier performances, we make ourselves believe that we are capable of discussing, with a little previous reading up, any question in criticism, theology, or natural philosophy; not seeing that our style is all we have to depend on, and that with our young intelligence we can give it no more vigor than the hand of a baby could give the gauntlet of a warrior. Such as are desirous of proving the falsity of this last remark can find no better way of answering us than by getting inserted in the columns of our more stalwart contemporaries a series of more pretentious essays than we ask for; but until they do that, we pray them to be satisfied while we seek for our pages articles which shall warrant our claim to the title of *THE HARVARD MAGAZINE*, and reject contributions which, if published, would fasten on us the nickname of "*The Little Edinboro*," and to be contented, also, with the present standard of our periodical, and the character we are trying to give it,—a character no student need be ashamed of, a character that is not too ambitious ever

to be young, that is manly without being mature, that has no more dignity or gravity than are always attendant on honesty and earnestness, and that never pretends to an experience it has not acquired, nor affects a wisdom it does not understand.

PERHAPS some of our friends just returned from home, torpidly hibernating the six weeks past in some secluded country hamlets where metropolitan news and notions seldom penetrate, may be still unaware how important an event has happened here in their absence. Circumstances hastened the birth of Fate. Long-protracted negotiations were suddenly concluded. One pleasant Monday morning, a month ago, the joyful bells and cannon woke half our natives from peaceful slumber, totally innocent as to the occasion thereof. For a full report of the holiday jubilations which stirred up these quiet suburbs so unexpectedly, we must refer to the next morning's papers. Minute descriptions may be there found of the motley array that paraded over Boston Bridge to martial music and with martial escort; but, alas! the gallant sons of Harvard are missing from the record. Posterity will doubtless wonder how the procession could have spared that noble banner that has erst on festive occasions, with its brave column of sable coats and unimpeachable tiles, been the cynosure of fair ladies' eyes. And surely a Free Bridge to Boston concerns our student world far more than Franklin Statues or Railroad Festivals.

But it chanced that our absent friends were not wholly unrepresented; for a portion of the "corps," — self-denying souls, tugging away in the harness, when all their fellows had fled to chew the cud of tranquillity elsewhere, — they also honored the occasion with their attendance. Failing to obtain a seat *ex officio* with the dignitaries, we were forced to join the rabble; and just as we reached the gathering-place, the trumpets blared, the cannon roared, the Lancers' horses pranced and plunged forward, the carriages rolled on, the endless file of cars, all paraded together, rumbled after, small boys precipitately abandoned posts and trees, and, undistinguished in the swaying throng, we followed the "Brigade" into Boston.

All the way was a gala-show. But at last we passed the toll-house, gloomy, funereal, with shutters closed and sign-board gone. "What a future," thought we, "for coming generations of students! No longer will the want of a paltry penny restrict to the river-banks their evening walks! No more will Cantabs, returning home at midnight, mutter maledictions as they stop in the cold to unbutton coats and explore their pockets!" For a moment the procession stayed at the draw. With a few solemn words, the long bridge was proclaimed "for ever free!" Our emotions and the dusty road completely overwhelmed us. The crowd passed on to return by the other bridge; so we accepted Mr. Stiles's kind invitation to a free ride home, and quietly rolled back to our sanctum.

VACATION is over, and once more the College Yard is thronged; the time-worn bell, so long dumb, has again found its voice, and peals forth its notes cheerily, and tumbles and rolls about in its joy at welcoming back the student throng; the old buildings with windows up-thrown and wide-open doors smilingly greet the returning penitents. Dear "old Harvard" gladly receives again her wandering sons, and graciously welcomes them to the joys and sorrows of a new Term.

A new Term, indeed, and to one fourth of our College world the last Term. Last Term! What associations live in those little monosyllables! Now the *blasé* Senior, who has run the whole race of College life, reviews his career, and, while his conscience rates him for his mistaken course, his tongue stoutly maintains the wisdom of his ways. Now prudent young gentlemen begin to think less of College rank and Class honors, and consider more of their preparation for success in the world. Embryo clergymen cease profanity, and don garments rivalling in hue the legendary blackness of the Evil One himself. Would-be disciples of Galen make weekly pilgrimages to the Hospital, and, while overlooking the operations, strive manfully against a deathly faintness. Future bantlings of the Law puzzle over imaginary cases of *Roe v. Doe*, and gravely demand evidence for the truth of every-day axioms. Now chrysalid politicians, well knowing that the most gaudy butterfly of all which sun themselves in popular favor is often he who can tell the best untruth, or make the poorest speech, hesitatingly reflect over the fate of Ananias and Sapphira, at the same time emphatically asserting that the star-spangled banner is starred all over with glory. Unfledged speculators figure the profits which would have accrued to Lot had he entered into the salt speculation, and advertised his metamorphosed wife as "prime NaCl for sale by the chunk or bag." Youthful manufacturers compute the mechanical force which might have been obtained from a Turbine water-wheel having the tears of Niobe for a motive power, a constant stream, although flowing from a small head. Stripling agriculturists calculate the tons of hay which might be made from the grass used in pasturing Nebuchadnezzar, or the bushels of cereal produce which could be raised from those nine whole acres of ground covered by the huge body of Tityus. And so each one is preparing for the coming strife. Time rolls on. Already we hear the rattling of the portcullis, the bridge will soon be passed, and then a stout heart and strong arm will be the only protection in a battle with the world. *En avant, mes braves!* do your devoir gallantly, and may your highest hopes be realized, and your loftiest dreams prove prophetic.

Our country cousins at Amherst seem to have been hurt by some gentle remarks in our last number. In their February issue they have flung at us a turbid, unsettled sort of a reply, abusive at the top and submissive at the bottom, such as might easily have been got up by soaking in water that "stone," symbolic of their character, and changing it to its natural amorphous condition of mud. What we said was not printed with a view to call forth a rejoinder, nor was it so ill-naturedly written as justly to provoke the criticism it received. It would have been wiser if some consideration of this kind, which possibly influenced the tone of the last sentence addressed to us, had led the editors of the *Ichnolite* to strike out the whole of their first paragraph.

ERRATA.

December number, 3d line of Index, for "June 13, 1856," read "June 13, 1857."

January number, page 15, line 16, for "akim" read "alien."

" " " 36, " 4, for "yon" read "your."

THE
HARVARD MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.

APRIL, 1858.

No. 3.

SONG *vs.* SCIENCE.

"Do not all charms fly
At the mere touch of cold Philosophy?
Philosophy will clip an angel's wings."

LAMIA.

L. R. Huntington
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Ed -

Don't be frightened by the motto, my dear fellow,— we have no intention of soaring into the sublime. We do not believe that College Magazines were ever meant to be the vehicles of newly discovered truth, or the first assailants of long-intrenched error. Moreover, had we felt in the lofty mood, we should have emulated the spirit of our metaphysical exchanges, and selected some such title as "The Antagonism of the Poetic and Scientific Principles." As it is, we merely propose to say a few words on the plaintiff's side of a suit that has long been pending at the Muses' bar, and has oftentimes been argued by far abler counsel than we. There are of course a great many forms which the complaint in question may take. It can be urged, for instance, that the tendency of science is rather to belittle than enlarge the views of those who follow it; in short, that most scientific men are like the old grammarian,— you know the story. He had devoted half his life

to the study of Greek roots and terminations, and, as the result of his labors, published a collection of all the dialectic forms and peculiar constructions to be found in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, — “to the end,” said he, “that scholars may be enabled to enjoy Homer without the trouble of perusing his two very tedious poems.” Very much in this wise, it is alleged, do most scientific men come sooner or later to regard the study of their subject, Nature. They devote themselves so exclusively to the investigation of the substance, that they gradually lose sight of the spirit within it all. They discover and classify, thinking all the while that they thus give order to creation, though in truth they are but catching glimpses of an order which reigned long before such words as “theory” and “nomenclature” came from the mouths of men.

Then, again, it is charged that science, under pretence of getting at the truth, has too often drawn away veils in themselves far more pleasing than the rough facts that they had served to hide. It may be all very well to understand the spectrum and the laws of light, but does not every one at heart wish, with Campbell, that “proud philosophy” had left the rainbow unexplained? Of a piece with this is another complaint, to wit, that science has flooded the language with words, which, by gradually uprooting their humbler but far more worthy synonyms, have rendered it well-nigh impossible for the poet of these days to express himself simply and strongly without incurring the charge of affected quaintness. (Let us consider for a moment what has been this influence of modern discovery on poets and their words.)

The ancients had no science at all, but poetry they had, and that of a kind which many judges consider superior to our own. However that may be, the poet’s words must have carried more of weight with them, in days when there was no one either inclined or able to dispute their truth. The Greek or Latin poet might account for the phenomena of Nature by the most beautiful legends his fancy could sug-

gest; all the features of the universe were plastic in his hands, and however he might mould them, there was no one to step in with a fatal demonstration. Even beyond Nature, he could enter Dream-land through the ivory gate, and his hearers followed, firmly trusting in all they saw. In later times, after the downfall of the ancient mythologies and the establishment of the new faith, poetry found itself in an anomalous situation. The old fabric still stood, and though all real strength was gone, the occupants felt loath to leave their ancient home until absolutely driven out. It was held to be a canon that nothing could be classical which was not Augustan, and hence arose a thoroughly artificial school of poetry,—a school which prevailed more or less generally till the beginning of our century. The absurdities known as “Pastorals” were of this class. In them we have characters like the figures on a French fan. Gentleman shepherds playing upon impossible pipes, and lady shepherdesses in crinolines and crooks. The steady old English streams were stocked with imported river-gods and nymphs, and the poets, overlooking the really attractive legends of their country people, crowded the native forests with Greek Dryads and Latin Fauns.

Of course this finical state of things could not last. Every day, as science advanced, the old absurdities became more glaring. The final overthrow of the false system came with the huge start which physical science took about the close of the last century. Fortunately, there was just at that time no great poet to suffer from the revolution. The violence of the reaction spent itself on such men as Dr. Darwin and Payne Knight. It is devoutly to be hoped that the world may never again see such a hodge-podge of science, metaphysics, and Rosicrucian mythology as the poems of these unhappy victims of advancement present.*

* Darwin's hobby was Botany, and his two best known poems, “The Economy

But though, as we have said, the violence of the reaction has passed, and men have come to discern more clearly the boundaries between poetical and scientific truth, still there is much to fear. It cannot be denied that a leaning towards technical expression exhibits itself in the works of nearly all of our more recent poets. As when, for instance, Patmore talks of

" Fractions indefinitely small
Of interests infinitely great."

As if, forsooth, a poet must show himself familiar with mathematics, and so have recourse to the Calculus for a simile. Even Tennyson, too, with a greater command over the English tongue than any poet living, occasionally makes it evident that some dust from the Cambridge course still clings to him. It may be a prejudice, but it seems to us that no one of the sciences is more fraught with danger to modern poetry than that same Botany which proved poor Darwin's stumbling-block. One might think, at first sight, that flowers were so evidently created for beauty, and nothing else, that men might be content with gazing on and admiring them. But no; the spirit of investigation can spare nothing. The fairest flowers must be dissected, the sweetest buds pulled open before their time, that we may know their physical construction. Worse still; after their construction has been demonstrated, they must be robbed of their pretty names, and given titles which shall express with scientific accuracy their conformation, no matter how sweet the appellation they lose, or how ungainly the polysyllable to be imposed on them. Let us make a stand. Grant that other sciences are necessary to our well-being, surely Physiological Botany, with all its

of Vegetation," and "The Loves of the Plants," were little else than rhymed treatises on his favorite subject. Knight devoted himself to Ethnology, and sung "The Progress of Man" through the six long books of a didactic poem; so called in this case, said the witty Canning, "from 'didasklein,' to teach, and 'poema,' a poem, because it teaches nothing and is not poetical."

ugly names and cruel flower-rending, may be dispensed with. A rose perhaps would "smell as sweet" if known generally as a "polypetalous exogen," but ears are to be consulted as well as noses, and since the long name brings us little nearer to the ultimate truth than the short one, why change? It is of course now too late to ask men to read the lament of Hyacinthus on the petals of his flower, or to recognize the transformed Clytie in the vulgar sunflower, but it is not too late to ask them to cling to whatever of poetry still clothes the flowers, at least to guard their simple names as they would guard the words of a family tradition. In illustration of what we have said about poetry in general, and floral poetry in particular, here are specimens of the several styles to which we have alluded; namely, the ultra-fanciful, the neutral, and the ultra-scientific. To be impartial, we must take the same subject for all three treatments, and, as one appropriate to this changeful month of spring, let it be

THE VIOLET'S BIRTH.

FIRST TREATMENT.

One April morn, as blue-eyed Spring
Stood gazing round her new domain,
Longing a kind relief to bring
If aught yet felt the Ice-king's chain,

She spied at last an humble nook
Which still its snowy fetters wore;
She cast upon 't a pitying look, —
Those fetters could enthral no more.

Each flakelet, melted by her smile,
Caught the reflection of her eye,
Hung trembling as a drop awhile,
Then burst, a flower of azure dye.

So evermore the violet blows
In gratitude when Spring draws nigh,
And in the blossom's tint there glows
The softness of that queenly eye.

Now all that would have been well enough in Ovid's time, when people believed in the personality of Spring, and the possibility of floral metamorphoses; or in Queen Anne's time, when they pretended to believe in such things; but what is it worth in this enlightened period of meteorology and horticulture? Here is another.

THE VIOLET'S AWAKENING.

SECOND TREATMENT.

The maiden throws her casement wide
To greet the streamers of the dawn;
First o'er herself the glad rays glide,
Then shoot within from side to side,
Till all of night is gone.

O'er gathered wealth but now laid bare
The dewy sunlight falls in showers, —
On painting here, on marble there,
On silken store and jewels rare,
With beauty-lending powers.

The springtide dawns. One floweret throws
With timid hand Earth's casement wide;
Fed by the light, her buds unclose, —
A moment, and the blossom glows,
With heaven's own radiance dyed.

Then burst from darkness' thrall the rest,
And dazzling hues around them cling.
Fair jewels all on Nature's breast,
Still must we love the violet best, —
She welcomed first the Spring.

That will do better. The difference between the two pieces is just this: in the first a statement of alleged fact is made, in the second only a parallelism is brought forward. And now for the final view of the subject. It is our wish to show what poetry may become, if science finally succeeds in making everything but "fact" distasteful to the mind.

It may be supposed that we are attempting a burlesque, but for the truth of every statement in this technico-poetical effusion we confidently cite our references.

PHENOMENA ATTENDING THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE
VIOLET.

THIRD TREATMENT.

Through the winter, sad, dejected,
All their leafy vesture lost,
Lie the plantlets poor, neglected
Captives of the giant Frost;
But when Spring the embryo swells,
Burst the prisoners from their cells.*

Cotyledons first expanding,
Seek to gain the light above,
All their little throats demanding
C O₂, the food they love; †
Love, for from it they distil
Dextrine, starch, and chlorophyll. ‡

By endosmosis § the tissues
Drink their different juices in,
While from out the leaves there issues
Lung-delighting oxygen. †
Soon warm April draws her near, †
And infoliate buds appear.

Next, the apices unfolding,
Fair Corolla shows her face,
Five unequal petals holding,
Sepals auricled at base. ||
Thus, we botanists affirm,
Springs the violet from its germ.

* The beauty of this metaphor can hardly be appreciated without an understanding of the cellular system, for which see Nägeli, in the *Zeitschrift für Wissenschaft. Botanik*, Dr. Lankester's "Scientific Botany," and Henfrey's "Structural and Physiological Botany." The reader will find, by consulting these authorities, that plants, like jail-birds, are kept in "cells."

† See Liebig, *Agricultural Chem.*, Vol. I.

‡ Not quite accurate. Nitrogen has been left out *metri gratia*. The best analysis for chlorophyll, i. e. Mulder's, gives C¹², H¹⁸, N², O⁸.

§ Dutrochet.

|| Gray's *Botanical Text-Book*, p. 395, § 721.

THINK AGAIN!

C. S. Price / 57

"He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak; 't is charity to show."

MR. EDITOR:—

A writer in the Magazine has already awaked to the fact that Shakespeare is not what he is cracked up to be, and proclaims himself a reformer accordingly. But his business will be no very difficult task, if undertaken with characteristic modesty; for few of us either love or read the works of Shakespeare much. As for the Iliad and Odyssey, they have long been detested by Juniors and Freshmen generally, and the Vedas are now held up by professors to be laughed at by students. Yet these three have been considered the sublimest poems out of the Bible. Does all this show that the delicacies of Tennyson and Browning, or else the inevitable progress of the mind, have given us a distaste for the rudeness and meagreness of these old poets? No. At no time since Shakespeare's day, at least at no time since Nicholas Rowe, have they been so well appreciated. Johnson and Pope, for example, had no kindred feeling with either the Greek or the English poet. This will hardly be questioned, but I will support it by an example or two. Johnson never could wade through Homer, although he was well read on most other branches of Greek literature. He has the following criticism on Cymbeline:—

"This play has many just sentiments, some natural dialogues, and some pleasing scenes; but they are obtained at the expense of much incongruity. To remark the folly of the fiction, the absurdity of the conduct, the confusion of the names and manners of different times, and the impossibility of the events in any system of life, were to waste criticism upon unresisting imbecility, upon faults too evident for detection and too gross for aggravation."

Pope's perversion of the Homeric spirit in his translation of the Iliad is well known; while the absurdity of many of

his emendations of Shakespeare, as proved by Theobald, shows that he had no appreciation of that poet.

Compare such critics with Goethe, Schlegel, Coleridge, Hazlitt, Wilson, Douce, Knight, Collier, White, and Wolf, Lachmann, Mure, Tyler, and Gladstone. All of these sit rather as disciples than judges of the authors they criticise; all recognize their unvarying truth. It is not, then, to the age of the world, but to the age of the critics, that we must ascribe a distaste for Homer and Shakespeare in College.

Some devout writer says that almost every healthy mind must be an atheist in one stage of its progress; and it is at least true, that there is a time when we must either apply ourselves to imbibing trustfully the spirit of sublime minds, or rest content with being scoffers. This time comes to most of us in College. If we adopt the latter course, we must turn round; if the other, we are already on the right track. A young man feels sure he sees something unreasonable in Milton or Bacon, or else in the study of natural science in general, or of the dead languages in general, and he is tempted to admire too much his own imitation of the pig's squeal. This ought to be a sign to him that he does not comprehend the author or the science, and he should throw himself into the study of him or it with the more *abandon*.

The argument of the critic of the *Taming of the Shrew* is this:—

Shakespeare makes a radical change occur in the character of one of his heroines.

Radical changes of character never do occur in real life.

Ergo, Shakespeare is not true to nature.

He then suggests to Mr. Shakespeare how he was led into so great a blunder, wherein it lies, and how he might have avoided it.

First, for the origin of the error, he says: "We shall find, I think, that this truly artistic design, so clearly shown in

the afterpart of the drama, was an *afterthought*, irreconcilable with Katharina's conduct in the earlier scenes."

Then for the error itself: "Violent she might have been, easily roused to any burst of passion, but there should be no unprovoked outbreak. But listen to her, and judge if Shakespeare has not so far overstepped the line, there can be no consistent return," &c.

Then for the means of avoiding it: "It is the true, masterly, central idea of the play. But was it Shakespeare's idea? It should have been, that is clear. If, however, we refuse to believe that it was, because it ought to have been, his design," &c. That is, if the readers of the Magazine will refuse to believe that it was clear to Shakespeare because it is clear to this critic, he is in a condition to proceed with his argument. The wonder is that a masterly idea occurred, even as an afterthought, to so stupid a block as Shakespeare is represented to be.

But it is useless to quote all this. I deny his major premise. Radical changes of character are certainly improbable, but it is unnatural for improbabilities never to occur. They are extraordinary, but a play in which there are no extraordinary workings of character is simply commonplace. Every one of Shakespeare's plays contains something improbable or extraordinary. The delineation of Hamlet's character, which your critic seems to approve, is so extraordinary, that its meaning is not now settled.

I cannot think why he selected so insignificant a field for the exhibition of this great principle of ethics, — that nothing can change the character, — which is unexpressed indeed, and which perhaps suggested itself as an afterthought to the critic, but which is, in fact, the true, masterly, central idea of his article. His argument would have applied very well to the parable of the Prodigal Son. He might say: "Disclaiming all affected singularity, I feel called upon to present a minority report on one of the parables ascribed to our Lord. A bad man never can turn round and become

good. Thus Paul by his own account, even before his conversion, still acted according to his ideal of right, and, as he thought, to the glory of God. The prodigal son, therefore, ought to be represented as acting under a mistaken notion that it was his duty to travel; that is clear. But if we refuse to believe that it was, because it ought to have been the Evangelist's account, and critically examine, requiring the parable to prove its own excellence, instead of resting on its reputation, we shall find, I think, that this truthful design, so clearly shown in the after-part of the story, was an afterthought, irreconcilable with the prodigal's conduct in the earlier scenes. Zealous he might have been, but there should be no wickedness. But listen, and judge if Luke has not made him so far overstep the line of propriety, that there could be no consistent return. If so, it is proved that the parable never came from the lips of our Saviour."

Now, if Shakespeare brought about an extraordinary result, he also used extraordinary means; namely, the power of love, which has worked a miracle with every Christian.

We condemn the writer's verbal criticisms as much as his general one. People who like gaudy poems had better shelve Shakespeare, and take up Alexander Smith, the Brownings, and Tennyson. And I am afraid they will be disgusted to find that even these poets, except the first, try to avoid showiness, and have a real sympathy with Homer and Shakespeare and the Vedas.

If your critic has a different reason for not admiring certain passages and plays, we suggest that he publish a new and improved edition of Shakespeare,—since he hints he could sometimes do better than he. Those admired passages of which he "ventures to say the sapient critic" (who is this?) "might do as well himself," should be rewritten, and as for the "Taming of the Shrew," let that be made over again, according to its true, masterly, central idea.

The thing has already been attempted by Dryden and others, but it has never succeeded, and we should rapturously hail a really improved Shakespeare.

We are not afraid to meet the critic's arguments, but even if we could not, they are not worth answering. It is an important lesson that must some time be learnt, that our reason must govern, sometimes curb itself. Now our business here in College is not, it is true, to stop originating, for thus we should lose the faculty, but to learn from master-spirits and originate with them, not to controvert them and originate against them. We are not yet men, and are not to arrogate the office of men. A contrary spirit is not one of progress. Thus, a young man thinks he ought to have no model, under the impression that, if he does, he never will have an ideal of his own. A chemist might as well resolve that he never would read a chemistry, in order that he might bring a fresh mind into the department.

When the writer has acquired some understanding of Shakespeare, we shall be happy to discuss the question of whether Shakespeare had a plan, of whether Mrs. Clarke understands Katharina, or of whether Shakespeare's images are commendable. At present, this is all we shall say on the subject.

THE NORMAL MAN.

P. S. (*Afterthought.*) After all is said, I must confess your critic's argument is plausible, and if his theory can really be established, — as I must say I think it needs to be, — it will shed much light on Shakespeare's mode of writing and of living. It is well known that Shakespeare founded his play upon an old comedy, called the Taming of the Shrew, published in 1594 (again in 1607, and again by Stevens in his "Six Old Plays"). This also represents the Shrew as reduced to entire subjection, so that, since this idea presented itself to Shakespeare as an afterthought,

we have come at once upon the astonishing fact that Shakespeare began to rewrite plays before he had once read them, seen them played, or knew the plot.

This will lower the authority of Shakespeare, which the writer truly represents as an unfair advantage which Shakespeare has over himself. His *quasi* claim rests, not, as the writer says, on his reputation, but upon his accuracy. But if he wrote plays so that an afterthought so important could occur to him, his accuracy amounts to nothing. Authority, however, is at best an unfair advantage, and it is but charitable to be a little inaccurate.

HARVARD AND HEIDELBERG.

"The Must ferments in heat and foam,
Before the noble Wine can come."

FAUST.

F. W. Howland
/57-

LET us compare German Student Life with our own, taking a University nearly the equal of ours in the number of students and the size of the city of which it forms quite as important a part. The exterior aspects are widely different. In the middle of the busy, crowded, little Heidelberg, stands a huge, plain, old-fashioned building. The roof is peaked, and the sides are covered with faded, rusty-colored plaster. Crowds of animated, healthy-looking young men, equipped with light canes and portfolios, and dressed in every variety of costume, from the seediest to the most dashy, their clothes as well as their long and shaggy hair full of tobacco-smoke, hurry up and down the well-worn stone steps, or lounge under the grated windows. This building contains the various lecture-rooms and offices of the University, and the inside is as plain and old-fashioned as the exterior. Though very different in appearance, it

may well be compared in size and purpose to our University Hall; but it is a story or two higher, and contains no Chapel. It is the last of a block of buildings running back from the busiest part of the main street, always thronged with sauntering students. There is an entrance at each end. Directly adjoining the north side is the house of the Janitor (German *Pedell*, literally *Beadle*), the upper story of which forms the Carcer or University prison, for the accommodation of students detected in duelling or night riots, — generally well tenanted. The south side faces the broad, sandy, treeless University Square, lined on the right and left with the neat dwellings of the wealthier Professors, the outsides nicely plastered and appearing very spacious to those ignorant of the peculiarities of German domestic architecture, according to which the owner of the house occupies only a single floor and lets the rest. At the other end of the square is what the Germans call a Museum, a large building, with a café-restaurant on the first story, concert and ball rooms on the second, and a fine reading-room and a large circulating library on the third. This is a very excellent institution, and is liberally patronized by the students, and brings them into very friendly and mutually improving relations with the townspeople. Near the Museum, though not visible from the University proper, are the Theological and Philological Seminaries, the Academic Hospital, some dozen of Cabinets and Collections, and the Library, with a most unpretending exterior, but containing a collection of two thousand manuscripts, and one hundred and fifty thousand carefully selected books of reference, before which our College Libraries, with their showy buildings and scanty, heterogeneous contents, must "hide their diminished heads." In another direction are the University Riding-School, well supplied with noble horses, and built on foundations of ancient Roman architecture, and the Fencing-Rooms, to which we will soon pay a more deliberate visit.

There are no public dormitories, but their place is supplied by private lodging (not boarding) houses in various parts of the city. Every student has a sleeping and a sitting room, both small and plainly furnished, the windows of the latter commanding a view of the stately ruined castle, and the picturesque banks of the river Neckar, and the surrounding hills, so full of legend and romance, and its walls decorated with smoking, and perhaps fencing, apparatus, a small but well-selected library of text-books and Greek and German classics, black and white profiles of the student's acquaintances, and engravings of the scenes of his travels and adventures. For the background of this sketch we must add the finely situated dwelling and hunting-grounds, the confectionery-shops (the rendezvous of the dissipated aristocrats), and several hundred taverns, restaurants, cafés, &c., both in the city itself and in the most picturesque parts of the environs. What a contrast all this is to our College Yard, with its groups of neat buildings, its trim walks, its graceful elms, and its smooth lawns!

The best way to know German University life, reader, is for us to spend a day together with the Heidelberg students. It is a fine summer morning, and we will start early, for we have much to see. It is just striking seven, and we are in good season for the first lecture; indeed, most of the students are still deep in their morning naps. There are some early risers, however, you say, pointing to a party of sturdy-looking youths in bright yellow caps, who are coming briskly down the hill above the town. Not exactly. These are Swabian-society men, who went up to that tower at the very top of the hill, the highest for miles around, saw the sun set behind the dim and distant Rhine hills, and, after a night of drinking and singing, have just seen him rise over the Black Forest. But there come some theological students, in the plainest of costumes, with black-velvet caps, the badge of their club, which never indulges in duelling or excessive drinking, and sings chiefly sacred music. We

will follow them into their lecture-room, and take our seats on one of the rude wooden benches, before a desk ornamented by the carvings of many successive generations of students. Every man, as he takes his seat and throws down his cane and portfolio, draws from his pocket a cylinder of polished wood, of the size of an ounce vial. He unscrews one end of this, and lays bare a short spike, which he drives securely into the desk. He then unscrews the other end, and his inkstand is open, and ready for use. There are some thirty divinity students present, about one fifth of the whole number. Their average age is about that of our undergraduates, for most of them have just entered the University. After the regular course of three years, the last half of which must be spent at the University where the student means to graduate, they will be subjected, for the first time since their admission, to an examination, and, if they can there give sufficient evidence of acquirements, ability, and past industry, will then enter the Seminary, and be for the rest of their lives in the service and the pay of the Luthero-Calvinistic Established Church. The Professor, a thin, dried-up little man, with bright, piercing eyes, who has just had to leave Bonn on account of his disbelief in the Trinity, and has been followed hither by most of his students, mounts his desk and begins his *exegesis*, which consists of dry philological and dogmatic technicalities, occasionally illuminated by bright flashes of thought. Now and then a student who has overslept himself comes in timidly, amid universal scraping. Entering next a still smaller room, we find some four or five thoughtful-looking philosophical students. The Professor is but little older than his pupils, and his dress bears even greater marks of poverty; but he is of higher lineage than any of those wealthy counts and barons, who are principally famous for dissipation and riots, (for his ancestors wore the Lombardian crown,) and his face is the noblest and most intellectual we shall this day see. He is completing his history

of philosophy by propounding his own system, which he earnestly recommends as nearer than any previous one to Absolute Truth. Nine o'clock, and the streets are filling with students. Now for a Law Lecture. The hall occupies the whole uppermost story, and contains some two hundred law students, about two thirds of the whole number. We see every variety of age, dress, and bearing. The five drinking and duelling societies (German *Chor*), with their many-colored caps and ribands, are all well represented. That quiet-looking little man opposite lives here very comfortably, he says, for two hundred dollars a year. Privy-Councillor Baron Vangerow, the principal man in Heidelberg in age, rank, wealth, reputation, and talent, is expounding the Pandects of Justinian. Whether the extreme dryness of these be the cause or the effect of their long preservation is a much mooted point; but every word is carefully written down by the students, for they will form the principal part of the terrible final examination. These are the dearest of all the lectures, and cost some twenty dollars a term. They occupy three hours a day; and the other law lectures are carefully arranged so as not to interfere with them. One hour quite satisfies us, however, and we will refresh ourselves by a walk. Those two gentlemen with dark, sunburnt faces are Professors Hanno and Weil; the former gives six lectures a week to proficients in Hebrew, and the latter eight lectures on Turkish and Arabic, besides two on Moslem history. We turn out of the main street, and a few steps bring us to the fencing-master's house. He occupies the first floor for instruction to private pupils, and lets the rest of the building to the clubs. We will enter the room of the Vandals. It is unfurnished, except the racks for rapiers, masks, &c., and is filled with tall and finely-formed students, in red and gold caps, and their fine dogs of every race and size, from the delicate little Italian greyhound to the huge St. Bernard mastiff, for it is the hour of their regular fencing-drill. They all appear very anxious,

for the two Princes of Hohenlohe, the best swordsmen of the dissipated, aristocratic Prussians, have wagered to disable every Vandal without themselves receiving a wound. You see that several of them have bandaged faces. To-day's two champions first take the floor. Then the others engage two by two, wherever they can find room, the fags (German *Fuchs*, literally *fox*) being particularly well drilled. Lastly the two champions step forward again, while their friends, whose spirits have risen with the exercise, chant the glorious Sword Song. Shall we hear Chelius at eleven, who is almost as famous in Medicine as Vangerow in Law? You say that you have heard German enough, but there is little else to offer you here. We will go and hear the interpretation of a Greek author in Latin, at the Philological Seminary. You observe the peculiar pronunciation and remarkable thoroughness of the lecturer. There are some American students who welcome us cordially, and speak in high praise of the German Universities, where they can follow their own course of study entirely, be liberally supplied with the best books and teachers, and live twice as cheaply as in America. We will next hear Shakespeare's Hamlet explained in English. To-day's subject is the Grave-diggers, with the character of the clown in the old English Drama, and we should not hear it better treated in England or America. One o'clock, and we will dine with several hundred students, rather noisy, but on the whole very orderly, at the Museum. It is rather a dear place, and the three courses of soup, boiled, and roast cost ten cents. After dinner we will stroll out to the railway-station, where a party of students with stout staves and knapsacks are setting off for a week or two's ramble in Switzerland. Pedestrian excursions are very frequent among German students, who hold, with Emerson, that "walking is the best gymnastics for the mind," and think that if they pass a year at Heidelberg, and do not make, not only daily visits to the romantic ruins, the picturesque landscapes, and the

magnificent prospects of the neighboring hills, but also the tour of the Rhine, the Black Forest, the Alsace, and the Alps, they have decidedly neglected their opportunities. All the exercises, you must remember, are entirely voluntary, and even the Law Student's Pandects require only generally good attendance and full note-books. We will now mount up to the Castle, the finest relic of the Middle Ages, except the Alhambra, and commanding some most exquisite prospects. We meet many English and American travellers, for Heidelberg is the usual resting-place between Paris and Switzerland. Let us sit down in this old watchtower, hanging over the river and the town, and review together the University organization.

There are four faculties, or schools, as follows : — the Theological, with eight professors, who deliver twenty courses of lectures, occupying together ten or fifteen hours daily, and hold nearly as large a series of exercises in the attached seminary ; Law, with seventeen professors and sixty courses of lectures and private exercises ; Medicine, with fourteen professors and twenty courses, most of them given daily, and embracing much instruction and practise in the use of the microscope and surgical instruments ; and Philosophy, divided into the seven departments of Philosophy proper, Philology with a separate seminary attached, History, Mathematics, Natural Sciences including especially Chemistry, Political Economy, and *Æsthetics*, with forty instructors and eighty courses, mostly of lectures with some private exercises. The students are expected to enroll themselves under some one of these faculties, and give it their principal attention, but they are allowed the utmost freedom in choosing and prosecuting their own courses of study. About half of them are jurists ; the rest are pretty equally divided among the other three departments. The lectures which the students generally hear at the same part of their course are arranged so as to interfere as little as possible with each other. There are no classes, and, of course, no class feeling

or class societies here, and indeed literary societies, like all others, are discouraged as much as possible by the government, for political reasons. The greater part of the students here, as at our Colleges, are diligent and economical. They pass the day partly in the lecture-room and the library, and partly in walking, fencing or gymnastics, and social intercourse; and, after a hearty supper at their rooms, spend the evening in hard smoking and harder study, perhaps till long past midnight. These are the real students, but mingled with them in Germany, as in America, are men who have little right to that title, since they form but a small minority of the residents at the University, and pay little attention to its true advantages, and who yet have a most unfortunate and undeserved influence both on the habits of their fellow-students and on the judgment of outside observers. These men sit for all the popular pictures of University life, (Howitt's included,) and thus originate all those charges of reckless profligacy, wanton outrages on private property, and brutal insults to instructors and fellow-students, which are as frequently and as unjustly made against German as against American students. A life of idleness, dissipation, and riot is, it is true, much more general among German students than with us; but it is, at the same time, on account of the much more harmless quality of their stimulants, their stronger and more phlegmatic natures, and more active habits, and the laxity of public morality, much less fatal to constitution and character, and very few of them make such total wrecks of themselves as too many of our collegians do. We must remember, too, that the leaders in every species of extravagance and debauchery, both at the German and the French Universities, are usually American travellers. No one can preach against stealing geese so well as the fox.

We should now find it easy to classify these principal peculiarities of German student life under three heads, as arising from the plan of the Universities, from their tra-

ditional manners and customs, or from the national character and habits.

The plan and objects of the German Universities are entirely different from those of our Colleges, which are properly merely finishing schools, taking the student in the rough state, and preparing him, by such a routine of discipline and instruction as is thought best adapted for the systematic and complete training and development of his intellect, for a professional school or a literary life. The German Universities begin about where our Colleges end. The German students leave their preparatory Gymnasias, after completely mastering a course of instruction about as extensive as that of our Colleges, and incomparably more thorough, with as decided literary tastes, and in as good intellectual training, as our Bachelors of Arts, and with much more studious habits. They are now able to lay out their own course of study, and to begin their direct preparations for some professional or literary situation. All they need from a University is assistance and encouragement in carrying out their own plans, and such assistance and encouragement are liberally given. The ablest men the University can procure are engaged to deliver copious and thorough lectures on every subject which can claim the attention of studious men. Every branch of Theology, Law, and Medicine, the whole range of History, Philosophy, and Mathematics, every Ancient and Modern Language, all the Natural Sciences, the whole of Political Economy, Diplomacy, and *Æsthetics*, every Fine Art and gentlemanly accomplishment, — all are duly represented. These lectures, which often occupy together one or two hundred hours a day, are in general open to every matriculated student, many are gratis, and none are very expensive. The opportunities of access to the best books of reference are, as we have seen, equally extensive. We have observed that the students are allowed the utmost liberty in choosing and prosecuting their own courses of study, and that all

the exercises are entirely voluntary, and their diligence is considered to be sufficiently encouraged by the immense intellectual advantages afforded them, and the knowledge that on the manner in which they use them all their future prospects depend. In the same way, they are allowed every possible license of conduct and deportment; but any too grave offences are severely punished, and extravagance is checked by the law which forbids the recovery of any unnecessary debts. Such a system, though far more conducive to the thorough, independent, and healthy intellectual culture of the German students than our own would be, permits, of course, much irregularity and disorder. Thus in Heidelberg we find much more open dissipation and apparent neglect of College routine than at Harvard, and at the same time much harder private study and stronger literary tastes. One thing, however, the German student is systematic in, and in that a decided advantage over us in America must be allowed him. Their Universities make most liberal provisions for the supply of active exercise, maintaining fencing, riding, and swimming masters, and teachers of singing, dancing, and gymnastics, among their regular staff of professors and instructors; and this liberality is well bestowed. Besides the walking and skating and swimming in their seasons, almost all the students fence, most of them daily, singing and dancing are universal, and riding and gymnastics very general. These exercises give German student life a manly and healthy tone, which we of Harvard sadly lack.

German Universities have, like American Colleges, their traditional slang, fortunately disappearing with equal rapidity in both, and their traditional customs. Among the best of the latter we may mention the universal walking, and the fencing, of both of which we have already spoken, and among the worst, the excessive drinking and the duelling. These, though certainly bad enough, are by no means so barbarous as would appear to those who are ignorant that

the beverage is the weakest and most harmless of wine and beer, and that the "satisfaction" consists of slight cuts on the nose and cheeks; and they are happily fast becoming obsolete. They are no longer compulsory, as in old times, and a large portion of the students, including several of the social clubs, openly oppose them.

As regards their national character and habits, the German students have certainly far stronger constitutions and a finer physique than ourselves, and are as a rule much more good-natured, hospitable, and social, as well as much harder students, where they pretend to study at all; but we excel them in enterprise and quickness of intellect. The national love of romance and of music characterizes all their amusements. They are likewise deeply imbued with the national love of smoking, a taste much more suitable and harmless to their strong constitutions and phlegmatic natures than to our delicate organizations and nervous temperaments. They are, like their elders, all diligent readers and thinkers, and many of them incipient authors and metaphysicians. They have, like most of their countrymen, little sympathy with the prevailing ecclesiastical and political establishments, and they are the noblest embodiments of that wild and passionate thirst for civil and religious liberty, which burns more or less consciously in every German heart. It is from her Universities that all that is best and noblest in the life and history of Germany has sprung, and in them her brightest hopes for the future lie.

C. A. Allen/57

THE GREEKS REVIEWED.

Two years ago this month, an article appeared in the Harvard, condemning our College Societies in general, and particularly denouncing the secret Greek-letter Clubs. Though short and hastily written, it provoked no little comment at the time, not only as the first paper that the Magazine had ever published of a political nature, criticising our student customs or institutions, but because it assailed a part of our Society system, which every one believed as securely rooted in this College as any other portion. Intelligent and sober-minded men, to be sure, both in these Clubs and outside of them, had for several years been murmuring against their evil influence on individuals and on successive Classes. Their faint appeals and protests, long unheeded by the thoughtless and the prejudiced, at last found utterance in tones that could not be mistaken, and began to sway the public opinion of our College. Few had any suspicions, at the time, of the latent effect of this attack. Few, even of the strongest opponents of the Clubs, dared hope for their total overthrow.

Yet within the last twelvemonth this has come to pass. It is perhaps too soon for an impartial history of the contest, which, from a careless defence against the first assaults, rapidly changed to a hopeless struggle for existence. A year hence some undergraduate Gibbon may narrate their early history, as well as their decline and fall. The memory of great events in the College world is so utterly lost in the changes of a few years, that they sometimes deserve to be permanently recorded for the profit of other classes. But now that the battle is all over, and the "last of the Greeks" are soon to depart, it may be interesting to investigate the real merits of these Societies, whether they deserved their fate, and what were the errors in their constitution or in our customs here in Harvard that caused so sudden a downfall. Nor is

this brief inquiry designed to bring back any unkind partisan feelings that have been long buried, or to stir up excitement on a question of the past, that has little interest for us now, except as containing lessons for the future. It would be sacrilege to disturb the dead ; let us merely smooth the earth that covers their graves.

First, as to their merits, for merits they certainly had, or they could not have lasted so long and made many sensible men so warmly attached to them.

A principal feature was that they were peculiarly literary. Their regular meetings were mainly devoted to hearing essays or debates. During the last two years of the course, they were confessedly the only permanent Clubs that sustained literary exercises. By a general understanding, such exercises were left to them as their appropriate business. Consequently, this character, and the necessity of having members competent to perform these duties, joined to the influence of rivalry, retained these Clubs under the rule of the more literary and studious. Their tone being rather literary than convivial, they wielded a great influence, and enforced respect for qualities of the former sort against those of the latter.

Another characteristic as prominent was that they brought together into intimate acquaintance a few members of three successive Classes, the Senior, Junior, and the Sophomore for a part of that year. Theoretically, each Society winnowed apart for itself a different sort of men from the others. Members of the same Club were supposed to be peculiarly congenial in their tastes and habits. And as far as this theory worked at all, it worked commendably. In a majority of cases the fortunate elect found themselves closely associated with those whose friendship they would have really valued the most in any case. But unfortunately exceptions were numerous, and the narrow limits of the Clubs rendered an uncongenial berth uncomfortable in the extreme.

A third important feature was their library conveniences.

Their libraries were the most popular and the most accessible in College, and increased rapidly every year. Their library-rooms, being open to members at any hour and on any day, were more used as places of resort than any others. The free use of these libraries was justly considered an invaluable privilege.

Let us now reverse the picture. The peculiarity which was of late the most unpopular, and has been unsparingly ridiculed, was theoretically their fundamental principle, affiliation with other Colleges. Originally, this in itself was perhaps the most important object of their existence. But for several years past, it was not only totally lifeless and void, but was the constant jest of the most zealous partisans, save when annually galvanized to a ghastly vitality for the benefit of the uninitiated. The Clubs had become, in effect, entirely local institutions. Still there was considerable expense and frequent annoyance connected with this cumbrous machinery. Very few ever availed themselves of the fraternal hospitality of other Colleges, and dutiful reciprocity was notoriously considered a nuisance here. But like other solemn humbugs that had been grafted from other places as part and parcel of the original institutions, after serving admirably as an idol of Sophomoric veneration, it was quietly ignored with other old lumber, until conjured up again another year by neophytic enthusiasm. The whole theory of affiliation and the customs derived of badges, grips, and other mummary, being totally useless for any good purpose, became positively injurious, by giving the Clubs a character unlike their real and practical nature. Worst of all, it operated to bring College squabbles too much before the eyes of the outside world. The puerile custom of displaying gaudy badge-pins away from College, by introducing our partisan Shibboleths among credulous friends who had no means of judging their real character, was making altogether too much ado about distinctions which are utterly forgotten a few days after Commencement. In another form we

have lately seen the same evil, that of publishing nauseous panegyrics of this or that Society in the public journals under the guise of reporting a Society convention. Is it not bad enough to quarrel and defame each other here, without proclaiming our jealousies outside, or sharpening the sting of unreasoning College prejudice?

Closely connected with the feature just mentioned was their constant rivalry. Now it is not just to decry organized rivalry, that is, of associations, in all situations of life. It is the surety of national freedom, and is therefore valued in the politics of the world. But is it not utterly out of place in College? What are we here for? Improvement in intellect, strengthening of moral principle, forming true and lasting friendships with our mates in age and natural tastes, ingrainings good habits, acquiring manliness and manners. Does the introduction of political rivalry aid in gaining any of these ends? Does it not exceedingly hinder all? Of course, individual rivalry for legitimate College honors is a different matter. This seldom affects the relations of man to man in College, and it promotes our chief business here, study. But wherever a dozen classmates associate themselves for any purpose with an assumption of superiority over others, opposition and resentment are sure to spring up. So far, this does little harm. But let there be any object, the gaining which concerns the pride of opposite parties, such as the election of members from another Class, and what results? Indifference to College duties, strong temptation to low intrigues and meannesses, a general destruction of that confidence and good-will towards classmates which would otherwise be almost universal, (for no class of men are so kindly disposed to each other naturally as students, and no friendships are so happy and hearty as theirs,) and, lastly, a taste for idle and fruitless political debate, for wire-pulling, scandal, and unmanly tricks. The experience of the Greeks here proves this, and the present condition of almost every other College in this country, where to the

affiliated Clubs, with their bitter feuds, are added the large literary societies that split in two the whole College world. If there is anything for which Harvard deserves the name of being at the head of American Colleges, it is that stout common sense which sooner or later rises against great abuses in our relations to each other.

Above all, why should *we* quarrel among ourselves, dividing into petty factions of a dozen men each, often without any real difference of sentiments or tastes, and at the same time make absurd professions of attachment to utter strangers, who, we have every reason to suppose, are not half as worthy of our friendship? Is it not better to be good friends with those who sit by our sides for four years, recite the same lessons, listen to the same prayers and sermons, and have acquired similar manners and likings, than to plunge into intimate relations with men who have been educated under totally alien influences? And why should our Alma Mater, which in beauty of location, in opulent endowments, in reputation and ability of professors, and in the manly public sentiment of undergraduates, merits the high prestige of her years,—why should she import Societies from third-rate Colleges, as the Greeks were originally imported? Can we not invent all we need here?

Mention has been made of an assumption of superiority as usually provoking political rivalry. Now this sort of exclusiveness is more intensified in Harvard than elsewhere. In all other Colleges the democracy of their large literary societies atones in some measure for the absurdity of their constant political excitement. But here, since the days of the "Union," (an open debating-club that flourished for a long time some twenty years ago,) excepting rare attempts at abortive Class Societies, this aristocratic principle has governed everything. And in the Greeks it was carried to its greatest intensity. Not only the exclusiveness of one Club towards another, but that of Society men against their other classmates, was violent and pernicious. The former

was a natural accompaniment of hot-blooded rivalry. The latter, a feeling imbibed by Freshmen with the air of Cambridge, composed of a lordly conceit in one's own clique or "set," a sycophantic respect for accidental notoriety, and an unreasoning dislike for other classmates, no matter how great their talents or accomplishments. College tradition has stamped this spirit of exclusiveness deep into our habits and ways of thought, and all our College Societies make the evil worse.

In the Freshman year, when Society distinctions have not yet drawn a broad line of separation, but, on the other hand, men have no chance of meeting classmates in large numbers save in recitation, this tendency of society here is often ludicrously exhibited in forming cliques which anathematize each other, yet have all the same pretensions to superiority. In subsequent years their relations are altered; sometimes one is successful in establishing its claims to aristocratic exclusiveness, sometimes another. This corrupt state of society the Greeks very much aggravated. The smallness of each Club, and their mutual jealousies, together with their absurd mummary of profound secrecy on matters which were not worth the toss of a copper, produced an intense feeling of alienation among non-Society men, and a general distrust of every one not bound by secret ties. Of the two parties, those within and those without the Clubs, it is hard to say which suffered the worst. On the one hand was the bitter spirit of detraction among the disappointed, both outside or in rival Clubs, carping at the reputation of the more fortunate, men who were not indeed blameless but as good as the average. On the other hand was the equally bitter feeling of unmerited neglect and Pariah-like exclusion from the intimacy of most of their classmates.

But perhaps the decided merits of the Clubs might have balanced even these evils, had not another peculiarity been added, enough to weigh the beam against them. It was the interference of one Class with the social relations of another, which is unavoidable where exclusive Societies are trans-

mitted, and which was carried to an extreme in the Greeks. In almost every case members were elected solely by the votes and according to the preferences of upper Classes. Allow that sometimes another Class may be more impartial in judging between different parties than classmates can be, who are swayed by partisan or personal antipathies; but how is it possible that an upper Class can as a rule know the real merits of individuals so thoroughly and justly as those who have been for years their intimate associates? Examples might easily be pointed out in the recent history of the Greeks, instances of an unexpected combination of persons into the same fraternal union who had always shown more aversion than friendship to each other, who had been elected through ignorance, and whose differences soon distracted the mystic councils of their brotherhood. In other Colleges the large literary societies bring Senior and Freshman into constant acquaintance, the distinctions of Class are weak, and the whole College, often smaller than one of our Classes, is as one great family. Here each Class forms a separate body, always different from its predecessors in the character of its real leaders, in moral tone, in general tastes, and, save a few individuals here and there, totally unappreciated by other Classes. Moreover, the relative position of men among their classmates often changes marvellously from year to year, even to Commencement day. Cliques turn somersets, and individuals develop character. But other Classes are very slow in recognizing such changes, and always aid to petrify defunct popularity. Is it not, then, better that each Class should be independent, as well as harmonious?

Great as the differences are between classmates, the gulf between College men and the uneducated of the world is greater still. Though this man may be ill-bred and that man a profligate, they have been your associates for four of the happiest years of your life, and will be dear to your recollections hereafter. As each Class approaches nigh to the day of separation, they begin to value their Class relations, to become more attached to each other, and to shrink from

the cold fellowships of the world, for the first time so strongly felt to be alien to their common tastes. As Classes become older in the world, and farther removed from their College days, they cling more closely together in common affection for the place of their education, and every old classmate seems like a brother. Why cannot the same sympathy which time develops so strongly afterwards, bind our Classes together more cordially here, our leaders in talent and accomplishments cherishing the confidence of all their classmates, and all, even the least distinguished, cherishing a common pride in their leaders?

After this brief, and, it is hoped, impartial survey of the evils which the Greek-letter Clubs intensified, but which more or less deform all our Societies, some sensible men will yet maintain that the merits of these Clubs were enough to redeem their defects. But cannot a system of Societies be devised which will combine all these merits without the evils, will be literary and not "fast," catholic and neither quarrelling nor exclusive, leave every Class and the whole of a Class to manage its own business and choose its own leaders, and not allow them to be chosen by another Class or by a faction? The best solution of this problem that has yet been tried is that of well-organized Class Societies. We therefore congratulate the present Junior Class on the well-merited success of their experiment. May they not slacken in their efforts at founding a just and wholesome institution! But perfection is not yet. The formation of libraries requires transmission through many years, and one of the pleasantest experiences of College life is the intimacy of one Class with another, provided it does not endanger the independence of either, nor is poisoned by Society suspicions. There is abundant room for reform, even now that the Greeks have been lopped away. We have always had great faith in the common sense of Harvard, and we believe that the time has come when that common sense shall have its own way.

WHITHER? *W. B. Gordon*

DOWNWARD to the greedy sea
Gayly flows the mountain stream ;
And its current, swift and strong,
As it sweeps its banks along,
Whispers passing words of song ;
Whispers ever silently
As one whispers in a dream :
 Heedless flows the stream along.

Edison

And the dark trees bending low
Listen to the joyful lay,
Till their graceful branches sway
To the music's rhythmed flow.
And the strong reeds by the brink
With the cadence of the song
In the current rise and sink :
 Heedless flows the stream along.

Seeking once its shaded bank,
From the crystal stream I drank ;
And I let the water play
For a moment on my brow ;
And a grateful heart to-day
Gladly keeps its silent vow
With an offering of song.
 Heedless flows the stream along.

Boldly now I launch my song,
Launch it in a paper boat ;
For a moment it will float ;
But the water rises fast,
And the boat will sink at last :
Ah, the stream is dark below !
Whither will my poor song go ?
 Heedless flows the stream along.

THE CAP AND BELLS.

H. B. Adams.
158-

UPON a ring, given me as a signet, I have had the symbol of folly engraved, the cap of a fool. It belongs to history, to romance, and to our own lives. Crowded together in confusion I see a swarm of imaginary beings, each one wearing the cap and bells, some in ignorance, some with pride; — Brutus, with counterfeited folly revolving under his mask great schemes of life and death; Hamlet, watching through the eyelet-holes of his half-real madness the time of his great revenge, while occasionally, in spite of the deception, the victims might see his real design, as the old Norse baron saw under the tapestry of his host's castle the feet of the assassins that lay in wait for his blood. There, too, is the figure from which the design of this ring was taken. It is from Retsch's Outlines of Shakespeare. The fool of King Lear, having followed his master faithfully through the misfortunes which drove him mad, stands alone with him at last on the naked heath, with the storm raging around, and looks on, not quite comprehending, but instinctive pity struggling with his bitter jests, while the poor king shouts out his mad curses upon his daughters. And by the side of the grave and dangerous folly of Hamlet appears, in the whole absurdity of professional nonsense, Yorick, court-jester, pointing with pride to the symbol of his trade, — the "fellow of most infinite jest, of most excellent fancy."

These figures might be infinitely drawn out; but let us see what they mean, and what relation they have to the moral of this signet.

I will lay it down, then, in the first place, as a rule, that we students are exceedingly apt to put on the cap and bells unconsciously. We are apt to give our opinions on great subjects sententiously and dogmatically. Moreover, although it is true that as a class there is no body of men more popular, it is also true that there is none more laughed

at, than students. People will tell you that they can distinguish a student as far as they can see him, by a certain swagger, an air of conceit which belongs to no one else. He goes into society, they say, and his bearing is a strange mixture of confidence and awkwardness; he never forgets that he is a student and belongs to a superior caste. Ladies will tell you, if they tell the truth, that students are often very nice fellows, but they are insufferably conceited. Gentlemen, into whose faces we thrust our magisterial assertions and cavilling arguments, will shrug their shoulders and think, "O, I was once a student myself." We go home and put on the appearance of independent beings who no longer stand in need of the assisting and fostering care of family affection; we have outgrown that. In short, we never forget that idea of caste, and never remember that Harvard is but a very small fraction of the universe, almost unseen by outsiders.

There is no exaggeration in this description. I have heard it myself till I know it by heart. Any College graduate will tell you it is true, and will even make additions to it. If we cannot see the truth of it, the reason is that we have been shut up here till the voice of the world outside has died away, and nothing but a distant murmur ever comes to offend against our self-love.

Will any man dare to say, then, that it is not fit and proper to have a symbol like this perpetually before his eyes,—a talisman ring, which needs only to be looked at, and the sneering face of the fool starts into life, a magician whose wand is ridicule, a genie whose strength is a laugh and a sneer.

As more peculiar to College, there is, in the first place, the learned folly which we are apt to affect. Those who have read much, or who have studied much, are fond of displaying their acquirements. The vanity is harmless and pardonable. It shows itself only occasionally, and seldom offensively. Sometimes it appears in the recitation-room, when

a student is not satisfied with the text, and recites from his general or special knowledge of the subject. Occasionally it branches out into the *Harvard Magazine* with voluminous quotations from abstruse authors. In conversation it appears at first, but is generally checked short, sometimes perhaps a little too short for the best of manners, but effectually nevertheless.

Then there is a philosophic folly which is very popular among us. It belongs to what is called French Philosophy, the grand article in whose creed is to attribute the worst motives for every man's actions. It was, and, for anything that I know, is now, very popular in France. Its disciples there have made it an art; and having carefully taken from it all heart and soul, they call the world to admire that glittering, flashing icicle into which they have frozen the very water of life. We here imitate them on an humble scale. We insist upon picking holes in each other's motives. We have all of us felt it, though we may not always see it. We all of us aspire to possess a knowledge of human nature, as it is termed, which shall enable us to find a bad motive anywhere. We undertake to pry into the secrets of the mind; to thrust our hands rudely into the human frame, and count the very pulsations of the heart; to dissect with our clumsy scalpels the delicate tissues of the nerves and the brain, and lay bare the hidden cords that inspire thought itself.

Do we not need, then, something which shall teach us charity,—something which, by reminding us of our own follies, shall make us a little more tolerant towards the follies of others?

There is still another absurdity against which many of us have to be on our guard; you may call it the rhetorical folly. There is no time when men are so much in danger of showing their weak points, as when they are put forward in public, to make a display, and pronounce an oration. I am afraid of that word. It is apt to deceive. It gives men

the idea that they must be orators ; must declaim on great subjects ; on the true, the beautiful, and the good ; on something beyond our ordinary every-day life ; on something, in short, that we do not quite comprehend, which is above us, which we must mount on stilts to reach, but which is alone worthy of that formal title, Oration. We all feel nervously the truth of a saying by a famous writer, that there are certain things in which mediocrity is insupportable, and one of those things is public speaking. But there is more danger of mediocrity in treating a great subject than a small one. The fable of Icarus is as old as the Grecian mythology. He was drowned because he flew too high. I have seen men often try to grasp at subjects they were not equal to, and for examples there is no necessity of looking farther than some pages of the Harvard Magazine, and nearly all the pages of most other College Magazines. Against such dangers no talisman like this symbol can be a perfect guard, but it may warn us of the peril, and is sure to laugh at us, and let us hear the jingling of its sneering bells, when we have fairly fallen into the trap.

And as we shall grow older, it may guard us against a folly of the like nature. We see every year fresh authors, fresh philosophers, fresh philanthropists, starting off in eager confidence on their new theories, in search of new truths, new moral and practical principles which are to regenerate the world and call it back from the hard, selfish Juggernaut track upon which it has trodden for these three thousand years. They repeat the old story of Ponce de Leon and his companions, who, more than three centuries ago, thought to find among the fabled beauties of newly-discovered Florida, hidden somewhere among its islands and tangled forests, the wonderful fountain of perpetual youth, and wandered on and on in endless search, led by an exquisite dream ; fancying that among these new wonders of God's universe they would discover at last that fabled bath which would call back to their care-worn faces the flush and the freshness of

boyhood, and restore to their hard, callous bodies the warmth and the vigor of youth. Visions all. Against them the best protection is the wand of ridicule. Hard and practical, it crushes in an instant such dreams, and summons up the strength of common sense to control the madness of the fancy.

So much, then, for those follies against which each of us needs a monitor; and though no monitor can wholly protect us, still one perhaps may be found which shall remind us that we are always on the verge of an absurdity. "I am the wisest man," said Socrates, "because I know that I know nothing."

But folly is not always repulsive. This face of King Lear's fool does not always wear a sneer. The landscape is not always shrouded with clouds. There is many a pleasant connection associated in my mind with the cap and bells. Like little Jack Horner, I can sit for hour after hour and pull the plums out of my Christmas pie, building castles in the air, not out of the future, but out of the past; carefully abstaining from everything but the plums, till there seems sometimes to be nothing to come, half so pleasant as the days of the cap and bells that are gone.

The symbol is entwined in all our habits. I remember to have seen somewhere an engraving which represented a young man sitting back in a deep arm-chair and smoking a heavy meerschaum pipe. While he looked steadily into the fire before him, the clouds of smoke, as they poured out from his lips, fashioned themselves into myriads of fanciful figures, each little manikin wearing his cap and bells. On one side was acted a whole dream of ambition, until a little goblin was seen at last perched on the height which he had succeeded in climbing. Again there appeared a long love-drama, sighing lover looking sad and disheartened, or joyful and happy. Or the wreaths of smoke formed darker figures of disappointment and despair,—thousands of little forms, all busy with themselves, all wearing the symbol of folly.

If we want an instance of pleasant folly, we have not far to go. These College experiences of which we students talk so loudly, what are they but pleasant absurdities? We all wear the badge in one way or another, and it does not always make us worse companions or less honest friends. The very pleasantest parts of our lives are those in which we have allowed ourselves to wander off into all sorts of follies, careless of rules and etiquette, only anxious to enjoy life for life's own sake. So, when we see unhappy classmates coming back here from their luxuries of summer vacation, melancholy and misanthropical, absent-minded and peevish under the rough jest of their friends, we may feel sure that they have been making fools of themselves. We may feel certain that our Pendennis has been running off into absurd poetry and romance; has been talking eloquent nonsense; whispering his fine Byronic thoughts into the ears of some new Fotheringay, who answers yes and no, and who is all the while thinking about her new bonnet, or something else of equal interest and importance. Yet Pendennis's folly is very amiable. He will find out some day that he has made an ass of himself; but it will be hard if he does not still recollect the time with pleasure. It is well he should do so. It is well that he should bear in mind the pleasant summer days of his Arcadian love, even though it were as ill requited as that of any shepherd that Virgil sang, — even though some clumsy Mopsus did carry off his beloved. We may take tender compassion on his sorrows and his misanthropy, when we think how happy or how unhappy he has been, and how he has wandered through the green summer-woods wearing his fool's cap twined no longer with the vine and ivy-leaves of Silenus, but adorned by the hands of the shepherdess herself with the roses and forget-me-nots that he is still thinking about. We see a good many such unfortunates during these four College years.

To check such pleasures as these, to think meanly of them, is itself folly. Cato of Utica, who, in the midst of

the vice which flourished during the last days of the Roman Republic, wanted to imitate the rigid, harsh virtues of an earlier time, was led by his very stoicism into a folly which was only superior to that of his contemporaries inasmuch as it was not vice. Diogenes the cynic was a more striking example of human folly than any of those whom he ridiculed. If it is folly to yield to every temptation, and follow without resistance every new whim of the mind, it is also folly to make one's self the slave of a theory, and to reject the enjoyments of life because that theory refuses them.

For my own part, were it only on these grounds, were it only for the boyish and thoughtless pleasures of this College life which is so soon to be for us among the things that were, I would still be willing to assume as my signet this symbol of folly and of the lightest pleasures of our existence.

But the fool of old times was by no means the silliest man. King Lear's jester was wiser than his master, — wiser than that train of one hundred knights who left their unhappy lord to the mercy of the storm or to the cruelty of his daughters. This cap and bells does not mean weakness of intellect, and it does not mean want of courage. The fool was a privileged person, it is true, but it needed courage, as well as intellect, to laugh or to sneer at the courtiers of those days, who did not like an insult even from the mouth of a jester. To suppose that such a symbol as this has reference to idiocy, or to criticise the selection as foolish because it implies an admiration of a fool, is simply stupid and weak.

Then let Solomon mourn over the foolishness of the world. Let the poets and philosophers of all ages and lands cry out against human weakness. Let metaphysicians lament that, from the time of Aristotle to that of our friend the Scotch sceptic, and the Dutch sceptic, and all the other sceptics, there has been no advance in man's knowledge of what he is and why he exists. Such questions and lamen-

tations do not affect us. It may be true that "all wisdom is folly"; that the melancholy Jacques was right in saying, "Motley's the only wear." It may be true, as some sixteen-year-old genius might express it, that all stations and races of men wear the fool's cap equally,—the Pope above his tiara, the emperor above his diadem, the king above his crown; that it rides on the Oxford hat, and lurks under the priest's cowl; that it overtops the highest and the lowest, the most learned and the most ignorant;—all this may be true, but we will not discuss it here. It is enough for us to consider the moral of this essay;—that students are a great deal more silly than they have any idea of; and that some of our follies are very pleasant, and worth remembering when we shall be scattered broadcast over the land, and the places that knew us shall know us no more.

With what spirit-moving pleasure
Hearest thou the midnight bell
Clang in quivering, thoughtful measure,
Holy peace and quiet tell!

Then through all the lingering morrow,
Fainting heart, remember this,
That the daytime hath its sorrow,
But the midnight hath its bliss.

GOETHE.

COLLEGE RECORD.

CLASS ELECTIONS OF FIFTY-EIGHT.

At a meeting of the Senior Class, held on the afternoon of Monday, March 15th, the Class officers of Fifty-Eight were chosen as follows. Though some of these offices were closely contested, the Elections passed off with remarkable good feeling.

ORATOR: Henry Brooks Adams, of Quincy.

POET: George Washington Copp Noble, of Somersworth, N. H.

ODIST: William Gilchrist Gordon, of New Bedford.

CHRONICLER: Gerard Curtis Tobey, of Wareham.

CHIEF-MARSHAL: Hollis Hunnewell, of Boston.

ASSISTANT MARSHALS: Josiah Bradlee, Jr., of Boston; and Ozias Goodwin, Jr., of Boston.

CHAPLAIN: William Hale Dunning, of Cambridge.

CLASS SECRETARY: Charles Adams Allen, of Cambridge.

CLASS-DAY COMMITTEE: Benjamin William Crowninshield, of Boston; George Edward Pond, of Boston; and William Frederick Milton of Jamaica Plain.

CLASS COMMITTEE: James Jackson Lowell, of Cambridge, and Robert Noxon Toppan, of New York.

CHORISTER: Otis Putnam Abercrombie, of Lunenburg.

Class-Supper Officers.

PRESIDENT: James May, of Petersburg, Va.

CHORISTER: John Homans, Jr., of Boston.

COMMITTEE: John Homans, Jr. and William F. Milton.

On the afternoon of Monday, the 22d, another Class meeting was called. Mr. Hunnewell having resigned the Chief-Marshalship, Mr. Benjamin W. Crowninshield, of Boston, was elected in his place.

The following Resolution, which had been referred, at the previous meeting, to a committee of inquiry, was then reported back and adopted by the Class.

"*Resolved*, That a Committee be appointed to wait upon President Walker, and request him, in the name of the Class of Fifty-Eight, to allow his portrait to be painted at the expense of the Class, and preserved in Harvard Hall."

CLASS DAY will be this year on the 25th of June.

EDITORS' TABLE.

B. Toky

"FAINT and shadowy in our memory are certain ruined structures, lingering Stonehenge-like on the Cambridge 'Delta,' — and mysterious pits adjoining, into which Freshmen were decoyed to stumble, and of which we find that vestiges still remain. Tradition spoke of Dr. Follen and German gymnastics; but the beneficent exotic was transplanted prematurely, and died." Such were the words, as we read them in a most excellent article contributed to the March number of the Atlantic Monthly. And as we read, we involuntarily changed our position in the easy chair, and spasmodically sent a volume of smoke whirling to the ceiling, for we remembered that, if rumor spoke truly, the "beneficent exotic" would soon be again transplanted beneath the hitherto unpropitious shades of Harvard. For once rumor did speak truly, and before us lies an announcement of the opening of the "Harvard Gymnasium." It would not only be irrelevant here, in the Table, to descant upon the subject of exercise, but, to readers holding such high views of the importance of physical training as we believe the men of Harvard have, such a dissertation would appear entirely gratuitous. It will be simply necessary, therefore, for us to announce the existence of this Gymnasium, to secure for it a liberal patronage and a hearty support, and this we do the more readily from the fact that we honestly believe the enterprise to be of the utmost importance to collegians, and entirely worthy of our earnest co-operation. To our boating men this announcement will be especially grateful, as it points them directly to the best preparatory exercise for their more arduous labor at the oar, while to others it at least presents an inviting substitute for the wearisome, disgusting, we had almost said profitless, drudgery of walking for exercise, — the monotonous tramp, tramp, tramp of aimless ambulation. The proprietor of the Gymnasium has for a number of years received the encouragement and confidence of the citizens of Boston as a gymnast, and we are assured that he will labor as faithfully for the interests of the "Harvard" as for those of the "Boylston." Daily instruction and exercise will be given in gymnastics and calisthenics, and the extent of the rooms and variety of apparatus will increase with the number of the patrons of the establishment. Why, then, shall sister cities longer excel Cambridge in their gymnasia? Certainly not for the want of a commencement. See that it be not for the want of encouragement. Let our reading men and students high in rank, at all events, affix their names to the list of subscribers, and let physical health as well as mental strength henceforth be the characteristic of every alumnus of Harvard. O, will a kind fortune ever bring the day when the first scholar of his class can also claim the high honor of being the stoutest oarman of the College?

R. Huntington

We do our best to keep posted up on Art matters. We have put Ruskin on our term-bill, have subscribed to "The Crayon," and a friend of ours is a patron of that valuable æsthetic periodical, "The Cosmopolitan Art Journal." Still we have nowhere met with any notice of a recently published print entitled "A

Bird's-eye View of Harvard College," though, in our opinion, the work is calculated to give critics, as such, the greatest satisfaction.

There have been and still are a vast number of "views of Harvard College," each possessing peculiarities of its own. There is the view on letter-paper which Bartlett publishes and Freshmen love. Then there is the one-sided view which the editors of the "Puritan Recorder" and the "New York Observer" are wont to take. The trouble with these is that in them the best points are thrown into the background, and the *chiaro-oscuro* is spoilt by a preponderance of shade. Again, there is the distant view which our friends at Amherst, Beloit, Dartmouth, etc. enjoy. Ah, well! they are doing their best to diminish the perspective; may they thrive! Moreover, there is the Tabular View, which we all dislike because of the undue importance given in it to a single building, University. To appreciate this, as indeed all other views, but this especially, it is necessary for the observer to stand high.

Lastly comes this new "Bird's-eye View," which requires the critic to suspend himself in imagination over Quincy Street, and survey with his mind's eye the scene below. Now very few possess such power of abstraction as may enable them to take the position mentioned, and fewer still would feel inclined to take it, if, as our lithograph would lead us to suppose, Harvard College thus viewed appears a mere conglomeration of foliage and roofs. The artist's great aim seems to have been to get everything in, and he has succeeded so far as enabling one to count the correct number of chimneys goes; but how could a stranger form a just conception of the beauties of the College Yard from an observation of its tree-tops and ridge-poles? The individual views which the photographers take for our class-books are much superior to those enjoyed by any bird whatever, and we shall do well to content ourselves with these.

But the publishers of the print seem to have been bent on making a bad matter worse. Underneath the main picture we find five little rectangular views of Cambridge celebrities outside of the College yard. Two of them the residences of Professor Agassiz and Longfellow, the rest consisting of the Observatory, the City Scales, and an etherealized form of Divinity Hall. The effect of these appendages, these afterthoughts of the bird as it were, is extremely bad. They remind one of what may be seen any day in a second-rate daguerreotype shop, where a large picture, the pride of the collection, is set round with a frame of "twenty-five centers." On the whole, we cannot but regard the view in question as the poorest of all we have enumerated, and probably every one who feels attached to Alma Mater will, on seeing this portrait of her, appreciate the saying of an eminent authority, "If this be a bird's-eye view of Harvard College, how glad I am that I am not a bird!"

We find that our subscribers have not availed themselves very generally of the privilege we so generously offer them on the last page of the cover, of visiting H'y 2 and inspecting our exchanges. They know not what they lose. However, that they may have some idea of the merit of some of our sister magazines, we select a few gems at random.

"I do not like that wild, sweet tone,
 Its strains are sad and low,
 'T is like the gentle dove's low moan,
 O, do not sing it any more!"

Georgia Univ. Mag., "O, do not sing that song again!"

"The autumn of 18— was a season remarkable for its many and severe storms. As they swept over the creaking forests of the Mississippi bottoms, the scream of the storm-beaten panther, mingling with the whirlwind, was answered by the prolonged howl of the hungry wolf from the Minnesota hills, until bluff answered bluff in wild and hideous reverberations; while the sweeping blasts, catching up the chorus of terror, bore it away, with slowly dying cadences, into the wilds of Wisconsin."— *Beloit College Monthly*, "The Reveille."

"There is, indeed, real soul-stirring poetry in history. As when the first beam of light, which shot from this new-born world, at the creation, flashes upon the eye of an inhabitant of yon fixed star, he will—if his sight is equal to that distance— behold borne along that ray, in swift succession, every event which has occurred from the creation down to the present time. Such a view does history present us."— *Knox Collegiate Magazine*, "Thoughts in History."

"I stood upon some cloud-cliffed heights and gazed forth into night. Darkness rolled beneath my feet, and as wave dashed upon wave, dense vapors escaped their folds and shot far on high; shade and shadow taking form of substance and mingling in the mystic round. Choral shouts awoke the slumbering echoes that started into life and song; symphony arose upon symphony, harmony settled upon harmony, and one grand orchestral burst quivered through the temple of night. . . . I heard swift peans and loud anthems echo from the ceaseless choir; and memories chanting lowly, softly, the hymn of buried years. That river-shore, bathed in mellow light, seemed like a chancel holy, baptized in balm from lilies' censer-bells. Around that shrine crowded countless worshippers; wreathy ripples from Hope's singing isles, and vestals of Faith kneeling in sweet vespers, and dim tapers of Memory, burning with light of other days."— *Kenyon Collegian*, "Shadows."

Cram

It is unnecessary to remind most of our readers that the day on which this number of the Magazine would regularly be issued is All-Fools' day. Some short-sighted persons would persuade us to give up the observance of this day, on the ground that to observe it is exceedingly foolish. But this is no argument. For if the celebration of the day were wise, it would be highly improper for fools to celebrate it. If fools are to have a gala-day, it must of necessity be arranged so that it *shall* be foolish for them to observe it. The stupidly wise persons who disapprove of the day for such a reason should have another fools' day instituted for their special benefit. That our friends may be perfectly free to enjoy the day, the Magazine will not be issued till the 3d of April. And we would then advise all our subscribers forthwith to read the article entitled "The Cap and Bells," and convince themselves that they had a right to participate in the celebration.

THE

HARVARD MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.

MAY, 1858.

No. 4.

W. Everett / 59-

LATE NOVELS.

IN spite of the anathemas of the very strict ones, who would confine our secular reading to "standard works" of fact or poetry, we, the civilized European and American world, must have a yearly supply of novels. We must have new copies of the old masters in this line, as in that of painting, with now and then a real original. But as the work of supplying twenty or thirty good novels every season would require an infinity of authors, if each wrote only a few, it follows that we look to a comparatively small number of writers, of acknowledged talent, to furnish our light reading. And in this way, each new novel of Dickens, Thackeray, or Mrs. Marsh comes to be judged with reference to its author's previous productions as a standard, instead of its abstract merit. It takes a wholly new arrival, like Jane Eyre, to bring out a thorough canvass of its own peculiar character.

We propose in this article to examine a few of the latest productions of what may be called our standard authors, examining rather more wherein they are themselves good or bad, than their inferiority or superiority to their predecessors. Mr. Dickens, Charles Reade, and the authoress of "The Initials," have lately given new books to the world. A subse-

quent paper, perhaps, will discuss Mr. Thackeray's and Sir Edward Bulwer's works now in progress of publication.

"Little Dorrit" has generally, we believe, had an unfavorable verdict pronounced on both its relative and absolute merits. Those who critically compared it with Dickens's former writings, declared it in some respects a greater falling off than "Hard Times"; and those that (like the interesting woman at the City Library who did n't know under what author's name to look for "Ivanhoe") did n't care who wrote it, have considered it uninteresting, patched up and huddled together.

Certainly, it cannot be defended from the charge of carelessness. The most flagrant instance of this is the use of the wrong *alias* for Rigaud throughout an entire number, involving an imbecile-looking correction in the next. The connection of Gowan's dog with Rigaud is entirely forgotten, and Gowan and wife are disposed of in no way at all. Another defect, which an English reviewer comments very justly on, is the insane repetition of pet phrases, aiming at effect, like "How not to do it," "the bosom," — very well when they first occur, but losing all point, and suggesting that awful hypothesis of failure in invention. Other faults have been detected by the most casual readers; and as the book is generally decried, let us see what good there is in it.

In the first place, the iron hardness of the Clennam system of education is described with wonderful power. That system, founded on religion, it is said by its authors, but such religion, such perversion of God's truth, which on its every page speaks love, gentleness, peace, not wrath, harshness, sullen strife; that crushing out all warm emotion and impulse, and what is worse than punishment, that *unforgetful* forgiveness of every childish offence by a mother; — all these are drawn with a terrible earnestness, which would seem to indicate personal experience, not of the author himself, — he is too joyous for that, — but of some broken-down, quiet friend, whose youth was a desert and his home a prison.

If we pass to more cheerful parts, where shall we find better descriptions of character or incidents than the history of the Casby family? Flora, Pancks, and Casby are perfect, and the first two entirely new. No one but Dickens could ever have joined to patriarchal rapacity and middle-aged girlishness such an interesting devotion to "critter comforts." And if any one can read of Mr. F.'s aunt without a mingled feeling of dread lest the apparition of her awful presence should meet him some dark night, and admiration of the hardihood and genius which could paint her, he is utterly insensate. For our part, we believe the old lady was more knave than fool, and that she had a hand in the wreck of Clennam's property.

"Little Dorrit," it must be allowed, is generally inferior to Dickens's works in those points where we expect most from him; and particularly, there are very few witty sentences, such as rest on the memory, and are of constant application. There is nothing in it, perhaps, so good as Mrs. Nickleby or Inspector Bucket; there is nothing so despicably poor as Esther Summerson's personal opinions.

One of the most entertaining novels published a few years back was "The Initials," by an anonymous writer, subsequently known to be a daughter of Lord Erskine; and this year she has given us "Quits," which has not been generally regarded as favorably as her former works. From this opinion we must dissent, pronouncing it interesting, if not exciting. The authoress's former descriptions were rather of Bavarian city life, whereas in the present work we have country life, — and that, too, described not only faithfully, as is apparent on the face of every page, but with so much nature and ease that we feel the Bavarian Alps to be indeed part of our world, and that, if we only went abroad, we should see these people too, and get interested in them, as did Leonora and Thorpe. If this does not seem a great virtue in a book, compare it with Miss Bremer's description of Swedish life, which, beautifully drawn as it is, seems like

the life of another globe, rather than another continent, — what we can admire, but cannot understand. Then *Leonora's* adventures in England, often complained of as dull, are not indeed exciting; but, besides containing some fine glimpses of character, they possess no little of that charm which renders *Miss Austen's* works so delightful, — the simple narration of the commonest affairs of a quiet life. If this seems to be carried too far in "*Quits*," consider how many novels neglect it altogether, the heroes and heroines apparently not dining or going to bed once a month.

But "*Quits*" is by no means deficient in powerful and exciting scenes. The two principal characters, though somewhat a copy of *Hamilton* and *Hildegard*, with the sex interchanged, are very striking; and the book on the whole, though perhaps a dull romance, is a very interesting narrative, which is all it pretends to be.

Not so *Mr. Reade's* new book. It carries romance on the face of it. Such a succession of troublesome, perplexing, improbable incidents is hardly ever crowded into a modern novel. It is full of all *Reade's* favorite eccentricity, his unearthly punctuation, his interlarding of French words, his men and women who "purr" instead of talking softly, his people with "buttery" hearts, etc., etc. The Doctor is the old stereotyped character of a good-hearted man of science who aspires to great knowledge of characters and motives while possessing very little; the Baroness seems to have been drawn as the incarnation of blindness to everything passing around her, while *Jacintha* and *Laura*, instead of being made interesting as noble characters who tell "white lies" to save their friends, which was evidently the author's intention, are almost despicable, certainly very repulsive, by their utter want of all principle of honor or truth. It seems to be thought now-a-days by many novelists and poets, — ay, by some embryo *A. B.'s* we wot of, — that the obligations of friendship supersede those of truth, and, except just in the last two paragraphs of the book, this appears to be *Mr.*

Reade's favorite doctrine. Whether by intention, or because nature was strong in spite of intention, from the first to the last page of "White Lies" every difficulty can be referred to falsehood, every triumphant success to truth. The very friends whose cause the white lies are intended to subserve, are doubly perplexed and overwhelmed by them. Would that Mr. Reade had shown by eloquent expostulations, which he can utter so well, throughout the book, his detestation of all deception, — rather than make his lies amiable, though unfortunate, and confine his expression of dislike to two short closing words, which seem to have been written as a matter of duty, not of inspiration.

The chief merits of this work are the characters of Raynal and De Riviere, the excellent descriptions of the conflicts in the heart of Josephine, and the account of Camille's management at the siege. Mr. Reade has just published a new novel, which seems a good deal like the old ones. We hope he has learned by this time that other people's notions of writing are not necessarily absurd, and that henceforth, while he improves his own wonderful gifts, he will renounce some of his extravagances.

In taking leave of these late productions, we cannot refrain from alluding to a few works which Mr. T. S. Arthur's prolific pen has lately brought forth. They are of the same old style, a provident and an improvident young merchant, a good young lady who does n't go to parties, a reprobate one who does, steady industry and careless prodigality, etc., etc., till at last, in Mr. Pecksniff's memorable words, "truth prevails and virtue is triumphant." And these are the works by the medium of which the modern novel is to be regenerated, and wholesome moral tales substituted for "yellow-covered literature." About forty years ago some moral tales were written by a lady. Would it be a very bad thing if some enterprising paper were to publish them over again, and let the American people judge between Maria Edgeworth's antiquated style, and the new inspiration of Mrs. E. D. E. N. X. Y. Z. J. W. Southworth?

B. A. Billings.
Ed -

A SYSTEM OF SWEARING.

A NEW professorship should be endowed, a new teacher is needed, here in Cambridge. A great deal of strength is used by us, every hour, in a loose, undirected sort of way, that, under the guidance of a competent instructor, might be used systematically, and so at once with greater economy and greater effect. A great deal of inventive genius is wasted, that might, if forced to work within definite limits, sharply marked out by a scientific professor, altogether revolutionize what, for lack of a worse term, we must call the system of profanity now adopted by our ablest swearers. There has been, ever since the promulgation of the Decalogue, a force at work, active, powerful, never tiring, which, if skilfully ordered and directed, would speedily put the science of swearing above all sciences save that of eating, and on a level even with that. The efforts daily made for the advancement of profanity, if duly systematized, would result in building up a society vaster than any yet formed by men, a society whose numbers would appall the Free Masons, and whose unity of aim would shame the Jesuits.

Surely vigorous measures should be taken to put to some productive use this purposeless energy. The grandeur of the task demands the labor of such a mighty constructive genius as he who reduced to a science charity or war, and enabled the two universal instincts of benevolence and hate to act according to fixed and well-considered rules. Having made such statements as those above, we know we shall be accused of exaggeration for the sake of effect, unless we bring forward some facts and conclusions that may serve to prove what we have said to be true. To begin, then, with our last assertion.

Two thirds of all the men and boys we are acquainted with swear, after one fashion or another. A part are novices, and, through timidity or a mournful want of proper educa-

tion, indulge in only half-way profanity, making use, it is to be feared, of such vulgar and unfledged expressions as "Dern it," and "By Gorry," or "By Gum," — formulas with which we are sorry to sully the purity of this article, even for purposes of illustration; but with fit training and a due regard to the practice of their more advanced comrades, these neophytes will in time, doubtless, grow to be manly and elegant swearers; and so it may be safely set down that two thirds of the male population of this country swear. The proportion in Europe and South America is very much larger, but for the sake of uniformity, and to avoid the very appearance of exaggeration, we will consider foreigners as mustering in the same relative force with ourselves, and conclude that two thirds of civilized male humanity swear, leaving entirely out of our computation the uncivilized profane, as it is obvious, from the barbarous and misshapen character of their curses, that they can claim no companionship, much less brotherhood, with the profane of Christendom, whose oaths have been brought to a state of artistic perfection that shows, in a very pleasing manner, the high cultivation and refinement of Europe and the Americas.

From this estimate, one which cannot fail to be gratifying to all who have at heart the best interests of profanity, it is evident that any attempt to embody the hosts of the profane in one association must be futile. A single society could not contain the *Illuminati* alone, — those who have had unveiled to them the inmost mysteries of swearing, upon whom the fullest light of the science has been flashed; still less could it embrace the unnumbered throng of young and growing devotees. Some adequate provision must however be made, and if a single association will not suffice, a number of branch associations must be established. Our own continent will raise up one, England and her islands will support another, France and Italy, Germany and Northern Europe, a third and a fourth, South America a fifth, and Holland, with its sturdy ally, Flanders, a sixth. The

principal, and we hope the only difficulty to be met, will be the selection and preparation of a sufficiently spacious place of gathering for a branch association. In this country, one of the Western prairies is admirably adapted for that purpose; the monster assembly could be called to order by firing a park of artillery, while the speeches and resolutions could be telegraphed over the square miles of attending members by a series of signal flags.* In South America, the pampas would be equally available with our own prairies; but in Europe, we confess, we know of no spot in which a meeting could be held. We leave such considerations, however, to our Transatlantic brethren, among whom this matter is to be speedily agitated, and turn to the next division of our subject, The Universal Instinct of Profanity.

That such a force is now active, we may easily see from the calculations just made; nothing but a healthy and widespread moral instinct could everywhere produce effects that are everywhere the same; hence we have only to inquire as to the manifestation of such an instinct in earlier ages. And, in such investigations, the exceeding richness of the return more than rewards our toil; but, owing to the scanty space allotted us, the few facts now to be instanced from the profusion of material we have collected in illustration of this branch of our subject must suffice. The Jews of modern times have so religiously preserved the national characteristics that have always distinguished them, that the absence of any professed record of private life under Solomon cannot prevent our judging as to the successful cultivation of the noble art among them ever since the days of Abraham. In Grecian literature, happily for our purpose, Plato and Aristophanes, Athenæus and the Tragedians, still testify as to the estimation in which swearing was held by this, the most polished people of antiquity. We cannot turn

* The finances of such an association might be at once put in a favorable condition, by imposing a fine, which would be cheerfully paid, upon all its members who did not swear in every presence and at all hours.

a page of these authors but evidences crowd upon us; oaths long and oaths short, oaths in dactyls and trochees, in spondees and iambics and anapests, everywhere abound, and even in Homer, though the variety of expression is not so bewildering as in the later writers, yet the frequency of the majestic ὁ πόποι assures us that those ancient troopers swore as stoutly as they fought. Plautus and Terence and Cicero afford equally conclusive evidence as to the culture and nobility of the science at Rome; Scott and James have drawn from the traditions of the Crusaders curses enough to give pleasing testimony respecting mediæval profanity; and, to come nearer our own day, the comedies and dramas of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, in England and France, are perfect mines of information concerning the practice of profanity and the taste of its professors at those periods, as these plays, which faithfully reproduced on the stage the manners and conversation of the court and the toilette, would have been indignantly damned had they not sparkled with oaths as new and brilliant as their jests.

Satisfactory proof as to the prevalence of this instinct is not, by any means, the only result of our inquiries. The more we search among the records of profanity, the more we are enabled to admire the variety as well as the value of the treasures exposed. The family likeness common to all oaths, and naturally belonging to them as the productions of one great parent principle, does not prevent our dividing them into as many classes as there are nations on the globe; classes readily to be distinguished from one another, inasmuch as a people's character is nowhere more distinctly impressed than on its language, and on no part of its language so unmistakably as on its oaths. Among the marvellous diversity of form everywhere assumed by excited speech, there is no one particular phrase that does not bear on its face the indelible mark of its nationality. The name by which the Englishman is most widely known throughout France and Italy, is but one instance of the recognition

of some such unwritten law by the natives of those countries; and, if we recollect that out of the several vocabularies of France, Turkey, Germany, Spain, and Italy, our young minds first caught at and understood their different oaths and adjurations, we must regard the existence of such a law as fully established. This tendency to acquaint ourselves, at our first introduction to a language, with its more energetic words, is due partly to the novelists, who, in their delineation of foreign character and scenery, never fail to bring in a greater or less number of foreign oaths, and partly to a natural disposition to seize on the most impassioned phrases used by men, knowing them to be also the most characteristic. A slight comparison between the American and Grecian, or the Roman and German, habits of thought and swearing, will further tend to strengthen our position. The shrewdness and vivacity of the Athenians was pre-eminently shown in the construction of Attic profanity, which, by its simplicity and directness, reminds us of our own equally blunt, and, we are proud to say, equally characteristic invocations, while the slower and heavier intelligence of the Romans developed itself in adjurations as lengthy and ponderous as the sounding curses of Germany and Belgium.

If these things are true, if there is shown in the utterance of oaths a ready and fertile wit, an earnest popular feeling, and, overruling and instructing the feeling, an instinct as old and as wide-spread as the human family, were we not right when we began by saying that a new professorship should be endowed, a new teacher was needed, here in Harvard? Should there not straightway be put forth laborious and enduring effort to guide the invention, the national sentiment, and the world-wide impulse, so that they may plot and nourish and inspire to some visible end? And, though no associate body has as yet framed its constitution and adopted its resolutions to promote the advancement of the science, though no professor has as yet been appointed, who

shall trace out the etymological signification of each oath, and assign to each verbal projectile its exact range or moderate its explosive force, yet can we not, every profane one among us, fit our conduct to some settled plan, and swear with accuracy? Surely we may, singly, do much to regulate our profane currency by rejecting base coin and receiving and uttering good coin at only its true value. We can agree, as many of us as are eager in our work, to put away all uncouth formulas, and make use only of such as custom and good taste authorize; to reserve a set of approved curses for giving expression to each separate emotion; and to apply the more or less forcible oaths of a set in exact accordance with a greater or less degree of feeling. By strict adherence to some arrangement of this sort, no one will be obliged to use circumlocution or amplification to indicate, for instance, that he is very angry, or angry, or only vexed; he can swear a pointed, a blunt, or a round oath, as the case may be; and so, in the manifestation of every passion, an oath will do as well as a clause, and our conversation will become far more symmetrical and effective than it is at present. In such a state of our language, our tropes and our metaphors, our similes and our comparisons, all our figures of speech, in short, would be worthless save as defining the value of an oath, which value once known and recognized will cause such cumbrous links of words to figure, in future, only in grammars and dictionaries.

A further discussion of the means by which a more compact and harmonious structure may be given our language, will appear in a forthcoming paper on *The Symbols used in Swearing*.

J. J. Lowell, 58

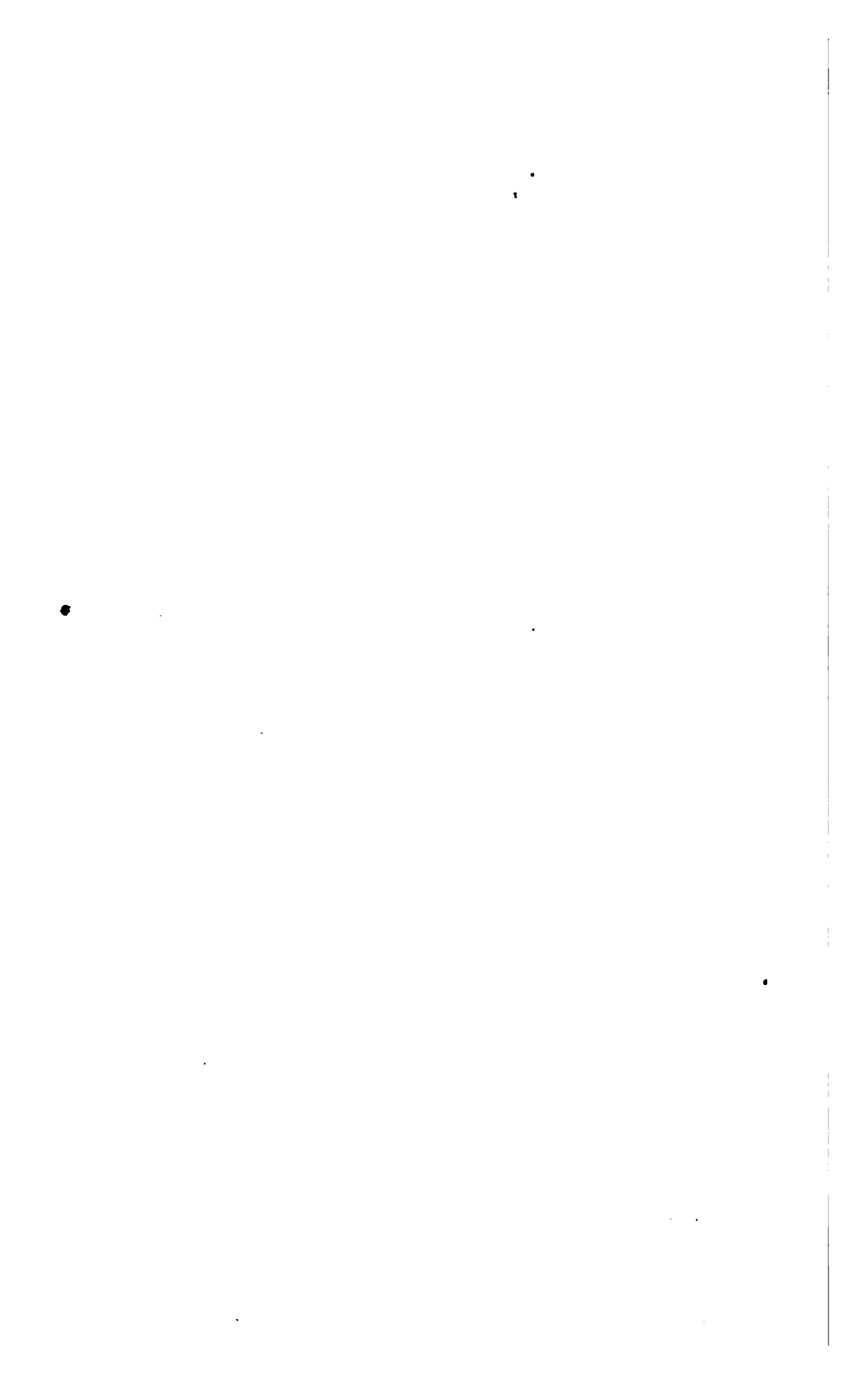
HIGH ART AND CAMBRIDGE.

IN these days, when all the fair words are given to "High Art," which accordingly languishes and starves on its arid, sawdust food, and all the money (the material condiment which butters our parsnips and greases the rollers of life) is given to "low art," — when dead machinery, supplanting the artist's living hand, sends forth thousands of prints of every famous and every infamous scene or personage that adorns or disfigures the earth, to be scattered broadcast over every land, — Cambridge of course has not escaped. The "artist for the million" (perhaps a pensioner and *garde du corps* of "the great pictorial"), going about with style in hand, seeking whom and what he may devour, has swallowed Cambridge at one fell gulp, and vomited it forth again "done" on white paper. Charity truly is a great virtue, and covereth a multitude of sins; but when it is made the screen of such a libel as the well-known Bird's-Eye View, when it uncovers so false a view, when it is made the excuse for many doubtful things which we have lately seen, does it not very much soil itself in touching the dingy deeds? Still, when you open the drawer, and, looking at the roll, think of the two dollars, think also of the poor artists and their families, and shut the drawer gently.

The illustrations which fill the pages of our new books and newspapers, and yet more the prints which are so much or so little per inch, which to-day shine, and to-morrow kindle the fire, illustrate more than the designer intended. The demand which creates the supply shows the craving of the human mind after "figurative writing," a natural craving which will not be satisfied by any artificial "symbolic" or "phonetic" alphabet, but demands a copy of the thing itself, taken by the engraver's or the etcher's art, or the yet more faithful limning of the sun. Even Ruskin's word-paintings will not satisfy us, we must have his folio plates



John A. Smith



also. The chief attraction of many modern works, especially those on the fine arts, and accounts of travels, consists in the fine engravings or colored prints which are scattered through them. This is an effect of our continual hurrying, our spirit of "Faster, faster yet!" which drives us on with ever-accelerated motion. We must see the thing at a glance. When two minutes will give me a clear idea of an Ethiopian village or "the beautiful oasis," can I be expected to spend twenty minutes in reading the labored description of Dr. Barth, and picturing the scene to my mind? How few there are, also, who can clearly image it in their minds! But I will not discuss the relative advantages of the two systems here. I would ask whether, while the few good illustrations (very few in this country) are useful in extending general cultivation, the unlimited supply of poorer prints which satisfies the universal craving, will assist or hinder the good work. Will not the strong, coarse food vitiate the taste for what is better? Certainly the sight of whatever is above a man will raise him, and in many cases that will be most effectual which is only a little above him. But the difficulty is that the articles supplied are generally (at least among those which are most extensively in demand) below even the lowest or perceptive powers, unworthy of and beneath even "the meanest capacity"; they will be potent in vitiating and not in purifying, in lowering and not in elevating.

Are then the thousands of cheap prints which fill the houses of the people, covering their walls and their tables, necessary to prepare the way for good works of art? Association indeed may hallow even the poorest thing, and give it a value and a meaning truer and deeper than that of the finest painting of Allston. But generally nothing remains long enough to allow pleasant associations to cluster about it; the last novelty shoves the last but one into the corner, while the one before that finds its way to the window or some other obliging friend. Pictures and prints have not es-

caped the flimsiness of material and carelessness of execution that characterize so many other boasted luxuries and comforts we exultantly point at, in cottage as well as palace. We change our ornaments, our pictures, engravings, &c., as we do our clothes; they wear out and are destroyed, here in college often in a single term. As the sewing-machine drives from the capacious store-rooms of the German maiden her cherished boards of household linen, which have accumulated lustre after lustre, so the mould and the press enable us to crack John Bull's skull over every page of British History, and get a portrait of the ever-shifting goddess regnant. But is not this well? Mr. Ruskin, in his *Political Economy of Art*, complains that "we not only ask our workmen for bad art, but we make them put it into bad substance"; and he adds: "Your descendants, twitching the flimsy paintings contemptuously in fragments between finger and thumb, will mutter against you, half in scorn and half in anger, 'Those wretched nineteenth-century people! They kept vaporing and fuming about the world, doing what they called business, and they could n't make a sheet of paper that was n't rotten.'" But is not he mistaken and behind the age? Do we want them to last? Should not we, in particular, who sojourn in Cambridge, rejoice that the paper is rotten, that the colors will fade out? Ought we not to thank the paper-maker, because through his incompetence the Bird's-Eye View is destined to an early grave? Let us hope it will not outlive the memory of some who may bear witness to its inaccuracy and failure.

Leaving now these general questions which I have touched upon (intentionally presenting the darker side), because I think they are at present very important elements in a complete theory of the present condition of man, I pass to the subject which called forth these remarks, which is the famous Bird's-Eye View. Lightly touching on the nearer objects which met this bird's eye, I must dwell longer on the strange visions he saw near the horizon. Fortunately for

him, none can dispute the accuracy of the eye of this bird (truly a *rara avis in terris*), unless the Greek Professor erect a miniature Acropolis upon his house, or let his yard to a second Nimrod for another tower of Babel. For has not the bird actually seen the sight? And is not one positive witness to the fact better than a thousand theorists to the contrary? Yet he could scarcely have been a mathematical bird, for the angles of buildings are arbitrarily altered for effect, he being rather a bird of taste, and also desiring to get all the buildings at once within his ken. Trees also he has evidently formed after his bird-ideal, and very plentifully. I know that Cambridge seen from a height (Prospect Hill in Somerville, for example) seems embosomed in trees; but he has laden each particular stump and stem with such an overpowering mass of foliage, that it would not know itself, but seeming to barely prop itself up,

“Fa del non ver vera rancura

Nascer a chi la vede.”

Wherever the bird was at a loss, he stuck a tree. The Washington elm appears to have been his very *beau ideal*, the original plant which bore the name of Tree; but it was so ethereal, or so unlike the living tree under which Washington unsheathed his sword, that it faded away after the first copy for exhibition, or, it being cut up to furnish the other superfluous timber which adorns the picture, the City Scales were enlarged to fill its place. The bird had also evidently peculiar and private views on the subject of Old Cambridge, dotting down high gable roofs to suit his fancy, and ignoring the actual for the picturesque. Some poor men found their castles suddenly elevated twenty feet by his imperative and arbitrary orders, and thus gained an undesired compulsory notoriety. So great was our bird's love of solitude and contempt for particulars (truly it was no hawk, or noble keen-eyed bird), that beyond Mr. Longfellow's house all is a waste, with two towers rising loftily, lone watchers of the neighboring river (which to the bird's

eye ran in a strange and yet more devious path than to common observers), like the famous towers on the Rhine.

But how can a stray bird be expected to know the environs of our towns, when few of the students are familiar enough with them to perceive his error. Cambridge, it is said, abounds only in dust and mud, in speedy alternation. Walks are chosen to avoid the mud, and meet the brightest eyes. Here then I wish to put in a plea for Cambridge. It cannot boast of wonderful scenery of any kind; no Alpine heights, no Lapland *fiords* bounded by rocky shores rising at one spring thousands of feet into the air, no gorgeous tropical or Arctic wildernesses, no rolling prairies, nor wild forest scenery, can attract within its limits "the way-worn traveller"; its beauty is of a more quiet, home-like character. Who can forget those still nights when, after a brisk pull, we rested on our oars, and, floating on the scarcely-ebbing tide-filled Charles, gazed on the distant hills made more distant by the deceitful moon, and dreamt strange dreams, or wove yet stranger fancies, or listened to (it may be, joined in) a boat-song, or a hymn to Diana or Dearest Mae, or some other fair or dusky goddess, until the *stern* cry, "Ready, give way!" dashed our dreams, destroyed our fancies, or put us out in our song.

Some scenes require the heavy foliage and the verdure of early summer, others the brilliant hues of autumn, the white glittering snow, or the soft shades of winter-boughs and frost-nipped grass; but the setting sun and the moonlight night are beautiful at all seasons. If the view from Cambridge Bridge when the sun is setting behind the western hills, or the stars grow pale in the presence of the queenly moon, cannot satisfy you, walk on the road towards Brighton, or Mount Auburn Street, or gain the summit of the Observatory hill, or the eastern border of Fresh Pond, just at sunset, and acknowledge that, whether the snow and broken ice-cakes or rippling water break the light into a thousand diamond points, or the still water or smooth black ice give

back the grandeur of the sky, adding new beauties in the reflected image, there are some beautiful views in Cambridge. These remain with us. Others come and go with the seasons. Few perhaps would have enjoyed the view from Mount Auburn tower a little more than a month ago, when a violent southwest wind, which moaned through its spiral way and about its walls like the sea,

“et cæruleis canibus resonantia saxa,”

seemed to dare me to ascend. I thought I could see the lines of snow disappear from behind the stone walls, and the trees with their swelling buds seemed to sigh in softer tones than a week before, when they were swayed by a rude north-wester.

A walk about Mount Auburn, or round Fresh Pond, though not what it was even two years ago, is still refreshing. For a longer walk, Mystic Pond, with its wooded points and ever-changing aspect as you catch fresh glimpses of it from the road, furnishes a pleasant goal; and Spot Pond also, which, beside giving you an opportunity to call at Tufts College (whence there is a fine view) on the way, and inquire kindly after the inmates and departed classmates, is approached (or was, when I visited it some time ago) by a very pretty road, enlivened by a brook, which runs on one side or the other, crossing ever and anon, like a wayward child, and chattering as it runs along. On the former road, from springs far up the hill-side the clear cold water is conducted to the roadside here and there, and gushes forth in unfailing streams.

But Wellington Hill offers a nearer limit, and one from which there is a beautiful prospect. All the country far around is visible, and if you gain it with the morning sun, in the distance you may discern

“il tremolar della marina,”

the sparkling, tremulous ocean-waves, while, nearer, the ponds (Fresh and Spy) and the river relieve the landscape, and

nearer yet a true mountain brook, leaping from rock to rock, reaches the meadows beneath, and twines, a silver thread, beneath some magnificent old oaks, which must have seen many strange sights since the sprouting acorns first marked their magic circle. This, too, is the region of flowers; columbines crown the rocks and deck the waterfall, scarlet cardinals grow above it and below, wood violets cluster here and there, while ferns and anemones grow all around.

But Cambridge itself is not niggardly in displaying her stores of wild-flowers; drains and pen-like house-lots cannot wholly destroy them. Dog-tooth violets and blue gentians grow within a few rods of us; while anemones bloom beneath every hedge, and the common violet intrudes even upon our sacred domains. Follow me about the end of May and I will show you where the bloodroot, with its pure white petals and open, upturned face, and the uvularia, with its graceful pendent flower and delicate leaves, are succeeding to the deeper-tinted dog-tooth violet, and the drooping convallaria begins to show its row of buds, and the sturdy jacks display their heads in their purple pulpits, while the wild geranium still lingers. Higher upon the hill the columbines are just departing, and everywhere the violets abound, from the sturdy little deep-colored, horn-shaped, velvety dweller on half-barren hills, where even the grass is stunted, through the clear, bright, open-looking wood-violet which covers the fields and grows in the open woods, to the rank inhabitant of the marsh, raised on its long stem, and highly colored with frequent spots or stripes which show the rich juices on which it has been nourished.

Such are a few of the flowers which may be found in a walk near the Colleges, a few of those which I have myself found. I do not of course pretend to know them all; indeed, the possibility of finding new flowers always adds zest to the search, and in this way a search for flowers will make a walk pleasanter by giving it an object, a purpose, even if you wish merely to find them and see them with their natu-

ral and best surroundings, careless of plucking them, and thus hastening their destruction and robbing them of half their beauty. Thus a walk along the high bank between Mount Auburn and the river is always pleasant; but when there is, as there was a few weeks ago, a chance of finding the delicate little hepatica as it pushes forth on the southern slope its down-covered buds on the first warm spring day, and gradually unfolds its beautiful blue or white flowers (*our* earliest native-born visitors), my pleasure certainly is greatly increased, and if I find the "sweet harbingers of spring," it is fairly doubled.

But have I not now said enough, although the birds, of which we have our share, have not sung their songs of invitation, to prove that the pleasant walks which "are necessary to those who walk for exercise, that their walk may not be cut short or wasted," as a Professor lately told us, are all around us, provided we are not too particular about our upper leathers.

SECOND THOUGHTS.

IN the March number of the Harvard appeared a criticism of mine upon the *Taming of the Shrew*, which, whatever its literary merit, was at all events modest and sincere. I was more than satisfied with its reception, and was in an enviable state of content, when I received dark hints that in the April number I should be utterly demolished and cut up. With a natural and pardonable anxiety about my execution and dissection, I awaited the Harvard for April. And sure enough, forth issued a "Normal Man," who proceeded to accomplish the task he had proposed to himself. I believe I was never before connected with a Normal Man, although I have seen some remarkable compositions from a Normal

School, not altogether dissimilar. The N. M. adopted a method somewhat different from that which I had been led to anticipate,—on account, perhaps, of his normalness. I was taken to pieces,—dissected; but my demolition was apparently postponed. I still survive, in my disjointed state, like a polyp, and for a whole month must writhe in the agonies of dismemberment.

It is not my intention to accuse my Normal opponent of having taken an unfair advantage of his normalness, nor to emulate his lofty indifference, when he says, as I am informed he has said, he will not reply to any further remarks of mine, whatever they may be. It is, perhaps, a prudent way of avoiding defeat, to place one's self where one needs only to assert, without proving his position. But I shall not follow that course. My object is to show myself alive after the demolishing process I have been subjected to; to return, like the classic Quilp, to a circle of disconsolate friends, and entreat their attention. I say to my Man, "whose name is Normal," no less than to others, "Hear me, Normal!" and I will endeavor to show you that, even if I am wrong, you have not made it out, although you have the air of having done so. I grant the probability of my being wrong,—am perfectly willing to allow I am wrong. But I say, with the old Dutchman, "To pe sure I kilt his tog; *put I want him to prove it.*"

In commenting upon my opponent's strictures, I am aware that I labor under a considerable disadvantage. The majority of young men, if not of all men, are apt to consider a reply of any sort conclusive, especially if well seasoned with sarcasm. And the writer in the April number, taking advantage of his position, has adopted a censorious, supercilious manner, in which I am not disposed to imitate him, although I might gain by so doing. He has not attempted to combat my arguments, but has contented himself with holding them up (not always fairly), and laying them aside contemptuously, as if that were refuting them, and it were

only necessary to my utter discomfiture that I should differ from him and incur his contempt. I am far from saying, that to be the object of his contempt is to occupy a high position; but I do say, that he may look down on me, without having necessarily any right to do so, and that my differing from him is not such conclusive proof of my being wrong as he appears to consider it. I assure him that that difference does not cause me the slightest uneasiness. Although claiming no more than equality with him, I do claim that, and must say that his conduct in thus pronouncing judgment on my opinions is at least — abnormal.

That I may not seem to be adopting the tactics of my adversary, and accusing without cause, I place together the following statement and mis-statement.

In the March number I said essentially (to adopt the form chosen by my opponent):—

Shakespeare makes a radical change occur in the character of one of his heroines.

This change has no strong cause.

Radical changes of character never do occur in real life, without strong cause.

Ergo, Shakespeare is not true to nature.

The writer in the April number says:—

“The argument of the critic of the *Taming of the Shrew* is this:—

“Shakespeare makes a radical change of character occur in one of his heroines.

“Radical changes of character never do occur in real life.

“*Ergo*, Shakespeare is not true to nature!”

He then sagely adds: “But it is useless to quote all this. Radical changes of character are certainly improbable, but it is unnatural for improbabilities never to occur. They are extraordinary, but a play in which there are no extraordinary workings of character is simply commonplace.” As if any one doubted that! And as if it had anything to do with the issue! It is merely a denial of an absurd state-

ment. He may say an absurdity needs no refutation by argument; that nothing is necessary but the unmasking of the absurdity, and a curt rejection of it. Very true; but the statement which he so triumphantly sets aside, and which I am willing to call ridiculous, if he wishes it, is his own, and not to be found in my article; and consequently the absurdity is not mine, but his.

He also favors me with a sneer, saying that of course so stupid a block as Shakespeare is not to be expected to equal — "this critic!" A sneer is no argument, and can refute no argument; it is only personal. Such a slur is not without its effect, and is a time-honored method of discussion. The writer can claim nothing for the idea; only for the cleverness — very considerable — with which it is carried out. These personalities may gain a certain kind of applause, gratifying to a disputant of no very nice taste; but the value of laurels thus acquired may be questioned. When finding fault with one character of Shakespeare's is the same as an audacious assumption of superiority to the great dramatist, and equivalent to saying the critic is a greater man than Shakespeare, — when any such nonsense as that passes current, such a scoff may come in with propriety; and not till then.

Another specimen of exquisitely sarcastic reasoning. It is necessary to prove that a certain statement is absurd and untrue, applied to Katharina, and the following method of proof is adopted. Now this method is *not* time-honored; it is something new; entirely original with the Normal Man, — N. M. N. M., Normal Man's New Method.

To prove the statement absurd with regard to Katharina. It is absurd with regard to the Prodigal Son. Argal, &c.; Q. E. D.

When this method of arguing is held to be sound, I admit my entire inferiority to my opponent.

The writer seems conscious that there is, after all, an objection to the naturalness of Katharina's conduct, although I

had not the wit to find it out. (To be sure, it was in my article; but that, we all know, is nothing, for if it be fair to assume, it is certainly fair to ignore.) He accordingly replies to this imaginary and more acute assailant: "If Shakespeare brought about an extraordinary result, he also used extraordinary means, namely, the power of love, which," &c.

Rather comical by the side of this is a subsequent remark: "When the writer *has acquired some understanding* of Shakespeare, we shall be happy to discuss the question," &c.

It would be difficult for even this proficient in Shakespearian lore to point out where the power of love exerts its influence upon Katharina, or to show any extraordinary means used, except, indeed, the means employed by Petruchio, which were certainly extraordinary enough. Perhaps it would have been as well if a person who could blunder so as to speak of the reforming power of love in Katharina's case, had been a little less scornful towards poor me on the ground of my inability, through ignorance, to discuss Shakespeare with him.

Next in order is another unprovoked and not particularly effective sneer, with a small sneer, a sneericle, within it, inclosed in brackets. Then another instance of that courtesy of debate, in which the writer excels: "We are not afraid to meet the critic's arguments, but even if we could not, they are not worth answering."

Thus, by means of two misstatements, one syllogism, two sneers (with a promising young sneer in attendance), and two Johnsonian arguments, has my "demolition" been accomplished. The sad order of the funeral procession has passed in review before you. First come the executioners in solemn array, then the corpse is borne along, and lastly, in manly sorrow for the deed his stern virtue forced him to commit, even as Brutus might have followed the remains of Cæsar, stalks along, in small capitals,

"THE NORMAL MAN!"

The sombre drama is over, the "terra levis" is said, the N. M. remarks that he shall be happy to meet his fallen antagonist in a higher, more etherealized state of being, "when he has acquired some understanding," &c., — and the curtain drops! Slowly descends its solemn sweep — down — down — and the scene has nearly vanished, when

"Stop! stop! I have forgot my umbrella!"

And, Paul-Pry like, up rushes a panting postscript, hight "P. S. Afterthought!"

In vain is it represented to this frantic individual, who has come on purpose to bowstring the criminal, that the luckless criminal is already dead, — slain by the Normal Man.

"Æneæ magni dextra cadis!"

"Alone I did it, boy!"

Or, to quote from an earlier and greater bard than either Virgil or Shakespeare,

" 'I,' said the Sparrow,

' With my bow and arrow!

I killed Cock Robin! ' "

But the impetuous P. S. has come expressly to bowstring him, and it must be done. What will you? is it not his kismet? Accordingly, the defunct critic is revived with some delicate compliments, such as, "Your critic's argument is plausible," — "his theory will shed" (with a proviso) "much light," &c. And when he raises his drooping head, the bowstring is applied. But I, corpse no longer, spring to my feet, and, breaking the bowstring, advance to the foot-lights, and speak in my own proper person.

First, to break the bowstring. My good friend, adviser and censor, it makes no difference to me, and does not affect my comments upon Shakespeare, whether he tamed his shrew as an afterthought, or whether the old writer reformed *his* shrew as an afterthought, and Shakespeare followed him. Nor is it a matter of any importance whether there were

any afterthought at all. You see I take it for granted you quote your old writer correctly, — more correctly than you do those of a later date ; and I freely admit I never read your old play. But the afterthought theory was advanced only as an explanation of the inconsistency ; and if it falls to the ground, (not that you have proved even that, but I admit it, rather than waste time on so unimportant a point,) the inconsistency still remains. At the utmost, you have only carried one of my outworks, and the citadel is yet safe. As you do not find me worth arguing with, I presume it will remain so.

And now for my speech at the footlights, to my “ kyind friends.”

It is no wish of mine to make the pages of the Harvard Magazine the medium for any expression of wounded feeling. I do not lay to heart the attack made upon me, and if I did, should not wish to quarrel about it. Besides, I should expect the editors to bid me go and quarrel elsewhere. I have desired, with the most sincerely Pickwickian feelings, to reply to certain strictures, which I thought unfair ; and I wished, also, that my assailant should not be supposed to have overthrown me, without having actually done so. I have endeavored to treat my opponent with courtesy ; and if I have passed its limits, let him remember that he tilted *à l'outrance*. I have shown that, at every point, he has either been defeated, or chosen the easy method of avoiding the contest and shouting lustily for the victory he did not win. His blows have fallen wide of their mark ; and although he may have obscured the fortress for a time with a cloud of dust, and claimed to have destroyed, when he had only hidden it, yet, when the clouds are cleared away, it will be seen uninjured. And although it boasts no impregnability, uninjured it will remain, until assaulted by a more formidable adversary.

EVENING TIDE.

"Flumine labente, die decedente."

Jun. Lib. LIX.

ON some of these beautiful evenings in spring, when the tide is high, I like to stroll down to the boat-houses, and see the boats go out on their trips up and down the river. As I walk quietly along from my boarding-house, after supper, my aquatic friends hurry past, eager to take their places in the evening crew. I can tell them by the colored shirts they carry under their arms, and that look of anxiety and quick step which speak of "a row at quarter of seven. Be on hand as soon as possible." They return my salutation with a hasty nod of recognition, and walk on rapidly, admired by groups of little boys, who beg coppers in term-time and break into the boat-houses in vacation.

Seldom do I appear on such occasions with a colored shirt, or attract the attention of the little boys, although I am a member of the Arethusa Club, and watch the departure of one of the long barges with special interest. I must confess that I am not a boating man, fond as I am of seeing others row. To be sure, I attend the regular meetings of the Club, pay cheerfully all assessments, and take as lively an interest in the welfare of our boat as any other member. I know the color of her new coat of paint, and can talk a little of streaks, ceilings, gaskets, and so forth, but in the practical part of boating I am no proficient. My boat-shirt hangs in my room, by the side of an Oxford cap which I wore one Exhibition-day a long time ago, whose drooping tassel and square top are loaded with the dust of eight months. Both these articles of apparel are destined rather for ornament than use. I once possessed a straw hat with the word "Arethusa" in gilt letters on the band; but some enterprising rogue who wanted to set up a hat-store, or possibly some modern hydra who had nothing to wear upon his

heads, took it from the boat-house one summer vacation, with those of a dozen fellow-members. I am most patriotic when the speed of our boat is called in question ; but, with all the interest I take in boats and boating, I never was and never shall be a good boatman.

There is my chum, on the other hand, who monopolized the conversation at table by talking of the new Harvard and hurried off to the boat-house after one piece of toast ; — he is well known as one of the strongest, most experienced, and most enthusiastic oarsmen in College. We all look up to him as the oracle of our Club. A great man in the noble sports is my chum. He is familiar with the anatomy of every boat in Cambridge, and would talk all night with you upon the merits of each, until you would verily believe that he carries a "*mens insana in corpore sano*." He takes long walks, keeps on hand the heaviest of dumb-bells, and exercises daily on the parallel bars at Professor Stewart's Gymnasium. My chum is consequently a very desirable man for a picked crew.

I own there is great satisfaction in knowing that you pull one of the best oars in College, and I willingly allow my chum all the pleasure he professes to find in pulling the stroke of the "*Arethusa*"; but to me, a quiet man and poor rower, it is just as pleasant to saunter along the bank of the river, and watch the sharp bows of the boats as they dart one after another from their houses, manned by sinewy arms, while the waves of the river glitter like the diamonds trembling on the arm of some queenly beauty. While waiting for the boats, I watch the varying appearance of the clouds which overhang the departing sun, anxious to feel his warmth and light before they continue their dreary journey among the stars. I am fond of this day-dreaming, this building air-castles, unsubstantial as they may be; and as these "pilots of the purple twilight" flit about, my fancy gives them various shapes. Below them, in the distance, is the more substantial tower of Mount Auburn, looking down

upon the river like some guardian Genius. Nothing belonging to the College grounds is visible over the tops of the yellow houses, except the roof of Boylston and the spires of Gore Hall, with a few of those tree-tops so profusely scattered over the "Bird's-Eye View." Conspicuous is the brown spire of the Unitarian church, which appears like some gigantic fool's-cap suspended above the town of Cambridge.

All these things can I enjoy, when the evening tide is high, without looking at No. 2's oar to see that my oar keeps time. I can "soar aloft" on the wings of fancy without having my "feather" criticised by fellows who never pulled an oar. I can follow each boat down the river, and pull in imagination with the best rowers, without blistering my hands, or wearing slippers for fear of breaking a streak. Even our best oarsmen will sometimes make a blunder. I shall not forget how those on shore laughed at my chum the other evening, when, by the awkwardness of a person behind him, (as he asserts,) his oar slipped, and he was thrown back over his seat, with his slippers pointing to the zenith, — a ludicrous position truly.

Passing through narrow streets, and by houses containing dogs and dirty children, I reach the open space across which are the boat-houses, and the river Charles in the full splendor of a high tide. A certain great philosopher once exclaimed, "O how good was Nature, that placed great rivers near great towns!" In the same spirit, we may thank her for giving the Charles River to Cambridge. Apart from its practical utility as a boating river, it seems to have a peculiar fitness for the place. The Charles seems to me a proper emblem of our College life. It is no beautiful river, with flowery banks and pure waters, but a miniature ocean, a passage to the broad sea, with bitter waters, and marshy, iron-gray banks. But now, in high tide, and with the sunbeams dancing upon its waters, it looks really beautiful; and away in the distance I can see hills covered with verdure.

"Thus," I say to myself, "is it with our four years at College. They form but the unattractive entrance to the sea of busy manly life. Four stern years of duty are they; but when warmed by that glowing light which youthful ardor throws upon them, glittering with social pleasures and seen in the full tide of popularity, their homely features are softened, and they seem four years of happiness. But alas! how many have forgotten the iron-gray banks and the direction of the river, and have been startled to find themselves, at the end of those four years, in a dark and raging sea, with no guide, no experience! How many have found, when the tide of popularity has ebbed and the glowing light has been extinguished by indulgence, that the sparkling waters are bitter, and the once shining banks have become cold and cheerless!"

Were I to paint the river-god of the Charles, I should not represent him as a beautiful deity, with curly locks and a careless and happy expression, but rather as an austere god, looking care-worn and venerable, speaking to us of duty and pointing to the danger which we must avoid to make our future life happy. He is a faithful teacher. When I come back in the cars after vacation, this river is the first familiar object that meets my sight; and as it rolls along, it seems to remind me once more of duty, and tell me not to shrink from the active business of a new term. "Vacation," it whispers to me, "is not given to unfit you for your studies, but to refresh you and make you more vigorous to encounter them again. Therefore, my young friend, improve your time at College, and enjoy the season of youth with moderation, not forgetting the sea which you are approaching."

While I am looking upon the river, a boat creeps stealthily out, anxious to get away without being perceived. It is evidently one of the Freshman boats, whose crew have just commenced rowing. The oars are tossed, and fall mostly to the wrong side. The mistake causes much confusion, and while the oars are arranged in their proper places, the poor boat rocks to and fro.

"Rock-a-bye baby, your cradle is green,"

shouts some one from the shore, whereupon there is a general laugh. "Larboard your starboard!" shouts another, whereupon there is a second general laugh. At length the crew is ready to "give way," and off starts the boat, describing, as she goes, a zigzag course, like some tipsy water-nymph. Each man seems to pull to suit his own time, and the oars describe alternate leaps and plunges. At length, after narrow escapes from "making a run upon the banks," the boat pitches forward to the bridge, and seems to have a strange fancy for one of the piles, towards which it goes "in fine frenzy rolling." In vain does the cockswain try to avoid the approaching catastrophe. Crack! goes the boat against the bridge, amid "the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds." For a few moments all is confusion; but soon the laughter from the shore announces that the boat has passed out of sight, with the loss of a hat, an oar, and two rowlocks. "What poor oarsmen!" I hear a Sophomore, in a colored shirt, exclaim. Not so fast, my friend. A year ago you displayed the same awkwardness, and it was only after many "crabs" were caught, and many assessments for broken rowlocks voted, that you attained your proficiency. Now in another year that Club will sell their old boat, purchase a new one warranted to race well, get a set of oars from St. John's, and laugh at the next Freshman crew.

One of the most important events in the history of a new boat club is the christening. I remember well the trouble we found in procuring a name for our boat, the "Arethusa," (uniform blue, with green facing and white stars,) and the joy we experienced when this suitable name was at length obtained. This finding a name was no easy matter. The shipping lists in the Boston papers were sought without success. "Arrow" and "Cygnet" were too common. "Lightfoot" seemed to imply a buoyancy to which our boat could not lay claim, as she was a substantial dame of the old school. "Mermaid" might do better; but who wants

to hear others call her "Feejee" or "Fishwoman"? We searched for pretty names of lakes and rivers in the atlas; but some objection was raised to every name proposed. Something classical, we concluded finally, would be best, — a name which would smack of the cloisters and require a lexicon to be interpreted. One of our number was going to cram on Longfellow's *Hiawatha*, while another kindly offered to find some mellifluous Chinese name. As names of most respectable nymphs, "*Oreithuia*," "*Kallianeira*," and "*Limnorea*" were proposed; but nothing suited, until, in a happy passage of the *Georgics*, we found the euphonious name of "*Arethusa*," — a *bona fide* nymph, strictly classical, who carried arrows and had yellow hair. "The arrows are symbolical of speed, and yellow is just the color of our boat," said we. What more suitable name could have been found?

Many golden threads are woven in my recollections of those early days of boating. I could then pull an oar sometimes without feeling that I was an intruder; for we were all, with few exceptions, poor rowers. Many happy hours did I pass, as *Arethusa* went down the river or swung lazily in the boat-house. One day is fresh in my remembrance, — a broiling-hot Saturday, when, with a friend and a volume of Tennyson, I passed the whole day in dreamy, luxurious idleness. We heaped together the velvet cushions with which our old boat was well supplied; and while the water was gurgling below us, and a light breeze rushing through the crevices of the house, we felt as happy as any Eastern monarch, sitting by his fountain, with pipe and baggy trowsers. Those days soon passed away. Now, my old *Arethusa*, my first love, that would not frown upon poor oarsmen and would never groan when dashed against the bridge, has departed, and in her old place hangs a frail, gaudy creature, who reminds me of the vessel in which the wise men of Gotham once journeyed. This new boat, to be sure, is a better racer, and (my chum says) much more beautiful than my old friend; but she is not half as good-natured. She is

uneasy, and the least mistake throws her into convulsions of rage. Not so with the matronly Arethusa. Still ridiculed by those on shore, still patient under ill-treatment, under a new name she carries her burden safely up and down the river. She is not turned by every little breeze that strikes upon her, but pursues her way quietly, and, if she is steered upon a bank, utters no complaint against the awkwardness of the crew. She will serve as a kind teacher to a new club; and when they have become good boatmen, they will cast her off for a more fickle beauty.

The faithful Arethusa is like many persons I have met in life, whose value is not appreciated. We think little of the services they have performed, or sacrifices they have made, for our sakes, and readily throw them aside when a showy rival steps in. Like such true friends is my Arethusa. She is one of many. Laugh not at her clumsy appearance, O my friend, but rather admire her for her virtues. If she is but a boat, she can teach us a lesson of patience. There is something in her very attractive, in spite of her bulky dimensions; and as she passes me slowly, she looks more beautiful than any of her swifter but more treacherous sisters.

Now, one after another, the boats come out from their dark channels, with their straw-colored sides gleaming in the sun. They pause for a moment; the word of command is given, and away they go, cutting the waters and leaving a long wake behind. I watch them until, the regular stroke of the oar sounding fainter and fainter, they shoot the bridge and pass out of sight. "Go on, O happy men of muscle!" I exclaim. "Enjoy your healthy sports while you may. Soon enough will the time come when you shall pull an oar in more troublesome waters. You may cut out for yourselves in College a famous path, like that long wake you have just left behind; but soon the waters of oblivion will close, and your path will be lost for ever." And with a last look at the river, now ebbing, I walk slowly back to my room.

Yes, soon enough will the time come when other Are-

thusas shall be pulled in this river. Other men like my chum will take their places at the oars, and other men like me will come to see the boats, and pass an hour in dreamy pleasure. The evening tide will summon groups of colored shirts, now unknown to Cambridge. I sometimes meet a friend who has finished his rowing days here. As he speaks to me of the old racing times, when he endured the hard training with oatmeal diet, I can see a sad smile play over his features, and he says, "Those boating hours were the happiest of my College life."

SPRING SUNSHINE IN HARVARD.

SOME have given to Spring the ideal form of a maiden pure, robed in green or white. But as Alma Mater, like that isolated old lady who dwelt in a leather foot-covering, seems to be troubled with a large troop of children of the male sex, and withal very fearful of female influence, I apprehend it may not be quite proper thus to personify her; yet it is quite convenient. The poet, I believe, speaks of the "soft breath of gentle Spring"; so the first token of her approach is seen, as her pure breath, wafted from the east, congealing, spreads a soft bloom over the jagged exterior of these old College walls. Your weather-wise, prosy people say, this betokens a storm; and you will hear these tarpaulined, rubber-booted, shawl-bound mummies, as they splash along to prayers, growling out, "I told you so." Torpid souls! these smart puffs of northeast wind and finely-splintered rain should suggest that the gentle maiden Spring is just awaking, and does but sneeze quite naturally, as other maidens do no doubt. Winter, like a testy old gentleman as he is, not liking his best cloak should be so bespattered, retreats in haste.

Leaving this charming simile, in plain words, the snow

soon melts; the well-known paths appear; green, tender blades of grass spring up in sunny nooks by Harvard and Holworthy; the old elms bloom into that misty hue so peculiar to the "*aëria, gracilis ulmus*." Again the robins coquet and quarrel amid the branches; the back-doors of Hollis and Stoughton are unbattened and thrown open to the west wind; John and his underlings begin to trim the paths. But Spring is hardly fair in the distribution of her favors; at sunrise, she looks in at Hollis, Stoughton, and Holworthy windows, with a pleasant smile, and such a maiden morning greeting as sets young blood aglow; and so from that direction come trooping a red-cheeked, brisk-legged set, all with ruddy faces, save now and then a phiz which reminds you of pickled mackerel, *cum cravat, sans colar*. But Massachusetts' front gets not a glimpse of sunshine, only an adulterated brick reflection from Harvard Hall, and the denizens look out on a clear, cold northern sky; and so thence come forth to prayers a troop of Norland folk, — tall, bearded Berserkers, short Lapland people, — a cadaverous, shivering crowd. While the happy denizens of Hollis, Stoughton, and Holworthy bask and smoke in the sunshine, we of Massachusetts sit in our dark, damp caves, with our heels to the fire, tugging at sluggish pipes, like so many bears sucking their claws and waiting for spring-time. However, the genial warmth creeps in everywhere at last. Economicus examines into the state of his coal-closet, and rubs his hands feelingly, as he reflects that there will soon be an end of fires. He surveys himself from his waist downwards: his pants *do* hitch up on his boots, and have a knock-kneed appearance; but then warm weather is coming, and he has a nice thin pair. His summer hat also is as good as new, quite nobby when compared with his old cap, that for ever reminds him, in the glass, of a Flat-head Indian. Opulens appears in the latest spring style, — a garb of coffee-bag texture, and such a cut as reminds one of the summer horse clothing, contracted about the legs of high-blooded

furniture. Plethoripus sits in the sunshine, with eyes half closed; his pipe droops on his breast; his left hand lies on his right heart; he is a ruminating character, and his thoughts run pleasantly *in prospectu* of asparagus, lamb and green peas, lobster-salad, and soda-water. Mark him, — he is a study. Even Plumbeus feels a subtile influence moving at his heart-strings; it stirs his sluggish blood; he grows affectionate, — pats with clammy fingers his next neighbor at recitation, or, coming up behind you on the College walk, brings down his cumbrous paw on your back, and then cuts away in a series of ponderous gambols, that remind one of the frisky elephant, or the slimy waddlings of a lively turtle. The Senior feels the influence of the season in the very pith of his bones. His apparent indifference — the distinguishing trait of a Senior — grows more sublime. See him at prayers or church; no bivalvular self-absorption could be more complete. One of these most grave and potent lately called upon me to suggest the propriety of trying my inexperienced legs, slightly trained in the Institute, in the higher walks of literature. He was quite a proper, pleasing gentleman. I stole a modest glance or two at his paternal aspect. It seemed to say: "Here 's the Harvard, a pleasant little pamphlet, to be sure, but we must leave it soon in the hands of you youngsters; for the world outside is in a sad state, completely run down; we shall have to wind it up and set it agoing once more." Your Senior is not really indifferent; but the spring reminds him of his responsibility. As he looks upon the springing grass, he thinks of Class-day, of the twinkling feet and bright eyes that will pass in review upon its green carpet, for his approval.

The changing spring changes your Junior too. His complacency grows more intense; he smiles almost in pity at the boyish exuberance of wild Sophs. "They have much to learn before they are men. Well, we used to be just such wild chaps in our younger days!" Why should he not be complacent? Will he not soon move into that paternal abode,

Holworthy? Shall he not soon have his serenades, dances, his Class-day, and his *cum gloria exit*?

Last winter, the Soph enjoyed himself royally, in his evenings, in boxing and like noble sports. In spring he goes a wooing; or not exactly that, but he feels in his bosom the lambent flames, and he plays off his various fascinations, as a sort of twilight fireworks, at the side of some chosen fair. There is no longer such a dearth of poetry in the Institute paper. He is growing sentimental; his unbearable conceit is changing into complacency: "Almost half through College — almost a Junior."

Green, tender twigs, — to be oaks one of these days, — which have been bent down by the storms and snows of winter, rise again in the warm spring sunshine. Hazing is over, and with it a weight of anxiety is lifted from the Freshman's heart. His back is quite straight; his shoulders are getting a fine, square set; and the spinal column is gradually acquiring that incipient backward curve so characteristic of the Soph. A happy man is he: "Now is the winter of his discontent," &c. The grass never was so green, the sky so blue; never did the birds sing such a jolly song as in this, his first spring in College. The other morning, I heard an amiable Freshman whistling that fine air set to the words,

"I'll away, I'll away like a pleasant boy,
And my task I so quickly will learn."

Ah! said I, there is a pleasant youth, — an innocent heart. He does not pony, but learns his "task" in the legitimate way. College has not yet begun to spoil him. He writes stunning letters home. That song was inspired by a fine spring morning and a good breakfast.

The spring suggests thoughts of gardens and gardeners. Every man has in his soul a little plat of fertile earth, a little garden of sentiment and the like. I am amused at certain peeps into these pet plantations of my neighbors, too often concealed behind a matter-of-fact board-fence, a wooden wall of reserve. I see then how those around me think.

Here is a nice range of bed, laid out primly, and set full of pansies, hollyhocks, crocuses, sunflowers, bachelor's-buttons, and dandelions. The gardener thinks them rare plants; and because they bloom in his garden for the first time, says, "Here is something new for me to look at." Here is a collection of plants and shrubs from every clime,—a "Botanic Garden," quite curious to look at; but the climate is uncongenial, and the soil barren, so the growth is somewhat scrubby. The gardener concentrates his energies to the task of cultivation. Look over this fence: here are aged roots of sage, dried stalks of last year's onions, some tipsy bean-poles, and a row of lean cabbage-stumps, sending out a few forlorn sprouts. The gardener is an admirer of the beautiful. It is a pleasure to converse with him, he so appreciates your talk of poetry and flowers. But here is green grass, and violets, heart's-ease, balm and balsam, and every healing herb. When I am in sorrow and need sympathy, I will ask the gardener to lead me through his garden. Here is a spot unfenced; I wish it had a high wall. It obtrudes itself under your very nose,—low ground, filled with marsh-grass, rushes, skunk-cabbage,—here and there a stagnant pool, nourishing the lowest orders of the vegetable kingdom. Do not disturb the green slime, nor stir up its vile vapors.

Here is a rare spot. I found it by the merest chance. A secluded dell, where are wild-flowers, columbines, the trailing arbutus, sweet-brier, the green banks of a babbling brook, overhung with grand old trees. Now I see why the owner of this fairy spot has kept it so hidden. There sits a maiden on that mossy rock; she is watching the water rippling around her ankles and over her white feet. The gardener is a charming fellow, if you can only get at him.

This bade fair to be a choice spot; but the gardener foolishly let the fires run through it, and has sown wild-oats among the blackened stumps and scorched shrubbery. It is true that he may raise some useful crop in his ground hereafter; but the flowers and young trees will never grow more.

COLLEGE DIALECT.

DRAW your cloak carefully round you, reader ; pull your gloves daintily over your white hands ; leave all your valuable property at home, and come with me into the lowest walks of life, where we shall find the truest worshippers of the goddess Slang. We shall find here a use of phrases totally unintelligible to us, and understood only by the persons using them. Ascend now a grade higher, and mix with men whose education was originally good, but whose business is not at all literary in its character. Although their conversation declares them men of no ordinary acquirements, yet every now and then a vulgar expression, picked up in their intercourse with the lower classes, shocks the refined ear. Language to them is merely a useful contrivance ; and provided the machine works well, it is a matter of no consequence if its appearance be unsightly and ungraceful. Perhaps a slang word may express the idea to be conveyed better than any other, and forthwith they adopt it.

But while slang is a necessary consequence of an incomplete education or the utter absence of one, do we not find it in high places, even in the very strong-holds of learning ? Although we despise it when we hear it used by the illiterate "rowdy" to praise his fire-engine, we are not so ready with our censure when we notice it in the conversation of any of the numerous aspirants for honors at the different Alma Maters of the land. Truly this omnipotent goddess has her votaries among collegians.

By referring to that much-read book, "College Words and Customs," we find a long list of terms, used only in the places where we should expect the most refined and elegant conversation. Every University has its peculiar institutions, and among them a series of phrases and words belonging to it, as different as possible from those of other Colleges. A man from Yale would never be mistaken for a Harvard

student, any more than a Western backwoodsman would be thought to be a "Down-Easter"; for the moment he came to speak of his College, his tongue would betray him.

The tender Freshman returns to his paternal roof after his first term, full of the importance of five months' study; and seeks to impress his less fortunate contemporaries with the peculiar excellence of the College he patronizes. In his description of the work required of him, and the work done by him, he is careful to intermingle in his discourse words as unintelligible to his hearers as the most remote Chaldee. Mysterious mentions of "sprees" or "toots" are made to admiring younger brothers, under vows of the strictest secrecy, while the number of "squirts" he has made in the term are paraded before his doting parents with ostentatious display.

How the Sophomore affects to despise the Freshman! How many degrading epithets does he heap on the devoted heads of these, his sworn foes. Hide it as you will, my dear fellow, you have much in common with the object of your disgust. You both use in your conversation the same college slang; and although you may excel the Freshman in many particulars, here you meet on common ground.

With the Junior year comes calm reflection. One half of the college course is over, and the student is prone to inquire whether the results of these four years of his life are to be good or bad. Certain it is, that his speech smacks strongly of his associations; and this, if nothing else, will mark him as belonging to the University. He is apt to adopt the moral tone in his letters to his brothers at home; and if any of them are destined to follow in his footsteps, he gives them any amount of good advice. Slang is not used by him now with the parade of the Freshman, nor does he think it the only way to express his Sophomoric disgust; but it has become quite natural to him, and takes its place in his conversation without any effort on his part.

The calm and placid Senior, when the last year which he

will pass with his class has arrived, cherishes each custom which in after life will remind him of his college days. Among these, he finds none more dear than the habit of using those queer old terms in familiar chat; and he loves to think of them, and laugh at the sound, so different in some cases from their meaning.

What student has not met in his vacation rambles with a graduate of his College, whose delight it is to talk over the old "doings and sayings" there in his time, and compare them with the present state of affairs? How strangely do the college phrases sound in the voice of one so much older and more experienced than ourselves; and yet he seems to love to use them. They are links in that chain of associations which binds him to his earlier life, and he likes to feel that the chain is still unbroken.

In spite of the oft-uttered imputation of vulgarity cast on the free use of college slang, I love it, and would not wish to see its place among our institutions unfilled. How many a thought would be left unuttered, if this ever-ready means of expression did not exist! What could so well express the joy of the Freshman's stolen pleasures, as that all-comprehensive word "toot"; or what the student's disgust in equal force with the term "scrub"? Other terms are full as forcible. For instance, take the words most commonly used. The word used to express a good recitation is "squirt." Now, any one who has, in his own case or that of others, observed a recitation of this description, will remember how like a torrent the stream of knowledge flowed from the reciter's mouth. Admiring classmates listened with awe, as, rapidly and steadily, the ideas followed each other in quick succession, until at last the reservoir was emptied, and the successful and envied individual took his seat, 'mid murmurs of approbation from his fellows. And the opposite. Any one who has experienced the reluctance to rise when called upon to recite, the utter helplessness of his situation when fairly "up," and the dull, dogged feeling

with which they returned the Professor's question with, "I don't know that, sir," — any one who has experienced these sensations need not be told how true to nature is the term "dead."

No, we could not talk half so freely, and our conversation would not seem half so pleasant, were it not for our "college words." Elderly female relatives may frown at them during vacation, and may stigmatize them as unrefined; but when, after our short six weeks away from our classmates, we meet again to resume our loose, friendly mode of life, we are eager to try our freedom by an unrestrained use of these same vulgar terms. And when, in the long winter evenings, we assemble around the fire in some classmate's room to sing and talk the hours away, does not the quaint old apartment seem to demand that it should have a language peculiar to itself? There are no other places on earth like our college rooms; and it is right that there should be a set of queer expressions to suit the queer old places. The college song abounds in college slang, the college jest is rendered more pointed by its use, and all our college associations are so woven in with it, that to destroy it would be to break up nearly all our pleasant memories of our life here.

EDITORS' TABLE.

WE have been somewhat amused lately, in reading the different accounts of a late rowing contest between the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, England, as given by various foreign correspondents of American newspapers. Some of these accounts are introduced by an excruciatingly elaborate exordium upon the total neglect of athletic sports in America, while others, humanely stifling their wailings till the last, in a painfully precise peroration, draw a gloomy parallel between the physical vigor of English and American students, much to the disparagement of the latter. Nearly all of them unite in a lugubrious lament for the entire disregard of exercise among Americans. The rueful-faced authors of these sombre epistles all appear to be mournfully croaking a dirge, the burden, or refrain, of which is "dyspepsia-ridden America," with all the zest and frenzy which inspire tuneful Freshmen while shouting the renowned exploit of old Captain Sullivan. Whether the authors meant to use these sorrowing Jeremiades as convenient vehicles, which would at once convey the intelligence desired, and at the same time save it from the tameness and insignificance of a simple news item, — just as Oak Hall advertisements placarded upon a funeral hearse would present a more unique appearance than staring from the comparative commonplace of a board-fence, — or whether the prevailing fogs of the land of beefsteaks and beer so restricted their vision that a minute examination of anything American was impossible, we cannot say. In either case, they have been singularly unfortunate in their lamentations.

To assert that there is a praiseworthy national love of athletic exercises in this country, would certainly incur a reputation for hardihood which we are not at all ambitious of obtaining; but that there is a lively interest taken in such exercises, a growing fondness for them exhibited by a large portion of the people, we believe to be neither a bold assertion nor a doubtful one. So, also, in regard to the disparaging parallel drawn between the habits of the English and American students, while we do not hesitate to admit the superior excellence of the physical education of the former, we do most unqualifiedly deny that the latter are "pale dyspeptics," "taking no interest in manly sports," "unable to toss an oar," etc., etc., *usque ad nauseam*. Nay, it is upon this very point that we are willing to take issue with these lachrymose croakers, and prove at the same time that there is an interest, and a strong one, taken by many in the result of a manly contest of strength and skill. Did the large gathering of people at Lake Winnipiseogee, upon the 3d of August, 1852, where the only attraction was a race between boats manned by "sedentary students" from two Colleges of New England, assemble without a motive? Was it to satisfy a mere idle curiosity, that "large parties were formed in Manchester and Concord, and excursion-tickets issued by the railroads," to attend the boat-race at the lake? Were the crowds of fair ladies and noble gentlemen who graced the banks of the Connecticut upon the occasion of a second match between the same Colleges, at Springfield, entirely apathetic spectators? And were the cheers, and fluttering of handkerchiefs, and waving of scarfs,

which greeted the victors, entirely unenthusiastic? But we are quoting instances uselessly. Our readers are as familiar as ourselves with other examples sustaining our point.

Thus much for the foreign correspondents; and now a word with the undergraduates of the American Colleges. What say you, brothers, to a grand regatta for all the Colleges of the United States, or, which in effect is the same thing, a rowing match between all the Northern Colleges. Such a contest could easily be made an event of interest, not to the various Colleges alone, but in a greater or less degree to the whole of New England. We certainly could not expect to equal the time made by our English friends at Cambridge and Oxford in their annual races, — they have superior advantages in their higher average of age, in a more thorough physical education, and, owing to a different manner of conducting regattas, in possible advantages attendant upon a favorable wind or tide; but we could excel them in the number of our boats, in the beauty of the display, and in the interest attending the result of the contest. Yale has her fleet of good boats and fast; Dartmouth has already rebuilt that navy so nearly destroyed by the merciless fury of its native element; staid, matronly Brown boasts her single six-oared, and only needs to be engaged in a race to have the number of her boating men quadrupled; and urban Columbia has just purchased her first eight-oared. Harvard, too, is well represented. With such inducements as these, we ought certainly to be able to institute here in America an annual or biennial regatta for all the American Colleges. Let us try one this year, at all events; and if it prove successful, we will make it permanent. Let those who wish to compete for the honor of their College so do, and let the others come with their light boats and gay uniforms to the selected rendezvous, and contribute their influence to the general interest of the day. What say ye, Yale, Dartmouth, Brown, Columbia, Harvard, shall we introduce a new institution into America?

PHYSICAL SCIENCE, not long ago received as a sort of foundling under the roof of the University, and graciously allowed the freedom of its cellar-kitchen, has at length become a power at Cambridge. The latest result of its growing influence is the new "Boylston Hall," which it has built and set apart for its own exclusive residence. Its situation in the vaults of University Hall was particularly uncomfortable, aside from the physical inconveniences of the place. It was surrounded by the odor of a literature and civilization which had ignored it, and which, even after its death, still gazed at it with the same unconscious stare. If, as Sydney Smith thought, it would be a hell to Macaulay to be forced to listen to false dates of the reign of Queen Anne, what a hell it must have been to Chemistry to live next-door neighbor to a literature which insisted that the original elements of the universe were earth, air, fire, and water! It is no wonder, therefore, that the first use which Science has made of its new-grown powers should be, to withdraw itself from uncongenial associates, and build for itself an edifice, whose extent could give exercise to its powers, and whose newness could not shame its youth. In short, in the language of common sense, Boylston Hall is to the undergraduate the scientific centre of the University. The finest chemical laboratory in the country is there open to his use,

and all the arrangements and regulations of the place are such as to meet the highest requirements of the devotees of science; while those whose tastes do not incline them to this department of study will find that the outside view of the building is wanting neither in the graces of artistic design nor in the solid merits of skilful workmanship.

STRANGE as it may appear, the editorial position does have its advantages. It brings one into contact with the mind of the community; it introduces one into a literary atmosphere, — and such an atmosphere! Ruskin's sky in the British collection is nothing to it. We will give an example. One of our corps, for no earthly reason save that he was an editor, received, the other day, a charming little triangular note, wherein he read, "The young ladies of 'The ——— Ultramarine Soc. for Promotion of Intellectuality' request the honor of Mr. ———'s company on Wednesday evening, April ———." We all congratulated our friend; and perhaps even a tinge of envy was perceptible on our cheeks as we stood on the steps, and saw the happy fellow, all glorious in the splendor of his "black with buttons of the same," step into the chaise which was to carry him to the little town where thrives the U. S. for P. of I.

Very wilted and generally haggard looked our friend on his return that evening. We had prepared a hot supper for him in the Sanctum; but he touched it not. He threw his note-book to us sitting around the table, and left the room. Turning over the leaves, until we came to Wed., April ———, we found there about half a page covered with memoranda, such as these: "Mem. To look up my Froissart." "Mem. To consult Freund on Derivations." "Mem. To re-read Art. Metaphysics in Encyc. Britan." etc. etc. Then came a dash, several exclamation-marks, and this: —

"A CAUTION.

"History, in volumes heavy nor few,
Alison, Bancroft, and Tytler too;
Fiction of every tongue and land,
From good Miss Sewell to bad Miss Sand;
Poetry, what of it books impart,
Ruskin's Painters, and Jameson's Art,
(Including whatever, in point of style,
Be perceptibly tinged with the Emers-Carlyle);
Grimm on Grammar, and Trench on Words,
Agassiz' Turtles, and Audubon's Birds,
Locke's Understanding, and Kant's Critique,
Considerable Latin, and still more Greek; —
In short, all literature, through and through,
From the Hieroglyphs to the last Review,
Let the foolhardy mortal take care 'to 'do,'
Who would venture to tackle a genuine BLUE."

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W. L. Garrison / 61

THE FOOTBALL GAME.

WE have among us a game of annual occurrence between the Sophomores, on the one hand, and the Freshmen, on the other. It took its origin, we make no doubt, in that antagonism of the Classes which the reader of our history will find so apparent in the intercourse of students up to the beginning of the present century, and which is also to be observed in the disabilities and privileges of the various Classes, and in the laws of the Government by which these things were regulated and defined. The time of its origin is of little consequence. If the game be beneficial, it deserves to be perpetuated, whether it be the child of to-day or of antiquity. If, on the contrary, it be injurious, it should be at once overthrown; and the longer the evil has existed, the stronger the reason for its immediate removal.

In mentioning the origin of the Football Game, we have also suggested its aim, which was to establish and perpetuate the artificial superiority of the one Class over the other, — of those who gained over those who lost the victory; to insure which, recourse was then had, and is now, to such means as we shall attempt to describe.

In the first place, the whole game is conducted with exceeding unfairness. We see, on the one hand, a numerous

body of disciplined men, well known to each other, confident of success, stimulated by their defeat in the former year, and thus in purpose, feeling, and action a unit. On the other hand, a squad of awkward Freshmen, hurried to the field on the third day after their first meeting, distrusting each other, with no bond of sympathy, with no expectations of success, awed by the united phalanx opposite, ignorant of the bounds, of the rules of the game (if there be any), — ignorant even why they are there, — scattered, irresolute, impotent. In the next place, the game is won by the exercise of deliberate brutality; or, rather, it is changed from a match at football to a trial of physical force and pugilistic ability. One may speak slightly of bloody noses, swelled lips, and black eyes; but we know not what is to prevent the infliction of more serious injuries, especially when many of the combatants are in that state of irresponsibility and uncontrol which has been the parent of so much evil to the world. To us, few things are more deplorable than to see God's image mauled and beaten; particularly when done, as here, without provocation or excuse.

We come next to the accessories of the game, which now cling to it, and have become as much a part of it as the antagonism of the Classes,—the unfairness and the brutality. We intend to speak plainly, and we affirm that large numbers — shall we say a majority? — of those who stand as opponents on the Delta, on the night of the Football Game, go there excited and maddened by the intoxicating cup,—*drunk!* Students of Harvard! does not the mention, even, of your disgraceful condition cause the blood to glow and tingle in your veins with shame? Have you so little self-respect, that you can dare to appear before many witnesses, perhaps not drunk yourselves, but at least banded together with those who are? — so little regard for that institution whose foster-children you are, that you thus wantonly expose her to obloquy and contempt? Are there not dram-shops enough everywhere, that you must make Harvard

College another? If no considerations of this nature move you, yet think to what you are liable, when, filled with the poison, you enter upon the contest, with your passions freed from every restraint. You may by drinking be rendered silly and harmless; you may—for different constitutions are affected differently—be made infuriate and dangerous. God help you, if, in this latter state, you do some harm you cannot mend when sober! But the preparation is only a part. After the game is over, it is customary for the victors to waste the night in debauch, and not unfrequently for the vanquished, as well. God help you, again, if you sow then a seed whose fruit you shall reap hereafter in bitterness and anguish!

For the evils, then, engendered by this Football Game; for the perpetuation of a barbarous relic of the past; for this unworthy barrier to the harmony of the classes; for the unfairness and brutality exercised in the game; for the attendant vices and dissipation,—for all these, what is the remedy? The immediate abolition of the game.

Members of the present Freshman Class, we appeal to you! In your own hands you hold the balance,—see to it that the wrong kicks the beam! When the honor of putting away this evil is within your reach, see to it that you stretch out your hand and grasp it! Fear not that you are abolishing a time-honored custom;—never grant that evil *can* be time-honored. Think you to incur reproach in acting thus? What reproach can there be in upholding the right? You will be accused of cowardice, perhaps. They alone will dare to make the charge who fear a disgraceful defeat when they are unsupported by your presence. “But the ‘honor of the Class’ is in danger.” Who is not ashamed to avow that the honor of a Class is sullied, because it attempts to reform abuses? Some one of you may say, “What good will be effected by my absence?” We answer, In the first place, you remove your support from wickedness. “Ah, but I intend to commit no such excesses as you have men-

tioned." You cannot countenance anything, without at the same time giving sanction to all its adjuncts and accessories. There is no such thing as a support by halves. You must support the whole or nothing. Your absence, then, will wash your hands of all complicity with the evil. Your example, too, may cause others to imitate you, — such, for instance, as are naturally timid, and, for fear of being isolated and singular, are induced to join the mass, when their consciences would bid them stand aloof. You will show your appreciation of fair play. You will show your abhorrence of that feeling which leads men who have felt oppression themselves to become the oppressors, when the occasion offers. Can you affirm that any one of these is not a positive good, and a sufficient reason for your absence? "But my withdrawal will render those who remain more desperate." What then? Is your duty any the less clear? Remember, that he who commits a wrong has always to answer for the consequences; whereas he who does right, as we all are bound to do at all times, leaves the consequences to his Maker, whose law he has obeyed. "We shall render our opponents boastful and vainglorious, and, when they are in our places, they will become the greater bullies from our refusal to meet them the year before." Once more answer, Whose is the responsibility?

Consider the conduct of Yale, not because you are unwilling to be distanced by her, but because her conduct was right; she abolished this game, although it was much less objectionable than our own. There, for example, at least a month was allowed to elapse before the match came off. In '56, the Freshmen challenged the Sophomores, but the challenge was refused, and no game took place. Last year, the next class of Freshmen repeated the challenge. But here the Government interposed, and threatened expulsion to all who should engage. Thus was the game abolished. Its abolition has been attended with the happiest results; no substitute has been sought, none needed. Shall we not

"go and do likewise"? Whether or not the students of Harvard wish to have it said that they are obliged to make reforms which their own manliness should spontaneously dictate, is a question that is to be settled, in at least one shape, by the Class of '61.

In conclusion, we express the opinion that the time has come for this game to have an end; it has performed its part, has annually received the plaudits of a gaping crowd, but now ceases to delight, and is about to shuffle off the stage. Its death, we think, will be attended with no commotion, but will be eminently easy and peaceful. A decent burial will be provided, though we cannot expect that the mourners will be many. And as for the obituary, we anticipate the pleasure of penning that for the October number of the Harvard Magazine.

W. Everett 189-

MARATHON.

HARD by Heracles' temple
Our leaders held debate,
And five would fain give battle,
And five the onset wait.

At length to brave Callimachus
Miltiades hath turned,
While Jove's own bolt rang in his voice,
And in his glances burned.
"Callimachus, it resteth
With thee," he said, "this day
If we shall crouch, the Persian's slaves,
Or sweep their ranks away.

"The last defence of Hellas
We stand upon this height;
To Hippias shall we basely yield,
Nor once for freedom fight!

"No, Liberty and Hellas
Our watchwords be to-day,
And we 'll for Athens gain a crown
Which never shall decay.

"If, by thy voice, our squadron
Prevail ere set of sun,
A nobler name shall yet be thine
Than brave Harmodius won."

And straight his voice for battle
The Polemarch hath given,
And the holy steers of sacrifice
Went up to the Gods of Heaven.

When lo! on Parnes' summit
Apollo's beams are cast,
And flash from helm and spear and shield
Of a troop descending fast.
Plataea's gallant thousand,
Grateful for deeds of yore,
They come with us to drive the foe
Away from Hellas' shore.

And since, whene'er from Athens
The clouds of incense rise,
Alike with us Plataea shares
The prayers of sacrifice.

"Now range ye for the combat!"
Our valiant leader cried,
"And on the countless Median host
Rush down the mountain side."

The central fight Themistocles
With Aristides closed,
The right obeyed Callimachus,
The left Plataea's host.

As rush the clouds down Parnes
Before the northern blast,
So down the steep to Marathon
In order ran we fast.

Aghast the Median viewed us,
And swift arrayed for fight.
His chosen bands the centre held,
The mob to left and right.

But on and on we thundered,
And burst on either flank,
As swollen in spring Asopus' floods
Burst roaring o'er his bank.

Away, away the coward slaves
Fly scattered o'er the plain !
Yet dear the price, — our bravest there,
Callimachus, was slain.

But lo ! the central squadrons
O'erwhelm our weaker force :
Not e'en the brave Themistocles
Can stop their onward course.

Then loud exclaimed Miltiades,
" Wheel swift, your friends to save ! "
And fast on Persia's noblest fell
Athena's conquering glaive.

And from behind the mountain
Flashed Phœbus' arrow red,
And, blinded by that heavenly dart,
Each Persian turned and fled.

" Pursue them to their galleys,
Take every hope away ;
The fetters they have brought for us
Shall be their chains this day."

And first hath Cynægirus
Seized on the massive prow ;
And still he clung, till the Persian steel
Felled him with ruthless blow.

Yet still his valiant brother
The deadly strife pursued,
And deep in many a Median's blood
His trenchant blade imbrued.

Nor then alone he conquered ;
For age to age shall ring
With Æschylus' undying fame,
Of mighty strains the king.

There fell the aged tyrant
Who sought a vassal's throne :
Six feet of Attic ground is all
That Hippias calls his own.

So closed the day at Marathon.
We left our gallant dead,
And straight returned to Athens' walls
With never wearied tread.

And when the Persians fondly
Turned Sunium's lofty brow,
The moon gleamed bright on those dread spears
Which laid their comrades low.

So sailed they back to Asia,
And told Hystaspes' son
How Persia's star was sunk in night,
And Hellas' freedom won.

And as we sallied forth at morn
To raise the funeral mound,
Two thousand chosen Spartan troops
Came marching o'er the ground.

One day too late, brave Spartans,
Ye came the fight to view ;
The danger ye indeed escaped,
Ye lost the glory, too !
Look down and see the trophies
Athena's arms have won ;
Your wreath shall never boast a flower
As fair as Marathon.
In vain, ye brave three hundred,
Your sacrifice for Greece ;
In vain thy death, Leonidas ;
First came Miltiades.

Then, while Athena's temple stands,
Be endless praise to those
Who lie beneath that lofty mound
Where erst they met their foes.

Nor here shall end our glory,
But eastward still the wave
Of Grecian arms resistless flow,
O'er conquered Persia's grave.
Eastward o'er Ægæ's ocean,
Eastward o'er Asia's land,
Eastward to Susa's lofty walls,
Eastward to Oxus' strand.
And eastward, ever eastward,
Shall victory's surges swell,
Till in the farthest East they join
With Ganges' sacred well.

And nobler empire, westward,
Shall fair Athena gain,
And her great names be ever sung
In learning's milder reign.
Beyond the Scythian forests,
Beyond the Ister's stream,
Beyond old Ocean's circling flood,
Her arts, like beacons, gleam.
Where'er for heaven-born freedom
Shall gallant fights be fought,
The eternal lesson shall be told,
Which sacred Athens taught.

In distant lands her glories
Shall sire relate to son,
And age to age for ever praise
The field of Marathon.

H. W. Frothingham

COLLEGE ÆSTHETICS.

"A PENNY for your thoughts" was the old saying; but now-a-days those sturdy beggars, the editors, demand one's thoughts as a right, without offering even so much as that paltry remuneration. In response to such a demand I deliberately shake my head, to use Ben Jonson's simile, as men do a bottle, to see "an there be anything in it." Hark! I think I do catch the faintest possible dash of an idea against the sides. What if I should discourse a little upon the College taste in art?

It has been remarked, that a man's character may be determined from the pictures which hang upon the walls of his house.* Let us consider the truth of this theory, and first we will look into the room of a newly arrived Freshman. He arranges his room in a neat and orderly manner; he has a place for everything and everything is in its place. (I allude in this sketch, of course, only to the typical Freshman, and ignore the many exceptions to the rule.) He rests satisfied for a time with "Heaven's first law," without any attempt at decoration; but soon, as his eye wanders from his studies, (this, however, rarely occurs during the first month,) he feels the want of something to break the monotony of the surface before him. His next weekly letter home suggests to dear mamma to whisper to kind papa or sister Jane that a picture would not be an unacceptable present for the approaching holidays, or requests that mamma will look and see if she cannot find some old prints to send for the decoration of the wall; which is

"so blank,
My shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there,"

he pathetically adds.

* There is a similar saying of national songs: "Show me a nation's songs, and I will tell you its character."

Christmas comes, and with it a nice new engraving in a gilt frame. General Washington, perhaps. I believe that worthy graces the apartment of the model Freshman in the "Sketches of College Life." Allow me to stop here to say a word in commendation of those admirable prints. How faithful and vivid is the portraiture! The youthful Freshman sits in his straight-backed chair slightly bending over the lesson for the morning. A solitary oil-lamp casts its feeble beams around the little table, with its few books and the half-finished letter to "Dear Mother." His cap hangs upon the wall, and beside it the old-fashioned alarm-clock, with its pendent weights, and the picture of General Washington before alluded to, which brings me again to my subject. Full of joy our friend unwraps his picture, puts it upon the table or leans it against the wall, and views it now in this light and now in that. Then down comes the cap with a jerk from its peg, and he runs to procure a brass-headed nail and some stout red cord wherewith to suspend his treasure.

Our student, however, is not willing to stop here; he determines to save from his spending-money, which is usually in the form of a weekly stipend, enough to adorn his apartment with the above-mentioned College Sketches. These he obtains toward the close of his first year; and now what would you say was the character of the young man, judging entirely from his pictures? Stop a moment, however. I have overlooked one manifestation of artistic feeling, which commences in the Freshman year, but is more strikingly displayed in the succeeding year; I mean the patronage of image and medallion venders. I will suppose that our friend, after delightedly examining the stock of one of these peripatetics, has selected two medallions, — a Holy Family and the head of an old man, with hat awry, the smoke escaping from his mouth that he has inhaled from a pipe which he holds in one hand, while the other grasps a foaming tankard of ale.

With such data, then, what opinion would you form of

our Freshman? I think that you would say that his pictures of College life indicate that he is a student, and proud of being one. His Washington shows that he is determined faithfully to perform his duties, and that he cherishes a high and noble ambition to be at some future day an honor to his friends and perhaps to his country; his medallion number one shows his desire to comply with what he deems the correct taste in art,—that is, his desire to acquire a taste and knowledge which are at present beyond him. Medallion number two, alas! excites painful forebodings in your breast. You see that a spirit of emulation of the fast has arisen within him,—faint, it is true,—a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, but which may overshadow his whole horizon, and with its tempests dash to the ground his fair ambition. He will not long, you apprehend, be content with gazing upon the pipe and cup; soon his sweet innocence will be musty with the fumes of tobacco, and intoxicating beverages will incline the twig to the bent of the old man in the medallion. So far, then, the practical working of the theory is extremely satisfactory.

During the second year much greater attention is paid to decoration. More pictures, statuettes, and medallions are procured, and the rooms, to use the College phrase, “are fixed up *goudy*”; but the pure taste of the first year is dying out. The use of this word “*goudy*” indicates the change of feeling,—men desire pictures no longer for their own gratification, but for ostentatious display. They seek for high-colored prints, and are not satisfied with the modest white of their statuettes and medallions, but turn artists themselves, and embellish them with brilliant colors. I recollect that a classmate of mine had a whole row of medallions, of which he had colored the entire groundwork red, leaving only the relief in its pristine purity. The Freshman may be compared to the Pre-Raphaelites, who were content with simple truth, and the Sophomores to the later artists, who seek effect first, and truth secondarily. In the higher Classes I

hope that many will be found like the modern Pre-Raphaelites, so called, who, loving pure nature, recur to original principles. The Sophomore, in his choice of subjects, too, exhibits a widely different taste from his Freshman compeer. Sporting scenes, animals, nymphs, goddesses, ladies of the ballet, and the like, are his delight. Nor do the Junior and Senior differ much from him in this respect; but they seek finer engravings, and are not content with mere brightness of coloring. Among all this variety, the task of deciphering character becomes almost as difficult as Champollion's Egyptian picture-reading. Caution is very necessary in the application of this as of all other theories; it must not be pushed too far, or we may fall into gross blunders. To illustrate: there hangs in my room an engraving of Sargent's "Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers." Now I venture to say that an opinion of my character based upon that picture would be totally wrong. Firstly, I am not a Pilgrim, except in the sense that we are all pilgrims in this vale of tears; secondly, I most decidedly am not a father, nor do I expect to taste paternal joys and anxieties for some time to come; and, thirdly, I am no great admirer of those old sectaries, that is to say, although I respect their energy, self-dependence, and the courage which feared nothing earthly, and even sought to expel the devilish by a judicious application of the halter to those whom they esteemed his Satanic Majesty's most favored adherents, — although I respect their manliness, — I have extreme distaste for their stern and narrow-minded theology. So, my friends, your guesses are all wrong, but I will say, in explanation, that the picture was a present; and it must be borne in mind that pictures very often are the gifts of friends, as in the case of the Freshman's first, and therefore you should always ascertain whether the pictures were the choice of the person whose character you wish to read.

What dear friends our pictures become! They are always with us when we are at home, and, if good ones, we never tire of them; new beauties continually disclose them-

selves ; unlike mankind, familiarity with them never breeds contempt. I always like to watch the stealthy creeping of the little terrier, alert slyness expressed in eye and ear and limb, as he draws near to snatch the bone from the very jaws of the huge mastiff sleeping before his kennel ; and who would ever be wearied with gazing upward at some beautiful face which always returns its pleasant smile, never complaining of neglect, as the best of wives often will, — they say, — and never teasing by caprice or coquetry, as the kindest mistresses often do ? How cosy and comfortable they render a room which without them would be hardly habitable ! Why, one could better spare his sofa or his easy-chair. In the hour of my departure from this life (College life of course), I shall console myself with the thought that I have not to part from these companions of my studies and pleasures, at least, but that they will go with me to other scenes, one of the pleasantest mementos of four years in Cambridge.

E. L. Mott & F. C. Dickinson - 59 -

THE BOATING REPUTATION OF HARVARD.

In saying what follows, we disclaim any intention of arrogating any superiority of knowledge or sagacity over many others here. We say it because we think that somebody ought to speak on a subject of interest to us all. And so we proceed to express our individual opinion, praising what we like, and unreservedly finding fault where we see cause.

Not only boating men, but those students who are so unwise as to neglect this most delightful exercise, must feel deeply interested in the result of the coming season of boating. Are we to regain our reputation, or has our glory departed, never to return ? Our boating prestige was evidence that, while we could still send out the

most finished scholars in America, we could also here, in Cambridge on the Charles, not unsuccessfully emulate the aquatic prowess of Cambridge on the Cam,—that we were endeavoring to rescue Americans, so far as Harvard could, from the reproach of being a nation of dyspeptics. Let us, then, try to give a brief review of the attempt to acquire a boating reputation amongst us,—the temporary success, the sudden series of defeats.

But how are we to find the materials? We have in vain attempted to pry into the secrets of the past. At the witching hour of night, we have implored the one half of the first boat-house (where now lie the Sabrina and Oneida) to tell us of the times when, with its twin half, the present paint-shop, it covered the four boats which then constituted the Harvard fleet,—when the first Oneida held undisputed supremacy. But it only creaked ominously throughout its crazy length, and then held its peace, almost to our surprise. We find it impossible to learn anything of the early history of Harvard boating, except that the boats were used for much longer and more frequent trips than ours. One of the crew of the first Oneida told us that they often went to Long Island and Hull, and once to the Great Brewster Light (ten miles from Long Wharf), and back, on Saturday. Even the adventurous men who went to Nahant last summer must hide their diminished heads, although their excursion was an instance of audacity with us unparalleled.

The boating fever did not rage with much violence before the arrival of the first Oneida. Continued practice, long pulls, and the novelty of success in adjacent waters, soon prompted our men to make more ambitious efforts. Something was said about a pull at Winnipiseogee between our men and the men of Yale; but no great noise was made about it. Our men took their best boat, the Oneida, then about ten years old, built for a six-oar pleasure-barge, but altered to an eight-oar race-boat! Soon came the news of our victory; then followed mutual congratulation, swell-

ing pride, and new-fledged confidence. We next heard of the triumph at Springfield, in better boats; this raised our exultation to its height, and the victory in the superlative Harvard on the Fourth of July followed as a matter of course. We all knew how it would be; if we were successful in old boats, how could we help it in new? But we hear strange things about the prowess of the Volant Club; it has been said that, if they had rowed on the Fourth, the palm might have been differently awarded. A match is brought about, not much desired by either party. We hear that the townsmen are in training, and doing well; we smile compassionately, and say, "Very good,—as good as can be expected,"—and eagerly double our bets. Reports of extraordinary trial speed reach us; we do not waver, but think with undiminished confidence of that long stroke, which is destined to tell on the third mile, when they are exhausted by their rapid rowing. And—we lose our money. The evidence of our eyes is hardly enough to convince us of our defeat.

Well! we were overmatched that time. They had the choice of position and the better boat,—they are extraordinary oarsmen, the acknowledged champions of Charles River. Perhaps they can beat us; no other crew can. Our courage rises again. There is still the Beacon Cup. The Volant is sold, and her crew have disbanded, and the Union Club alone remain; for the Uranias we can hardly call antagonists. We enter now no crew from a single club, but the Harvard, manned by eight stalwart oarsmen chosen from the whole College.

We are so badly beaten, that an accident at starting alone prevents the Union, with six oars, from coming in actually ahead of the Harvard, with eight oars; even as it is, she laps on the line, only half a second behind.

Now here we are, flat on our backs, and what is to be done about it? Are we going to lie there, under the deep mortification that fell upon us as the Boston boat crossed

the line, and took the prize, amid the cheers of the by-standers? We do not think we are going to do anything of the sort. We have now an excellent boat, built by the men of St. Johns; but that alone will not gain us the prize,—the boat must have her crew, and be rowed. How can we row her, and how shall we? She can be pulled by six men who can stand comparison with any six taken out of three hundred,—six good men, strong and true, each one able to endure his share of the pulling for three miles without suffering, or at any rate without flinching. We have here six men who may be chosen six weeks before a race, and will then go conscientiously through a course of vigorous training, and win against any of our previous antagonists. There can be no question that we have such men among us. But have we shown them? Not in the last three races, at least. We do not know that we ever shall show them; they are rare, at best, and only a peculiar combination of circumstances can bring them together. Before they can be selected and rendered effective, there must be an absence of envy, and complete obedience to an elected leader. The Harvard Club came near enough to this perfection in its constitution to show what might be done; but though it became clear before the last race where the dead wood was, there was not the virtue to throw it overboard, and for want of this we lost the race. Can any one suppose that the Harvard, with a crew properly trained, so that the sides were as well balanced as when the boat started, would have lost ground as she did at the stake and on the home stretch? With two men on one side exhausted at the stake, how could the exertions, however powerful, of the other two be otherwise than ineffectual? Some of our oarsmen say that training is useless, or at least practically deny its efficacy by disregarding the rules. That men have over-trained cannot be denied; but we need not fear that; we should find it difficult indeed, with our habits of laziness and self-indulgence, to over-train. We will ven-

ture to say, that no man has ever been over-trained here, strictly speaking. A man may have felt weak after leaving off some indulgences, exercising much, and sleeping no more than usual; but it was not giving up these indulgences that weakened him,—it was the not having given them up before; not too much exercise then, but too little exercise before; not too little sleep then, but too little sleep before. We gained our reputation partly by good fortune, but more by indisputable ability. The whole thing was new, and in the Yale men we had rivals greatly inferior to the Charles River boatmen. We settled ourselves down to the work with a will, and won accordingly. Perhaps the same exertion would not now enable us to beat the Volant crew, but it would at least do all that patient, faithful training could do to put us on a level with them. There would be no more soda on the sly. We have been assured by two members, that in no one instance did the Volant crew deviate from the rules of training. Now, if they, who were ordinarily heavier men, by an average of fifteen pounds, submitted thus patiently to this discipline, should our lighter men, who take much less daily exercise, deny the necessity of training? Does not our negligence in this respect, in part, at least, explain our defeat? We, who are not professional oarsmen, cannot dispense with regular training. Professional oarsmen might be supposed able to dispense with it; but they do not, and that is conclusive evidence that even they need it. Wine, coffee, and tobacco may be very good in their place, but that place is not in a race-boat, nor in its living contents. What we want in this matter is concentration of purpose,—a want that is evident in all we do, in our study and in our exercise; we fritter away time and mind. There is none of that English hardihood and endurance displayed in their twelve-mile constitucionals, in the abandon with which they throw themselves into their active sports, and the determination which enables them to undergo a course of cramming for examination, which would

be impossible with our nervous students. Our cramming is of a less wholesome description. With harder exercise, we should have harder students: we want pluck. We cannot expect, unless we change radically, to equal the English in their long four-mile and five-mile races, but we ought to come nearer them in a three-mile race. The Cantabs are ahead of us in stamina, and this superiority is what tells on the third mile. Witness our last defeat; if a man has a soft spot, the third mile is sure to find it. We are equal to any for a momentary spurt, which depends on the nervous exertion of a few moments; but when dogged persistence, gameness, even under probable defeat, is required, we are wanting.

But granting that we must yield precedence to the English, must we also confess our inferiority to our competitors here? There can be but one answer with regard to American students; we claim superiority over them, and are ready at any time to make good our boast, as we have done before. But are we to submit to be called unable to contend successfully with any oarsmen, students or not, of our own age? To this we can only say, that of late we have failed signally.

But the Volant men are much larger than ours: we cannot get such a crew. What then? we do not wish to. Are long legs and body of any use in a boat? these are what make weight. Middle-sized men have always been considered the best on the march and in the field, and why not in a boat? When the St. Johns crew rowed against the oarsmen of Indian Town and Halifax, the heaviest men were not the winners, nor were they in either of the races between New York and St. John. We grant that great stature and size are majestic, but majesty we don't want in a boat; it is heavy, and cannot pull its own weight. It is a mistake to suppose the Volants beat the Hurons by their weight; it was their severe, conscientious training, their stern determination to win, when it must have been agony to one of

their number to row, and, finally, their scrupulous attention to details, however trifling, that gave them the victory. They paid less regard to appearances, and although it may have consoled some to hear that our men did their work so handsomely, for ourselves, we cannot say it alleviated our mortification much. To speak only of sheer strength, the largest men are not the strongest. The chest, arms, and shoulders do the work in pulling, and a short man is more frequently broad-chested than a tall man. And even when the taller man has the broader chest, he has more to do with it; the short man devotes to expanding his chest and shoulders the time which the tall man requires for cultivating his legs. Topham, the English Hercules, was about the middle height, and weighed ordinarily a hundred and fifty pounds. Roussel, the famous French athlete, was not five feet high.

Then, how to account for our defeat by the Unions? The only excuse offered is that they were older and more experienced oarsmen. If they were more experienced, whom have they to thank for it? Certainly young men in offices and stores have less time to practise boating than we, who are close to the water, and, by timing our study with a little care, may go out at almost any hour.

For the future, we see no reason to despond, and no sense in desponding; certainly nothing is so prejudicial to our prospects of future success.

H. G. Spalding, bo-
Editor.

MENS SANA

In corpore sano, of course; but there is at present no lack of enthusiasm in regard to the development of limbs, chest, muscle, and other portions of that useful appendage of ourselves called the body. While, among the barbarians of the outside world, the pungent satire and plain common-sense

of "Saints and their Bodies," together with the *Autocrat's* graphic descriptions of boating and sparring, are inviting men to the neglected pleasures of exercise, here in Harvard no previous term has witnessed such attention to out-door sports and in-door gymnastics. A better ornament to our noble Delta than Dr. Follen's Gymnasium can be seen almost any evening or pleasant Saturday, when a shirt-sleeved multitude from every Class are playing at base or cricket, in a manner that would excite the admiration, even if it shocked the taste, of Tom Brown and his fellows of Rugby. Surely our boating, boxing, fencing, and ball-playing, not to mention the "Harvard Gymnasium," are rapidly hastening us to that millennial day so anxiously desired by one of our Editors, when the "first scholar of his Class can also claim the high honor of being the stoutest oarsman of the College."

There is, however, such a thing as mental, as well as bodily health, and *mens sana* is quite as desirable a possession as *corpus sanum*. Obviously the sports of the Delta, and the rowing on the Charles, are a small part of College life. Nor is the picture complete when we add recitations, lectures, books, friendships, pleasures: it is supposed that we are attaining a growth of mind, that books, lessons, and intercourse with men are making something of us, either with or without a direct aim and purpose of our own. There seems to be here a phase of our College life too little noticed by ourselves, and therefore seldom represented in these pages, which give, in the main, so faithful a transcript of our customs and thoughts. In treating of this subject, it will of course be impossible fully to describe the actual state of intellectual character among us. I can only imperfectly present my own ideal of what this character should be, and state the helps and hinderances to its formation.

One of our best essayists, in a recent article in the *Atlantic*, uses this term "intellectual character" as denoting the "last and highest result of intellectual education, and the indispensable condition of intellectual success." Both the

term and definition are good, and no faithful student can deny that the attainment of such a character is the true work for the scholar, and the possession of it the best means for gaining influence, usefulness, real success. I know there is a theory which we all favor more or less, that would make this student life of ours quiet, passive, and receptive, and would allure us into the belief that, by patiently resigning ourselves to a routine of lessons, and a cursory acquaintance with books and men, we shall somehow be educated. But the sensible student will never rest satisfied with such an education, and the man who thinks to hide himself beneath an artificial structure, which is thus built up around him, will see his delusion when the first rough wind of life blows off his false trappings, and leaves him alone in painful consciousness of his real weakness. Look at men of influence, at those whose "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" are continually infusing new life and vigor into society. You feel that such men are not mere bundles of habits and book-learning, but intellectual forces, whose power over your mind you can no more resist, than you can walk beneath a hot sun without feeling its warmth. Their names stand for thoughts and ideas, as chemical symbols for the elements. No matter what may be the surroundings of such men, with what party or "ism" they are connected. Melody in music, it is said, lives through the ages, while the harmony in which it was clothed is mostly forgotten. And in men of influence it is this melody of mental force, this diapason stop of intellectual character, that we hear above all other tones; and we listen to it with reverence, for we feel that it is the beating of a great soul, the utterance of a noble mind that speaks, because it has looked for itself into the innermost truth of things, and has earned the right to speak.

Look now at our College life in reference to the helps and hinderances which it offers to our attainment of this force of mind. First, the hinderances, and prominent among these is the conservatism of a College. I do not mean to say that

a College undergoes no change in the progress of the age, and continues to copy all the forms and rules of former periods of its history. Would that in our own College something were preserved of the spirit of her early days, when Mather and kindred spirits dealt their vigorous blows at the philosophy of Aristotle, then prevalent in the schools, without fear of being termed eccentric by their classmates, or of shocking the nerves of an Overseer. Yet a College is naturally conservative. Carlyle has defined a College tutor as a man "whose whole world is forms and College rules, whose notion is that these are the life and safety of the world." Moreover, the constant analysis of dead languages, and the continual dissection of dead men's thoughts, are not calculated to fit men for giving life and health to other minds. But let us not find too much fault. That venerable dame whom we affectionately call "*Alma Mater*" gives us so many sweetmeats, pats us so cleverly when she thinks we do a smart thing, and is on the whole so indulgent to our many foibles and weaknesses, that we need not be over fretful about her slowness and her chronic rheumatism. To speak plainly, hunkerism in College, like hunkerism in church or state, is not a very formidable thing for a youthful spirit to meet. It can use neither force nor torture, and we shall not find it a very hard matter to be live men if we will, in spite of any fogyism which we find here.

A worse form of conservatism exists among ourselves, and is one of the greatest anomalies of our student lives. That age, with its reverence for the past, and its love of ease, should be conservative, is by no means wonderful. But that men who have youth,—“youth with its elastic vigor, its far-darting hopes, its generous impatience of prudent meanness,”—that such men, instead of taking life afresh, and learning for themselves what is truth, should suffer themselves to be moulded into tame patterns of the views, purposes, and habits of others, is strange indeed.

Perhaps a partial explanation of this fact (for a fact it is,

and, though somewhat extraordinary, will hardly be denied by any man who has had a year's experience in College) may be found in the character and surroundings of our College life. Each successive Class, in its habits and general pursuits, is in the main a repetition of every other Class. Our College rooms present nearly the same appearance, and witness almost the same scenes, term after term. Each New Year's night the Freshman is expected to perform his expedition round the same tree where former Fresh have been, while the Faculty with the eyes of Argus and arms of Briareus keep noiseless guard around. When he becomes a Soph, he must indulge in the tame and spiritless jokes of hazing, for other Sophs have hazed; and when, at last, he appears at Exhibition, he hides his fair proportions beneath the same black toga whose ample folds have swung with the eloquence of former Classes. If we stopped here, it would be well enough. But, unfortunately, in our mental culture we are the same imitators, the same actors of other men's parts. There is a philosophy quite prevalent among us that tends to check all spontaneity of thought and originality of expression.

The Germans give to a character imbued with this philosophy the name of *Philistine*, which signifies that "narrow and positive character made up of commonplaces and conventionalisms," and which contents itself with "clever manufacturing from established formulas and admired patterns, instead of creating from the life." The reflecting student will find that this "*Philistery*" is quite as common in American Colleges as in German Universities. We generally think that originality is the peculiar possession of great men, and that the student who strives to be original must crib all his thoughts and expressions from others,—as if our intercourse with great minds should serve only to make us depositaries of their ideas and servile imitators of their expressions. True, there are excesses into which an earnest student is led, when he sets himself against this tide of

conventionalisms, and seeks by faithful self-reliance to make a frank and manly assertion of his own life, and looks at the broad fields of Truth with his own eyes, and not through the spectacles of near-sighted men. He will often think he has discovered a new truth, when he has only reached an old one by a new way. He will appear dogmatic and presumptuous in his speech, when he is but giving utterance to truths which he has felt, and which have become such a part of himself that their utterance is almost spontaneous. But how much real enjoyment does such a man find in his intellectual culture, and how much more welcome are his words, than the dull repetition of platitudes and generalities which we hear so often!

Perhaps I have dwelt too long on negations, and have represented College life as offering nothing but hinderances to our attainment of intellectual character. Yet, after all, the "helps" to our development of mental force we must chiefly find in ourselves. We need first a conviction that intellectual character is the only object worth studying for, that acquisition of knowledge, and showy accomplishments, without force of mind, are cumbersome and useless. Then, with the freshness and energy of youth, we have only to labor faithfully, and the end is ours. How we all admire a man seeking to realize this ideal of a scholar's life! He strives not so much for a high place in the College rank, as for some place, however humble, among living intellectual forces. He is as far removed, on the one hand, from the men whose highest aim is to coin body, mind, and soul into the figure eight and its multiples, as, on the other, from the self-satisfied crowd of idlers, who make the false assumption that the majority of faithful students hurt themselves by over-study, the excuse for their mental laziness and indifference. Believing that "rank is but the guinea's stamp," he is yet careful to gain the guinea, knowing that a dollar's worth of silver is as good as the coined money. He makes a hearty and manly use of all the privileges and pleasures of his

College life. His mind neither wastes away from want of nutriment, nor becomes corpulent and gouty from over-cramming. His intellectual growth is like the growth of a plant, which by means of a vital force within assimilates to itself the nutriment which it receives from without. He knows that the world will not care so much whether he has been through College, as whether a College has been through him, and also whether it has been like a freshet, that passes through a meadow and covers it with sand and flood-wood, or like rain and dew, which cause the flower to grow and blossom with its own natural beauty and fragrance. He is catholic and generous in his views, and, if I have not already taken too many liberties with my ideal student, I should write as his intellectual creed the lines of Goethe : —

“ Open world and generous living,
Long, full years of honest striving,
Much inquiring, much new-grounding,
Ne'er concluding, often rounding,
Reverence for what's oldest, truest,
Friendly welcome for the newest,
Cheerful heart and purpose pure,
So — our onward way is sure.”

OUR OPERA-GLASS.

O. H. / 57

My look-out is in the fourth story. My chum is a lazy dog, and, of course, grudges the expenditure of muscle needed in ascending three flights of stairs. So he has devised a labor-saving machine, proving, as he often does, that laziness as well as necessity has a claim to be called the mother of invention. Theoretically, the invention is a good one. In the model, an easy car swings gently up the required elevation, and the only exertion necessary on the part of the occupant is to step in at the window. In prac-

tice, however, a difficulty arises ; the machine is constructed on the principle of the pulley, and my chum's knowledge of mechanics informs him that, if he raises himself by it, he will, in the end, have to exert rather more strength than he would if he went up on his legs. This same idea had occurred to me. I hinted that the invention would have to be thrown aside ; but he informed me that he did not apprehend any difficulty, and then, with the profoundest gravity, said that, as I was an active man, he expected me to do the hoisting. I remonstrated with him, but he would listen to no excuse. He mildly but firmly insisted that a certain amount of exercise was necessary for my health ; moreover, he told me this particular kind of exercise would bring into active use the muscles of the chest and back, and that thus, without expense, I should gain a physical development of which any man might be proud.

Happily for me, however, this plan has been abandoned ; and since we have got an opera-glass, my chum has conquered his aversion to stairs, and now spends most of his time in looking out of the window. One day when he was in an unusually philosophic mood, he clambered up into our west window-seat, and, with his pipe in one hand and glass in the other, gave me, from that eminence, a description of what he saw, adding thereto sundry moral reflections of his own, suggested (as he said) by what passed beneath him. From some notes taken at the time, and filled out from memory, I am able to present the following report of his monologue.

"This window-seat, you will observe, is situated so that from it I look out upon the College Yard. I see the new Chapel in process of erection ; two or three masons stand on the half-built tower, waiting for a stone, which is slowly ascending. From this distance it looks like a spider, hanging from its thread ; now it reaches the top, takes its place, and becomes part of the structure. So in society. Each individual is designed to fill a certain station ; some form the

foundation, others are the pillars, one becomes the capstone, while the general mass of society corresponds to the plain, unadorned blocks which make up the greater part of the building. By the aid of my glass I can see fragments of ornamented blocks, lying half buried in the sand, which were evidently designed to occupy a distinguished position in the structure, but which have become unfit for use. The white gravelled walks run down from all the buildings, and converge to a focus of bright sand in front of University; so in life, all our various paths at last lead down into the valley of the Shadow of Death. Two or three students are leisurely walking up the path towards Holworthy, and on the green carpet under the elms, where golden buttercups are scattered as thickly as stars, a little girl is filling her basket with dandelions. Now I will sit in the other window, and tell you what I see from that.

"Near by is the new flagstaff, on top of which is perched that majestic fowl, so beloved by Fourth-of-July orators, ready to fly into the teeth of every breeze. Maybe a peacock would occupy this conspicuous position with rather more propriety, being notoriously a vain bird. Beyond the flagstaff lies the Common, dotted over with young trees which ought to have been set out half a century ago; and, farther away, a flag is floating over the Cambridge Arsenal: with my glass I can count its stars. On a little eminence stands the Observatory, with its bald head bared to the sky. But now for the passers-by. Here comes a girl with a fair, thoughtful face, in which there is a look of seriousness and cheerfulness combined. When you meet her, she does n't smooth her hair and rearrange her shawl, as many girls are in the habit of doing, for she is n't thinking of her appearance. She casts a quiet, careless glance upon you, as she would upon a tree, and, however vain you may be, you cannot flatter yourself that she wastes a single thought upon you; her mind is probably occupied with something better. I am not acquainted with her, but I am sure she has a deep,

earnest nature and a pure heart. Her face is neither pretty nor handsome in repose, but capable at times, I think, of the highest beauty, when flushed with a fine thought or a graceful fancy. It's quite refreshing to meet such a girl, although I never expect to speak to her; in fact I'd rather not speak to her. The illusion might be destroyed. I met her, the other night, with two or three books in her hand, going home from school, and after she passed me and thought herself out of hearing I just caught the sound of a pleasant tune she was humming. I thought it was the natural bubbling over of a happy heart, and I said, she is pleased to go home again, to mother and the children. You may say the song was inspired by the thought that supper was ready and waiting for her, and it may have been the fact; but I hate facts, — I'd much rather have my illusions than all the facts in the world.

"Here comes Minnehaha; her face is something between pretty and beautiful; whatever you call it, it is provokingly charming. I'm afraid she is a little bit coquettish, and has a spice of womanly vanity, which, however, one cannot help regarding with tenderness, when it is associated with so much that is winning. Her complexion is as brilliant 'as if her veins ran lightning'; woe to the unhappy wight who dares approach her, for Cupid hangs out his crimson banner on her cheek, and from her eyes shoots forth a hundred arrows winged with flame.

"And here follows that remarkably smooth-faced, smooth-coated, gentlemanly-looking fellow. If he speaks to you at all, it is always with much politeness, if not condescension; generally he has a light and gracefully careless air; 'he can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily'; but somehow his smile is a little chilly, and he laughs with his mouth, never with his eyes. Sometimes he chooses to consider himself in earnest, and then nothing can compare with his serious gravity, for he puts on his face as he does his coat, for the occasion. He never said anything worth remembering, and never will.

"Some workmen passed here, the other day, and I heard one of them say, as he looked at a party of young aristocrats, sauntering down one of the paths, 'Well, I wish I was a student here.' Heighho! I am a happy man, I suppose: I did n't know it. 'You are spending your happiest days now,' an old man said to me when I was a school-boy. I did n't think so then, for I would much rather have chased butterflies, or made bouquets of buttercups and dandelions, than have stayed in the school-room that pleasant afternoon. A business man called here, a little while ago, and said, 'You are spending your happiest days here in College.' Perhaps I am; I can see now that I must have been very happy when I was a school-boy, and perhaps I shall know some day that my College days were very pleasant. It's a pity one does n't know it at the time. Ah, my poor friend in shirt-sleeves! you are as happy as the majority of men: you have health and strength; 'your brow is wet with honest sweat'; some one at home is lonelier when you are away, and happier when you return; your face would hardly be a sculptor's model, but somebody admires it.

"Among all the sights that move in this little panorama of life which passes beneath my look-out, none interests me more than the drooping figure of an old man, whom I see creeping through the College Yard almost every day. When Winter retreats to the north at the approach of Spring, in his flight he leaves a portion of his mantle on the mountains, where it lies long after the blue-birds have begun to sing. And what is this old man, with his bent form and dreary aspect, meeting youth and strength at every step, but 'Winter lingering in the lap of Spring,' or a fragment which Father Time overlooked when he bundled up and laid away the remnants of the Past? I don't know a single scrap of his history or experience, but no doubt, if we could read the pages of his heart's story, we could learn from it a lesson which would make us wiser men. Very frequently we who take our opinions from hearsay utter with careless lips

a truth which was distilled from the lifeblood of some lonely heart. From the habit he has of lingering about these old College walks, I imagine he was once a member of this University, and now a hundred chains, unseen, but strong as links of steel, bind him to this spot. I may be mistaken, but I thought I saw his face light up with a sad smile, like the misty sunshine of an autumn afternoon, as he passed an open window whence came the sound of laughter and College songs, as if he remembered the good old time when he perhaps in the same room had listened to the same jokes which draw forth inextinguishable laughter now. Pass on, old man, and leave the world to the new generation that is coming forward. Soon you will rest, and somebody will drop tears on your grave, as the last leaf falls from the oak upon the earth, and is drenched by the sad autumn rain, and gives place to the new leaves that are starting forth.

“And now the sun is taking his evening walk down the west, into his garden of roses. The worthy janitor is shutting up the buildings. He pauses on the stone steps of Harvard and looks around somewhat sadly, as if he were thinking of the time when some new janitor would be cursed for ringing the morning bells. Ah! where wouldst thou now be, if *all* the prayers to which thou hast summoned us had been granted? It is not soothing to be waked out of pleasant dreams to a consciousness of the dreary world we are living in, where

‘Each matin bell, the Baron saith,
Knells us back to a world of death.’

If thou leavest us, noble janitor, to whom will the Freshmen look for assistance and sympathy in their many troubles? — for, whoever is our Alma Mater, thou surely art our Almus Pater. Thou art an institution. Freshmen apply to thee for information, as at any intelligence-office, and make thee their ally against the ruthless Sophs. Impracticable locks are obedient to thy touch, and obstinate doors fly open at thy approach, as did rusty gates in the olden

time at the touch of an enchanted wand. Farewell, old friend ; if thou must leave us soon, be assured that thy kindly face will long remain in our memories, and, wherever thou shalt go, our best wishes will follow thee.

“ Well, chum, I have wasted time enough at the window, and now you may have our opera-glass to flourish at the Howard.”

*W. G. Gordon/58-
Ed.*

THE LOSS OF THE CENTRAL AMERICA.

The eager vessel proudly cleft its way
Across the wide expanse of sea, that back
To distant stars returned each wandering ray,
And mirrored half the brilliant zodiac
Upon its glassy front, as ebon black ;
A long white line of foam told where the keel
Stirred the still waters in the vessel's track,
As glistening hoar-frosts on the turf reveal
Where Winter's vanguards first with silent footsteps steal.

The passengers lay bound in sleep below,
And dreamed of homes they were no more to see ;
While softly passed the time with steady flow,
In channels smooth, from whirling eddies free ;
So lay the gentle night upon the sea,
And bade the hosts of timid stars appear,
And spangle o'er the high-arched canopy
With beacon-lights, whereby the mariner
His wayward course across the trackless sea might steer.

Clear nights not always harbinger a morn
As clear ; an hour will cloud the fairest sky,
And human calculations put to scorn :
Tempestuous was the day that hovered nigh
A night, to paint whose beauty who should try
Would fail for lack of words ; he might portray
The common features such as meet the eye,
The sky, the sea, the stars, which ta'en away,
The hush, the calm, the soul, of night untouched would stay.



Pass o'er the days of storm, nor pause to tell
Of driving sea and drifting foam and spray ;
How heavy rain-drops, dancing seaward, fell,
While 'mid the struggling waves the vessel lay,
And toiled and panted on its homeward way.
But never might it stem th' unwilling tide,
Nor ever conquer in such ill-matched fray ;
In vain to stir the wearied engine tried ;
The wheels, bereft of life, hung still on either side.

The only hope the storm had left them there,
Their only chance for life, they freely gave
To those who least that little chance could spare, —
Those who of Nature's gift of vigor have
The smaller share. Thus ever are the brave
True to the promptings of their noble souls,
Though on the brink they totter of the grave ;
For most the ruling principle controls,
When fate to human eyes the final page unrolls.

As Alpine valleys, that spring days have dressed
In verdure fresh and yet unfaded green,
Tempt the dread avalanches from the crest
Of jutting cliffs the sky and earth between,
And fearless smile upon the treacherous sheen ;
So looked the passengers along the wave,
No trace of fear upon their silent mien,
Till it would seem that every heart was brave,
So fearlessly they stood above their yawning grave.

The while the captain from the useless wheel
Looked calmly on the ruin all around, —
Gave kindly answers unto each appeal
For life that thrilled in every look and sound
When sinking hearts despairing utterance found.
No hope he had to give, yet every tone
Replete with sympathy stole from the wound,
That it must give, the sting ; while of his own
Large faith he gave to those who else had died alone.

Thus stood the noble throng, awaiting death ;
And death came soon, — when, with one struggle more,
The vessel sank the opening sea beneath,
While baffled waves above, with angry roar,

Closed the fierce eddy of the waters o'er ;
One cry, half stifled, human nature gave,
That died away long ere it reached the shore,
And mingled with the voice of winds that rave,
And, all unheeded, chant a requiem o'er the brave.

'T is well that song should honor noble deeds,
And wreath a garland round the hero's brow ;
Nor can he only claim such praise, who bleeds
On battle-fields with patriotic show :
A nation's grateful tears for such men flow,
And soothe the sorrows of the friends who weep
For them whom thus the fate of war lays low ;
Such deeds a sure and early harvest reap,
And last when time has levelled o'er war's furrows deep.

But there are deeds that all the world should know, —
Heroic deeds that must not be untold,
Though kings and conquerors unhonored go
To lie forgotten in their graves, and cold ;
While such deeds live, the world will ne'er grow old, —
Its youthful strength ne'er waste in slow decay, —
For they will leaven all, around them rolled,
And give new life even to senseless clay,
And life restore to moulds whence it has passed away.

And bright names are the very life of song, —
The sparkling foam on crested waves, that beat
'Gainst rugged cliffs, a short-lived, merry throng.
'T is well that songs a kindlier welcome meet
That celebrate brave deeds, as flowers are sweet
With fragrance other than their own, that bring
Back memories of those they loved to greet
To men who still to this world's life do cling,
While Winter robs them of the gifts of early Spring.

HERNDON ! what brighter name is there than thine,
In the long list of names that merit praise ?
An ocean rolls above thy favored shrine,
A nobler monument than man can raise,
Eternal as the flow of countless days ;
The very storm-winds, as they sweep it o'er,
Cull from the tuneful waves the whispered lays,
Wherewith the waters for thy death deplore,
And chant the mournful dirges to the listening shore.

COLLEGE RECORD.

A COLLEGE REGATTA.

WE are happy to chronicle that the proposition in our last number, to institute annual or biennial regattas between the Colleges of the United States, has met with general favor. A correspondence was immediately opened by Harvard with other Colleges. Answers were received from Brown, and soon afterwards from Yale and Trinity, which resulted in the appointment of a meeting of delegates at New Haven, on the 26th of May, 1858. Each of the above-mentioned Colleges was represented, and resolutions were passed appointing 4½ o'clock in the afternoon of Friday, July 23d, 1858, as the time for holding the first regatta of the American Colleges. Measures were also taken to make the regatta a permanent institution; if the first proves successful, the time for holding the next will be immediately announced. We append the rules adopted for the regulation of the race.

1. The race shall be between undergraduates of the different Colleges, including the graduating Classes.

2. Each College may enter one or more boats at discretion.

3. Boats may carry coxswains or not, as they choose.

4. The course shall be three statute miles in length, and two courses shall be surveyed before each race, one straight, the other a mile and a half and repeat. It shall be determined on the day of the race which of these courses shall be rowed.

5. The positions of the boats shall be determined by lot.

6. An allowance of twelve seconds per oar shall be made in favor of smaller boats.

7. Any boat crossing another's bow so as to make her alter her course shall thereby be disqualified to take the prize.

8. Each College entering shall appoint an umpire. These umpires shall choose a referee.

9. A set of silk colors, not exceeding twenty-five dollars in value, and bearing a suitable inscription, shall be presented to the winning boat. The expense of the colors shall be apportioned among all boats entering for the regatta, as entrance fees.

The race this year will take place at Springfield, Massachusetts.

BOWDOIN PRIZES.

ON Tuesday, June 8th, President Walker announced the following assignment of the annual prizes from the Bowdoin Fund.

DISSERTATIONS.

Resident Graduate.

TO LEONARD AUGUSTUS JONES, A. B.

Senior Class.

TO GEORGE EDWARD POND, a First Prize.

TO HENRY BROOKS ADAMS, a Second Prize.

Junior Class.

TO JACOB ABBOT CRAM, a First Prize.

TO FRANCIS BALCH, a Second Prize.

COMPOSITIONS.

Latin Versification.

TO GEORGE WASHINGTON COPP NOBLE.

Greek Prose.

Four compositions were offered, none of which were deemed worthy of a prize.

OBITUARY.

At a meeting of the Sophomore Class, held Friday, May 24th, the following Resolutions were adopted:—

“ Since it has pleased the Almighty and All-merciful Father to take from this world the spirit of our classmate and friend, Ebenezer Francis Thayer, at Avignon, in France, on May 1st, 1858, therefore

“ *Resolved*, That we record here a sincere tribute of respect for his memory, honor for his virtues, regret for his early removal from us, and sympathy for his surviving kindred.

“ *Resolved*, That it becomes us to recognize, with special esteem, the integrity and purity of his personal habits in College, the courtesy and gentleness of his manners, and his kindness of heart.

“ *Resolved*, That in the peculiar circumstances of his death, which came very suddenly upon him, in a distant land, in the midst of his youth, and while he was seeking health, we find an impressive admonition of our own frailty, and a new invitation to be earnest Christian men.

“ *Voted*, That a copy of these Resolutions be forwarded to the nearest relatives of our deceased classmate; that, as the usual badge of mourning, crape be worn on the left arm for thirty days; and that a committee, consisting of fifteen members of the Class, be appointed to attend his funeral on the arrival of the body in this country.”

. The list of Exhibition Parts will appear in the next number.

EDITORS' TABLE.

HERE it is June already, the apple-blossoms are just preparing to go to seed, the buttercups are out all over the College Yard, every flower has shown something of its fair face, only our lovely Maga is behind time. She is almost ready to make her June appearance, only she must have this final ribbon for her back hair. It's a pity, pretty Maga, that you should be kept waiting. You ought to be the first of June flowers. But perhaps it's better to be a little late than to emulate the conduct of those great flaunting belles, the Atlantic, Harper's, &c., who, pretending to come out in June, absurdly appear in their summer costume in the middle of rainy, cold, east-windy May.

Now, readers, having convinced Maga that she has lost nothing in your estimation by waiting, we owe you some explanation of our backwardness. Maga did n't know it, but when she was blandly ordered to stay in her room for a certain time, she was in prison, under arrest for debt. Our fair flower was in danger of being a prison-flower, and wasting her fragrance among insolvent debtors. She would have withered and died, poor thing, had she not been bailed out by her friends. Perhaps it was our fault, as Editors, that this delay took place. We were wrong, it may be, in supposing, when we began this volume, with so long a list of subscribers, that the students would pay their subscription. For this fault in judgment, we ask your pardon. Then, again, perhaps it's your fault. Even the academies out West publish their effusions, without danger of having their utterance stopped for want of support. It would n't be a pleasant thing to tell of, outside, that we could n't keep up a College periodical, while exchanges for June have already come to us from Colleges that we declare are inferior to our own. The Editors have tried to issue the Magazine the first of every month, during their past year of service, and may they not justly ask for a corresponding promptitude on your part in paying up?

THERE was to be an Editors' meeting in the evening, and we had n't got our expected contribution ready. We have a horror of writing or reading two or three pages on any subject. A man who can do very well on a dozen pages, is apt to be drivelling and tedious in a couple; and so we sat idle, striving to hit upon some expedient that should fill up the Table and not tire our readers. Suddenly we thought of Sheridan, and determined to prepare an impromptu. So we sat down and wrote some Latin rhymes, intending to startle the editorial corps with them, in the evening. When we had got together and had been talking over our claret-lemonade half an hour, we managed to get out of a Senior Editor a tirade against cold water.

"Talk of being jolly without punch!" said he; "why, a man might as well rave about getting the gout off Graham bread." "But," we suggested, "our temperament may be naturally cheerful, and we may be able to feel tolerably gay even on cold water." "My dear young friend," said the Senior, mournfully, "don't bring such ideas here; — there's a radicalism about your conversation that is very displeasing to a person of my conservative habits. I'm sorry," he con-

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Colley

tinued, "that a young gentleman of your ability should abuse his talents in so shameful a way; you can't be jolly on water alone. Nobody ever said, or wrote, a good thing in favor of cold water, spontaneously, and off-hand. It's impossible that there should be any real enthusiasm on such a subject. The idea of a man's getting lyrical over a jug of fluid that has neither color nor taste! There never was a Temperance lecture that was n't labored at beforehand, like a prize essay, with a vision of dollars to inspire the drudge." "Will you test your philosophy?" asked we. "Yes; how, — by a drinking match?" "Not at all," said we; "but do you sit down in that corner, over your punch, and we will go into this one, with a glass of water, and then, at a signal, we will begin to write a drinking-song. The man who gets up the jolliest one gains the case for his creed." The Senior agreed, and we took our places. It was decided, at our suggestion, that the songs should be written in Latin, and, as the mathematical Editor gave the word, we started. The defender of punch got through before we did, whereat we were dismayed, (as we were writing ours down from memory,) and then he sat winking at us through the bottom of his empty tumbler. "Read first," said he, and so we chanted the following to the tune of "Lauriger Horatius."

"Celebremus socii
Optimum Lyæum,
O cantemus socii
Poculum Lethæum,
Gratias persolvimus
Libero pro donis,
Pocula incinximus
Roseis coronis.

"Invocemus, proprie
Libantes, Futuræ
Et præsentis, Evohe!
Bacche victor curæ!
Gratias," etc.

"Juremus solemniter
Jusjurandum grave,
Demus juveniliter
Jusjurandum suave.
Gratias," etc.

"Vinum nos potabimus,
Si quis pejerabit
Ad flumen portabimus
Et in aquis nabit.
Gratias," etc.

"Vita nostra redolet
Vini cum odore,
Vita omnis enitet
Vini cum colore.
Gratias," etc.

"That's not a drinking-song, that's an elegy," shouted the indignant Senior. "It's what might have been expected from water; it ought to be croaked by a man with a cold in his head. Just listen to this!" And he briskly sang, to the tune of "Litoria," these stanzas.

"Si pauca quis vocabula,
 Omne poculum,
 Et dicit infrequentia,
 Omne poculum,
 Iacchus ejus excitat,
 Multa vina fundite,
 Vocem et indolem movet.
 Omne poculum.
 Replete vos ! replete vos !
 Multa vina fundite !
 Replete vos ! replete vos !
 Omne poculum.

"Quicunque sed est eloquens
 Omne poculum
 Bacchantium morem sequens,
 Omne poculum,
 Meroque vino deditus
 Multa vina fundite,
 Furit poeta inclytus.
 Omne poculum.
 Replete vos !" etc.

The applause with which this was hailed announced our defeat; to cover our retreat, however, we mildly ventured a Greek translation of our own elaborate impromptu, and had, with faltering tongue, got through the first verse,—

"Δοξαζῶμεν, συμπόται,
 Ἄριστον Λυαῖον,
 Ἀειδῶμεν, συμπόται,
 Κρατῆρα Ληθαῖον,"—

when we were completely silenced by being reminded that there was no prize awarded this year in that department.

MR. BARTLETT, with commendable prudence, has arranged the treasury of the Magazine on the principle of the intermittent spring. The short arm of the siphon he places in his own office; the long arm reaches down into Holyoke Street. When the treasury is full, the siphon of course begins to work, and the machinery of the Printing-Office, which is carried by the outpourings of this siphon, is put in action, and the Magazine appears punctually at the beginning of each month. But when, alas ! the treasury runs empty, there is nothing to be

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done but to wait till the rills of its support have replenished it. This theory both explains the reason of our recent suspension, and points to its remedy.

Having become, in investigating the causes of our recent troubles, somewhat interested in the theory of intermittent springs, we determined to write our editorial on the same principle. Accordingly, a week ago we shut down the flood-gates of our utterance, hoping to accumulate such a fulness of wit that, by simply inserting the siphon, we could draw off the whole into an editorial without any exertion on our part. But theory has not here been sustained by practice. The causes of the failure we cannot now stop to investigate. The publishing Editor has been sucking away at the long end of the siphon for the last half-hour, but without as yet accomplishing any visible result. The horrid thought flashes across us that he has, without our knowing it, been sucking out our precious wit the whole time, intending to spout it forth again in the columns of the Magazine as his own. If anything should appear at the end of this, suspicion would be converted into certainty.

("Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus." — *Vide Seq.*, PUB. ED.)

illeg

"It is humbly suggested that the Class of Fifty-Eight vote, before leaving Cambridge, to stock the trees in the College Yard with squirrels. Their memory would be kept, by such an operation, not exactly green, but gray, until the creatures perish from the earth. By such action on their part, too, all unseemly gathering on the steps of the various buildings, after dinner and tea, would be put an end to; we should have enough employment for our leisure time in feeding and petting the little animals, while the members of the Nat. Hist. Society, who have lately shown a commendable interest in scientific research, might combine with their amusement much information as to the habits of *Rodentia*, provided it was decreed that two students and a squirrel should not constitute a group. Squirrels would look better, and behave better, among the elm-branches, than canker-worms, who are, just now, the only regular denizens of the trees. — The experiment has succeeded admirably on Boston Common and in Park Street Churchyard; why should it not succeed as well here, where the elms are much finer than in town?"

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H. A. Clapp, '60

PHYSIOGNOMY.

"Actions, looks, words, steps, form the alphabet by which you may spell characters." — LAVATER.

In listening to the shallow, every-day gossip about men and characters, one cannot fail to notice the repetition of such remarks as these: "He is a very different man from what he seems to be"; or, "His appearance very much belies his character." I have often heard such criticisms as these upon persons whose outside seemed to me the best possible evidence of their real nature, and the surest guide to it, so that at last I have become a thorough believer in the claims of Physiognomy to be ranked as a science. Perhaps, however, I should define my use of the term "science." This word is commonly applied to a collection of truths that have been reduced to a system, and have been printed in books; they can be taught thoroughly and completely by word of mouth, and, as a general thing, their laws are few and simple. It is upon the ground of such a definition as this that the title of "a science" is denied to physiognomy. It certainly can never be reduced to a system, nor can it be directly taught; but do these facts interfere with its claim? Is it not possible that certain facts may be referable to laws

so intricate and varied in their nature, that even a small part of them could never be written down? If the laws are true and unchangeable, the science is just as real for all that, just as any science is a genuine one as soon as it is discovered, and not when the results of the discovery are given to the world. That it is one of the greatest sciences, is proved by the fact that it is the only one of which all men pretend to have some knowledge, and also that a part of it seems to belong to every one in the form of an instinct. The knowledge of it will be almost essential to the bashful and retiring man, if he expects to improve life at all, or at least to enjoy it. He may be squeezed up in a corner of the ball-room, having slight Terpsichorean abilities, or lacking confidence in what he has; but for all that, he will enjoy the party, and carry away more good from it than the young gentleman there whose separate parts are invisible in the whirl of the waltz. All have felt what a pleasure it is, in a company where we are slightly acquainted, to employ the time in watching the faces and motions of those around us, and to try to deduce the character of each one from the expressions of his face, and from his voice and manner.

The attempts which some persons (like the author of the quotation at the head of this article) have made, to determine character merely from feature, and to give charts and directions by which every face we meet is to be measured and the owner's character rightly guessed,—all such attempts are, it is needless to say, entirely useless, for the simple reason that no two faces are exactly alike. The author of this system succeeded, as he thought at the time, in representing all the varieties of face by four hundred types; but these have proved entirely insufficient, and so would any number that he could have drawn. Perhaps the features may be the data for determining the character and amount of a man's intellect. Judging from the faces I see around me, I should think it might be so. There is Chatterton, whom I only know at a distance; nothing can be easier

than to trace the great, and at the same time delicate and refined intellect, that shines out through the finely-moulded yet firm features. The broad, high forehead, the distinct and nicely-drawn eyebrows, the "sensitive nose," and determined chin, point at once to a mind clear, strong, and healthy, yet delicate in its organization. And there is Johnson, another classmate of mine, with large, coarse features, and forehead broad rather than high, which tells the same story that the surly Dr. Johnson's portrait and life do.

But, in making an estimate of a man's real character, the expression, or rather expressions, of his face, must be the only sure and infallible guides. We look to these for the report of his passions and ambitions, of his hopes and fears, of his energy and perseverance, and of the habits of his mental and moral life. I for one believe entirely in the truth of expression, and I do not think any face can be expressionless. The very epithet "expressionless," which we hear so often applied to the countenance, conveys the whole truth in most cases, and therefore every face is, in its relations to Physiognomy, full of expression. It must be that the prominent passions and desires of the man will be exhibited in his face, and, as the face is constantly changing with every thought and emotion, we may read there what most engages his mind and occupies his thoughts. If an effort be made to conceal the natural working of the countenance, we shall see evidence of the effort. And if the stronger parts of character can be clearly seen in the face, does it not seem natural, nay, almost inevitable, that the minor points of character may be displayed there, and may be readily seen by the experienced eye? The skill that some great minds acquire in this noble study seems almost incredible, and, after reading some of the accounts of it, we may easily believe that the Swiss minister could tell a man's disposition by seeing him drop his money into the contribution-box. The only use, however, to which most people can put their small stock of learning, is to assist them in fully

understanding the characters of those with whom they are acquainted. No presumptuous dabbler should dare at once to form estimates of mind and disposition, as he meets men for the first time ; that privilege is reserved for the professors of the science. But it is well for all to study the characters of their acquaintance, in a charitable way, by the light of physiognomy, for it will save a world of mistakes and disappointments. And (if I may be pardoned the allusion) setting aside all silly sentiment, a knowledge of the principles of this science, combined with a modicum of common sense, would prevent many of the unhappy matches that fill the lungs of the parties concerned with the uncomfortable and poisonous sulphur of fireside quarrels and domestic misery.

Setting aside all the more sober and serious relations of the science of Physiognomy, it will be found both amusing and profitable to pursue its study here in College to some small extent. It is true that, with few exceptions, all the students might be divided into three classes, namely, those who know nothing at all about this subject, those who know a very little, and those who know a little about it ; but there are some of us well qualified to fill the professorship of Physiognomy, when one shall be established. I do not pretend to much proficiency myself, but there is my friend Cassius whose abilities I cannot sufficiently admire. The action of his mind upon any difficulty presented to it may be compared to that of a set of strong, well-polished masticators on some tough food. The incisors predominate among his mental teeth ; he can't bruise so well as he can cut, and, from constant and violent use of his intellectual dentals, he has got into the habit of laboring over everything he meets, so that he sometimes errs through being too deep and scientific. Cassius's look is suggestive of keenness ; his eye is full of "eager unrest," and the excited and continued action of his mind has worn away much of his flesh, so that his body has grown wedgelike, after the fashion of his intellect.

Sometimes, when he has become greatly elevated, (I mean mentally, for he is a tee-totaller,) and is particularly and painfully nervous, I am tempted to exclaim, with the great Cæsar : —

“ Let me have men about me that are fat ;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o’ nights.”

Excepting these trifling peculiarities, he is a very agreeable companion and a good friend, and it is one of the greatest pleasures of my College life to have him come to my room and discourse on character in general, and on characters in particular, as he sees the faces that pass by my window. He seems to read them all by a sort of instinct, and can interpret every look and motion. Sometimes, when reading, I have looked up with an unpleasant feeling, and found his eyes fixed upon my face in the attempt to unravel my sensations as I read. Few know what a gift he possesses, or are conscious that, as he walks quietly about in the crowds of students, he is studying the expression of each one, and forming an estimate of each one’s character.

In many respects our miniature world here bears a strong resemblance to London, as Goldsmith describes it. Here one can find friends, be his temper what it may ; here one can see all manner of tastes and feelings, as well as all kinds of faces. From my window I can see them all as they pass to and fro from recitation, and it is curious to observe that, though no two resemble each other, yet every one has that real College-faced look about him that enables us students to recognize each other wherever we meet, better than any Freemason’s grip. Each of the Classes, too, has an expression of its own. And here comes a Junior now ; I can tell him by his air of aimless and self-satisfied inanity.* If Nature really abhorred a vacuum, (as philosophers once supposed,) how she would abhor the interior of his head, and how quickly would his skull collapse, as bladders do over

* This article was written for the September number. — Ed.

the air-pump. There is something, too, worse than inanity in his face; his character, as you see by his expression, has something hypocritical in it. The cringing manner and smooth-faced address point to a toadyish disposition, — and there 's no redeeming "jewel in his head," I fear.

And now one of my classmates is passing. He goes by the name of "Ludvig von Beethoven" among his friends. His is a good face. The thick eyebrows and large features, with prominent chin, show energy and decision of character. The mouth and eyes are a musician's. The predominant expression of his countenance is determination; perhaps there is more resolution than charity in it. He is the type of the hard-working, talented men, resolved to be and do something. His eye shows you his ambition, and one can see by his smile that he has large "self-esteem," although he is not vain. After all, perhaps a man's smile affords the best clew to his character. I know there are a hundred different smiles for as many occasions, but one of them always predominates. Beethoven has stopped to talk with some one now, and, judging from his look, I should say he was receiving a compliment. His manner of taking it is characteristic; so many have been paid him in his day, that he does not mind them much, but receives them as a lion might his beef from his keeper's hand. How different his appearance from that of the little man there, whose smirk and smile betray his delight, although he strives to conceal it! Yes, smiles are the great telltales! If a man's face is constantly wreathed with them, you may predicate that his character is not very deep, although he may abound in good-nature and cheerfulness. In all such instances the face becomes like a clear piece of glass, through which the color of the light within shines out; it may be clear and bright, or blue and sulphurous. But the smile of some men, whose faces are usually dark, reminds me of the uplifting of a black furnace-door, through which one can see the glowing flame and red-hot metal. I am waxing extravagant, and here comes a young gentleman whose appearance will drive away any-

thing excited and unnatural. There is no need of the swaggering gait and listless air, my friend, your face tells the whole story at once. "There can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes."

There is "Vox Populi's" bright, cheery face, and quick, energetic step. He will be dashy and popular wherever he is, and a favorite with the ladies. As a general thing, I have observed that the same elements of character which are necessary to make one popular with the fair sex are necessary to one's popularity everywhere. There is a great deal of human nature in men, as well as women. Close on "Vox Populi's" heels comes "Torpidus," whose appearance is suggestive of dropsical complaints; and, after him, my friend "Junius," with a keen, intelligent face, full of strong animal spirits. The expression round his mouth is somewhat bitter, and his character suggests the taste of a ripe "button" pear, — juicy, strong, decided, and puckery.

Among the last comes a young man, whose character is not to be determined at a glance. His voice and manner of conversation, too, perplex a keen observer. They seem indicative of vanity to most; but I do not think that is exactly their significance. They show rather too much "self-consciousness," and a nature somewhat introverted. He is too anxious for the good opinion of others, and wishes it for its own sake, and not because he is vain of his abilities, or thinks he deserves it. His companion is bantering him now, and an expression of pain comes over his face. What has caused it? The remark was playful, and had no real point to it; but he cannot draw the distinction. The head is too old for the shoulders, perhaps, and his physical nature seems entirely subject to his mind. He wears his nerves in his coat-sleeve. The world will brush him hardly, and rub off his corners with no gentle touch. In ten years, if I mistake not, a great change will have been wrought in his character, for better or worse.

The crowd has gone by, and it is time for me to stop my

prattle. I trust that my light gossiping over this great subject will give no one a poor idea of the study itself. One cannot learn the simplest elements of the science in a score of years, how much less its minutæ! The learning of youth will always be crude and imperfect; the perfected wisdom will come only with years of experience and observation. But, when it does come, it brings its reward with it. I cannot conceive of a nobler gift than the ability to see through the characters of men at a glance. To one endowed with this faculty, the faces that are riddles to most will be full of meaning and significance, and no veil of hypocrisy, though carefully drawn over the expression, will obstruct his sight, or make him err in his judgment.

W. H. Keighler / 59

A RUINED CASTLE.

YONDER glen is wild and gloomy:
There the moonbeams' chilling light,
Wandering o'er the ruined castle,
Haunts it through the lonely night;
And so cold and pale the glimmer
Of the moonlight's mystic ray,
As it flits about the ruin,
That it seems the ghost of day.

Years have fled, since first that castle
Reared in air its haughty head,
And its ancient lordly masters
Long have slumbered with the dead,
And the flood of old time, rushing
On its never-ceasing way,
Has been wearing with its surges
Wall and arch and turret gray.

In that hall, so cold and lonely,
Once was heard the voice of mirth;
And the serpent flame went writhing
Upward from the blazing hearth,

Casting on the vaulted ceiling
 Shadows strange and undefined,
 As the wild and crazy fancies
 Flickering in a maniac's mind.

But the hall no longer echoes
 With the sounds of joy and mirth,
 And the ashes damp are lying
 On the cold, deserted hearth,
 And the crumbling walls no longer
 Listen to a mortal's tread,
 But 't is whispered it is haunted
 By the spirits of the dead.

FORCED WIT.

E. Wetmore/bo.
Ed-

"Qui captat risus hominum famamque dicacis
 hic niger est, hunc, tu Romane, caeseto."

THE old proverb, *Poeta nascitur, non fit*, might be read, *Dicax nascitur non fit*, and it would still retain its pithy truth. Yet the aspirants for poetical fame — the romantic school-girls who publish "The Softly-sighing Zephyrs — A Song" in a corner of the morning paper, and the sentimental youths who write lugubrious odes to the moon — are few in number in comparison to those whose chief ambition seems to be to gain the appellation of a "funnie dogge."

Now we hold that any individual who is thus struggling to become a wit, in defiance of surrounding circumstances and personal qualifications, is in the first place attempting an impossibility, and in the second place running a risk which may well appall him. A simple fact will show that even those who have the deepest wells of fancy cannot bring up their wit by a force-pump.

If we read even Dickens or Hood, it is easy to see when the authors have been writing for *copy*, and when their own

rich humor alone was impelling them to picture the scenes, or frame the puns, that will shake the ribs and burst the buttons of generations to come. Yet from the works of these very authors you may extract far-fetched wit and flat jokes, that would disgrace the feeblest attempt at humorous composition. If such men, then, can only "be funny" when "the fit is on them," how can ordinary mortals, who wish to gain the honorable position of king's fool for their associates, attempt to be ready at all times to display what they never possessed? Labored wit defeats its own end, just as an over-anxiety to appear well upon any occasion only serves to render you ridiculous. Were you ever introduced to a young lady, for instance, when you wished to be particularly brilliant? "Miss Fudge, — Mr. Feather." "Ah! have I then the felicity, the fel— the feel—" (what the deuce shall I say now, that would be a good thing?) — "You were about to remark, Sir?" — "Ah, yes — 'tis no wonder when — (no, that won't do) — that is — I — certainly — yes ma'am." And the elegant Feather, totally shipwrecked, falls back upon the weather, that freezer of ideas, feebly discusses it with a waning interest at every period, and, after a ghastly smile or two, to deceive spectators into the idea he is holding an animated conversation, relapses into ignominious silence.

De Quincey says that a man who will commit murder will descend through various degrees of crime until he at last becomes capable of incivility and procrastination. The downward career of a student frequently terminates in an equally melancholy depth of depravity. Thus, he who gambles will next be induced to drink; drunkenness leads to swearing; swearing precedes the use of slang and vulgarity; and thus, through one descent after another, the last step of the unfortunate wretch is to set up for a "funny man." And whose estate can be more thoroughly miserable, or more to be pitied! Theré is Apollonius, for instance, undergraduate. For the first few months of his College course Apollonius was

an unostentatious and harmless individual. He was not considered particularly bright, and his candle consequently burned comfortably away under the bushel which Nature had provided for it. But one fatal day, when the arrival of an unexpected donation from a distant relative had caused a corresponding rise of spirits to one of his mercurial temperament, and while laboring under a fleeting and unnatural quickening of all his faculties, he wrote an article, and lo! the voice of his assembled classmates pronounced it "funny." Apollonius was surprised, not to say pleased; he fondly imagined he had at last discovered some golden grains in the bottom of the shallow pan of his brain, and he immediately proceeds to coin them to his advantage; he puts his candle on a brazen candlestick; he writes funnier and funnier articles, until he never appears in public without wearing a knot of beseeching editors at his button-hole; he receives notes, of which the following is a specimen:—

"DEAR APOLLONIUS:—

"Will you honor us with your company this evening? We are to have a few select friends, and our circle would be incomplete without *you* to enliven it. Your affectionate
BLOODSUCKER."

Which, translated into plain Anglo-Saxon, means:—

"I hear, young fellow, that you set up for a funny man. I am to entertain a few friends this evening, and need your services as buffoon. If you suit, you may be employed again; if not, I will give you your supper, and consider myself under no further obligations to you."

But Apollonius, having conscientious scruples against the use of translations, only understands the face of the note, and acts accordingly. But, alas! he finds too late that it is not so easy to be funny at all times and under all circumstances. He drew upon his intellectual resources until his drafts were no longer honored. He struggled manfully to keep up appearances, and took to thieving

as a last resort; but even this failed him. Some of the admirers of his pieces began to think they had heard something of the kind before. Sarcastic allusions were made relative to the deficiency of point in some favorite *jeu d'esprit*, and at last Apollonius, a sadder and a wiser man, would fain acknowledge his error and assume his proper character. But the jackdaws of his class will no longer receive him when plucked of his peacock feathers of wit. He is told he cannot be "solid" if he tries to, and he is left, as you may behold him, a wrecked funny man. Mark him as he creeps across the yard, — his face is haggard with anxiety, the brand of Cain is on his brow, for he has murdered the poor, harmless king's English until he has almost forgot that it is a crime. O my inexperienced youth, about to enter these classic shades, behold Apollonius, and learn a lesson! Drink, swear, lie, steal, cheat, gamble, — plunge recklessly into the deepest and deadliest dissipation, — be disgraced by the Faculty, and play the returned prodigal in vacation, — there is still hope for you; the *vis mediatrix naturæ* may still do its work; but once obtain the fame of a funny man, and you exist a pitiable object to the end of your College course, and your reputation will follow like an evil genius to embitter your after life.

We wish to say, in conclusion, that we are only deprecating false wit. There is no more desirable or agreeable quality than the genuine article. True wit is a good-humored goddess that presides over many a College symposium, and we could not very well get along without her.

When College rooms are in their glory, — when in the winter the curtains are drawn down, and the anthracite is sending a cheerful radiance over battered book-cases and rickety chairs, — or in the summer, when only the moonlight struggling through the elm-trees illumines our luxurious apartments, save where they are now and then lighted up by an occasional gleam from a fragrant Manilla, when the music of the rustling leaves without is answered from with-

in by the still sweeter music of the tinkling glass rod that is stirring illegal cobblers, — then could we transcribe all the bright sayings, brilliant repartees, and wretched puns, the best because the poorest, that fly from mouth to mouth among the jolly students then and there assembled, we might have a book that would prove a more potent charm to exorcise the spirit of melancholy than Pickwick itself.

Such assemblies, lawful or not as the case may be, are the true soil for College wit, and the very recollection of them twists the time-hardened furrows of an ancient alumnus into a smile, when College jokes and College fun have to him become an after-dinner story of the time "when I was a boy."

SIXTY-ONE UP!

G. A. Verrill -
1871

ON Thursday, the 24th ultimo, while the world was wagging in the good old-fashioned way, and men were enjoying that ease and indifference which a hot June day naturally engenders, there appeared, in publications widely different in their objects and character, two articles of a most inflammatory nature and of a dangerously revolutionary tendency. I refer, of course, to a piece in the Boston Journal upon College Societies, and an article in the Harvard Magazine against the Football Game. As if delighting in the havoc they expected to make, their learned authors hurled them at their unsuspecting victims without the slightest warning. The ancient gods of Greece and Rome, touched with pity for their miserable children, were accustomed, at the approach of calamity, to warn men of danger by divers freaks of nature and portentous dreams. But no such prodigies, if we except the cut of the Juniors in Latin, ushered in these threatening visitors. No swarm of bees settled upon the

belfry of Harvard; no bust in the Library gave signs of animation; not even a crow flew over the College Yard, nor did any Freshman give proof of extraordinary infantile wisdom. As unexpected as unwelcome did they come upon us.

To the article in the Journal, upon College Societies, I will not attempt to reply. If any half-dozen students can be found in the whole College ready to give the matter serious attention, even for a moment, with any design of putting the hints there suggested into practice, in all probability the subject will be well treated by others, and the absurdity of the proposed system made fully apparent. The writer of the article, although evidently profoundly ignorant of the spirit and effects of the existing relations between our Classes, may nevertheless in some way or other act in concert with one or two of our own number. At any rate, it is a little remarkable that this sage advice should appear immediately after the issue of a circular, or, according to the title-page, "Suggestions," to the Class of '60 upon the same subject, containing the same shadow of argument, clothed, however, in language slightly different. These suggestions, commencing with bad grammar and ending with an inapt and irreverent quotation from Scripture, composed in the most bombastic style, abounding in high-sounding phrases and meaningless epithets, with a slant thrust at that class feeling which so pre-eminently distinguishes Harvard from almost every College in the Union, and for which she deserves the highest praise, evince both a thorough ignorance of College life and a presuming confidence in the ability of the author to effect a total change in that system which has been so successfully tried for more than half a century. But enough of this. The matter will receive all the attention it deserves from others. Until then, I rely upon the conservative good sense of the Class which is called upon to promote this great revolution.

The article in the last number of the Harvard displays the

same revolutionary spirit, the same ignorance of College life, and even a still smaller show of argument, which last feature, however, is perhaps in the present case excusable. It is clearly the result of inexperience, which time will undoubtedly remove. The worst effect of such articles is, that they give outsiders a false impression of our College life. I will mention a few of the worst cases of this unintentional perversion of facts.

And here permit me to state that I wish to separate the article entirely from its author. Against him, whoever he may be, I have not a word to say, nor would I for an instant entertain the idea that he wilfully departed from the truth, or made the most trivial statement not the result of his own honest convictions. After so short an acquaintance with College ways and customs, it is but natural that he should see them in a different light from that in which they will strike his orbs of vision when expanded to their full Sophomoric dimensions. So far from wishing to cast the slightest odium upon him, I consider him entitled to the highest credit, in daring to stand up and oppose what in his opinion is a glaring evil. It is only with the theory and the facts that I desire to deal.

Any disinterested person, who should receive his first impression of the Football Game from the perusal of the article in question, must involuntarily shrink from the manifest brutality said to be there displayed. He would picture to his excited fancy, on the one hand, a set of fiends thirsting for their opponents' blood, dragging their unsuspecting victims from calm repose to the gory field, and deliberately proceeding to butcher them after the most approved and scientific method ; on the other, a band of modest and virtuous youth, just torn for the first time from the bosoms of their families, intent upon the acquisition of knowledge, never in their lives having heard of the game before, suddenly made the victims of a brutal and murderous assault. All the terrible accessories of Indian warfare would seem to

be here employed, and the bloody tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage sink into insignificance in comparison with the ponderous fist of the Sophomore. Instead of this accumulation of horrors, the facts of the case are simply these. The two Classes meet at an appointed time and place. Attendance is entirely optional. The Freshmen are sufficiently acquainted with the rules and customs of the game before they enter. Violent blows are sometimes dealt, it is true, but they only are ever beaten, or, to use his own expression, mauled, who of their own accord rush into danger. If any one is willing to attend to the ball alone, he is pretty sure to escape without injury. I am inclined to think that the author saw the horror of the fight through the magnifying lens of his own excited fancy.

Next follows the unpleasant and somewhat astounding assertion, that "large numbers, perhaps a majority, of the opponents on the Delta, go there excited and maddened by the intoxicating cup, — *drunk!*" If the author here intends to indulge in a fanciful and perfectly allowable imagery, if he simply desires to adorn his style with the flowers of rhetoric, too much praise could not be awarded him for the beauty of the simile. If he refers to the intoxicating cup of excitement and youthful activity, and that figurative and eminently praiseworthy state of drunkenness produced by an exuberance of health and spirits, the charge is not only true, but should be regarded as a virtue. But if, as the succeeding remarks would seem to suggest, he wishes to be understood literally, the utter absurdity of the statement is such as only to provoke a smile. But this is not all. Not content with sending abroad the assertion, having only a slight foundation in fact, that a majority of Harvard students are common drunkards, he goes on to say that both victors and vanquished often spend the night in debauch. As far as my experience goes, all parties concerned, with here and there perhaps a solitary exception, retire to their virtuous couches, and sink to calm repose, on the night of

the first Monday of the collegiate year, with minds as tranquil, and consciences, if not limbs, as free from pain as the new-born babe. Even supposing the facts alleged to be true, how it necessarily follows that Harvard College is thereby converted into an enormous depot for the dispensation of alcoholic drinks, is more than, with my unaided vision, I am able to see. I will take the liberty to assure our friends outside, that this venerable institution is at present neither a lager-bier saloon nor a low dram-shop, but still retains its honorable position as the chief seat of learning in our beloved Commonwealth, noted alike for the exemplary conduct of its students and the excellence of its literary reputation.

Having, then, called the much-abused Football Game a barbarous relic of the past, he adjures all well-meaning Freshmen to unite, for the reasons above quoted, in the abolition of this inhuman practice. When the gentleman shall have become somewhat better versed in the subtleties of logic, he will find that from two false premises few conclusions can be satisfactorily proved, especially where the train of reasoning is utterly invalid. He makes the assertion, entirely unsupported by facts, that drunkenness and brutality are the necessary accessories of the game, coupled with the equally false and somewhat astounding principle of morality: "You cannot countenance anything without at the same time giving sanction to all its adjuncts and accessories." Let us inquire a little into the practical application of this doctrine.

When the annual Dudleian Lecture was still a flourishing institution of this University, a few weak-minded and listless young men on divers occasions carried a small bottle of some stimulating beverage in their breast-pockets, hoping, by carefully enveloping themselves in a shawl, without detection to imbibe through a straw sufficient refreshment to compensate in part for the dryness of the discourse.

Now this was evidently an accessory of the Dudleian. If one countenanced the Dudleian, did he necessarily countenance this accessory? This may not be in all respects a happy illustration, as the Lecture has been abolished, possibly through fear of giving sanction to this accessory. Let us take another example. It is undoubtedly a fact, that ten times more liquor is drank every Exhibition-day than on the night of the Football Game, although even on Exhibition-day Harvard College is not precisely a dram-shop, nor would it probably be mistaken for such by a careless observer. Do the Corporation, Faculty, students, nay, more, the large number of lady visitors, countenance this adjunct and accessory of Exhibition by favoring us with their presence? Most assuredly, if the gentleman's doctrine is correct. One more case. Irreverent men sometimes indulge in quiet profanity in church, on account of the heat or the length of the sermon. By countenancing public worship, we sanction this *accessory* I suppose. I imagine, after maturer thought, the gentleman will be inclined somewhat to qualify his statement.

In zeal for the cause of temperance and true reform I will not yield him the palm; but we make nothing by putting a stop to these harmless, though boisterous recreations, which are worse in appearance than in reality. What is specially to be feared is that quiet dissipation which is taken in secret, and never dares to obtrude itself upon the public gaze. When all legitimate sources of active amusement are removed, the desire of excitement, ever present in the youthful mind, seeks gratification in other and more dangerous channels. A College community is no better for being free from those slight violations of decorum which were once so common. Furniture and window-glass, Freshman's doors and loose horses, may suffer the less, but the gain is more than compensated by the secret and unobserved dissipation substituted in their place.

The gentleman, having expressed in conclusion that the game has ceased to delight,—rather an unwarranted assertion, considering the number of gentlemen and ladies assembled as spectators last fall,—indulges in a little pleasantry, as it seems to me rather premature. His facetiousness is, however, very amusing. “Its death, we think, will be attended with no commotion, but will be eminently easy and peaceful. A decent burial will be provided, though we cannot expect that the mourners will be many. And as for the obituary, we anticipate the pleasure of penning that for the October number of the Harvard Magazine.”

Now for one I should be extremely happy to read the gentleman's obituary, or rather, that I may not be misunderstood, the obituary of the Football Game penned by the gentleman. There is a sly humor, a sort of Munchausenish pleasantry, about this article of his, that is so decidedly amusing as to make another of the sort very acceptable. We can imagine that the game is dead, even if we shall have participated in it a few weeks before. It does not, however, appear to me to be exactly the part of modesty, for the gentleman to take it for granted that this one thrust of his will be fatal to an institution of so long standing. Yet if it will flatter his vanity, let us by all means consider it defunct. I fear though, that, like Macbeth, he will find that the ghost of his murdered victim will not down at his bidding, but, on the other hand, bearing a remarkable resemblance to its predecessor in the flesh, it will periodically haunt its old quarters.

If there is any one thing more than another particularly desirable at the present time for our College training, it is more of this same barbarous and immoral sport. We need more games, more cricket-clubs, more gymnasiums, more exercise of every kind. One after another of the old institutions of our College life is disappearing. Cling with greater tenacity to the rest. Depend upon it, they will

be among the pleasantest recollections of after years. The Class of '61 is particularly called upon, by the gentleman whose remarks have been considered, to do away with one of the most beneficial and interesting of these time-honored customs. Upon them rests the responsibility of its continuance or abandonment. Let them banish whatever of its accessories are worthy of rebuke, conduct the game with sobriety and all due care, and thus prove that drunkenness and brutality are not its necessary attendants.

Of one thing, however, I can assure them. In case they are the first to suffer it to fall into disuse, few can be found sufficiently credulous to assign to their conduct the charitable motives so forcibly urged upon them. If they neglect to take their place next fall on the expected night, too little courage, rather than excessive virtue, will be undoubtedly the cause of their non-appearance. But I will not insult the Class by such vain suppositions. I have too much faith in their spirit to fear an instant for the result. When the cry of "Sixty-one up!" shall fill the Delta, I trust they will promptly respond; and may the gentleman himself lay down his eulogistic pen, and pause a moment in the midst of his obituary to give the ball the first kick.

W. R. Huntington.

IMITATION OF HERRICK.

159-4

CLOUD FACES, — THAT THEY CHANGE.

Y^e fringe the coast of every isle
 That floats about the blue
 Of April skies, and through
 The warmth of April airs I watch
 Your shifting forms, to catch
 Each feature new.

Forth from the curtains of the couch
 Where sinks the sun to sleep,
 Ye oftentimes on us peep.
 Dappled with roseate light ye smile;
 Ah me! what little while
 That light to keep!

Anon, from chariots thunder-piled
 Ye look with grimmest frown,
 Like angry warriors, down
 On hapless earth, which lies aquake;
 And soon your voices shake
 The castled town.

But though each moment of the day
 New visages ye steal,
 Nor to one form stay leal,
 The selfsame make I know remains,
 The same soft nature reigns
 Naught may conceal.

So, though a different look each hour
 My Julia casts on me,
 I'll not confounded be,
 But, knowing her the same alway,
 Will take as best I may
 Her coquetry.

 CONVERSATION.

W. H. Dunbar
 1858

A SUBJECT trite enough, you say, reader. Yes, granted, but perhaps none the less important; besides, it is one on which I feel, and must speak.

Schools we have in this enlightened age for teaching everybody and everything, — day-schools, boarding-schools, classical schools, riding-schools, dancing-schools, singing-schools, — but no school where the art of talking is taught. No professor advertises, "Talking made easy in six lessons."

Do not laugh at me, for it is too serious and tender a subject for me to laugh about. Since I was a child, I have prayed that some Chesterfield might arise, on whom should descend the mantle of his progenitor, and who should discourse as eloquently on the art of conversation, as did his namesake on the art of good manners.

Do not imagine that my head is empty, and that my trouble springs from this incurable malady. No, it is as full as the average of heads, and has enabled me to pass four years very comfortably and creditably among the classic shades of fair Harvard.

Do not imagine, on the other hand, that I stutter. When I have anything to say, I can generally express myself in as forcible Saxon, or as grandiloquent Latin and Greek derivatives, as the occasion demands.

What I want, is to be able at all times, and in all places, to say something, if necessary, and say it well. For example, — for general propositions are stupid without examples, — when I enter a room full of young ladies and young gentlemen, and am introduced to a young lady whom I've never seen before, why cannot I say, "Avaunt! foul fiend!" to that dumb spirit which instantly seizes me? Undoubtedly I can and do say, Avaunt! but the appropriate result don't follow, and it becomes too often all I have to say. Now, there is my chum opposite to me, rattling away most entertainingly, to judge from the interested countenance of the beauty by his side. What is he saying? I am becoming desperate, and am listening that I may get some ideas to start a conversation with, when lo! another has been introduced to my bored companion, and with readier tongue quickly supersedes me. I retire to the background, become for the rest of the evening a wall-flower, meditating on the present state of Turkey, — a far more sensible topic than any which engrosses the attention of those around me, I am sure. Still, as I return to my home, I cannot feel that I have done my part in adding *materially* to the hilarity of the company.

This is not a fancy sketch, — it is a picture drawn from real life. Nor is that picnic a phantom of the imagination, (though the thought of it at night just before retiring always induces nightmare,) at which I was expected to say agreeable things to forty people in succession. I did my duty by three of them, found that I was essentially repeating to the fourth what had been said to the others, and when the fifth individual came along, I discovered to my horror that I was completely played out, to use a college idiom; that is, had actually nothing more to say, unless in truth I should begin over again my remarks to the first, which I was far too conscientious to do. Now why did I find myself in this forlorn condition, while others around were chatting merrily all day, and all the evening too, for that matter, as we rode home by moonlight? But a more important question is, How can I remedy the evil? Is it an inborn, remediless thing, a something left out in my mental organization, or is the secret of conversation a thing to be communicated, like a knowledge of Latin or Geometry? And if so, where is the fortunate, charitable man who knows and will divulge to me the mystery? But whether there be such an individual or no, I care not, for I flatter myself that I have lit upon the explanation by my own investigations, which is a far more satisfactory mode of solving difficulties than by the use of anybody's else brain.

But more of this hereafter. Just now it may not be unprofitable to notice some individuals, who can maintain a continual conversation indeed, but whom I never envied, judging that the community was little more edified by their readiness than by the silence of another class.

First, there is the man who is wholly absorbed in the contemplation of the great "I," and its doings and sayings and feelings. Start any topic, he will amuse or provoke you by the ingenuity which he will display in connecting by some subtle train of thought the subject under consideration and — himself. Tell him of an escape from robbers among the

Pyrenees,— he will tell you of an escape of his own on Mount Tom, not from robbers, but from a man whom he is strongly inclined to believe was an escaped convict, a blood-thirsty villain. Speak to him of the ancestors of some distinguished family,— he will forthwith interrupt you with an account of his own pedigree, and will converse on this fascinating theme as long as you will listen. In fine, he considers himself as the one grand circumstance of this terrestrial ball, and estimates all subjects in proportion to the directness of the relation which they may be made to have to himself. You have seen such people; they are to blame, not for their conduct, but for the distorted judgment of which their conduct is the manifestation. Such people I do not envy.

Nor do I envy that class who have travelled, and who neither ever forget it themselves nor suffer you to do so. It is pleasant to visit foreign lands, useful to remember all one sees and hears, and well enough to allude to incidents of travel when they fit into the conversation neatly and gracefully. On the White Mountains one may be pardoned for thinking and speaking of similar views on the Apennines. Lake George not unnaturally suggests remembrances of Lago di Como. But deliver me from the man who cannot go into a church, however ordinary, but his mind reverts to St. Paul's and St. Peter's, to the cathedrals of Strasburg and Milan. Such a man may keep up a conversation indefinitely; but his own travels form all the pictures, while everything else, all other topics, however interesting, furnish but frames in which to set these pictures, and the man ultimately wearies out his best friends. This is not a model for me to follow.

Then there is the man whose conversational power lies in a faculty which he possesses of contradiction. Waiting for you to make some remark, he instantly catches it up, and forthwith proves that you have made a mistake, that your idea is entirely erroneous, that your judgment is strangely

warped, that your taste is far from correct; in fact, that you are all wrong. Make so innocent a remark as that, since the sun rose just in front of the house, you suppose it must look towards the east, and he will forthwith convince you, with unnecessary zeal and wearisome demonstration, that the sun by no means rises in the east, but considerably to the south of east in this latitude,—a fact of which you were all the time perfectly aware, and which does not in the least militate against the correctness of your remark.

Enough, however, of these people who talk, but not well. I suppose any man can talk if he will take some hobby and ride it on all occasions. Such is not my ambition.

But now, as to the secret of conversation which I think I have discovered,—what is it? As the essence of wit consists in finding points of resemblance between dissimilar objects, so it seems to me the essence of conversation consists in causing every object brought before the mind to suggest a variety of other objects connected with the first by some association of ideas. You will say, perhaps, How can a man *cause* one object to suggest another? One man is born with a lively, another with a sluggish fancy.

Very true; but the fancy, the imagination, like every other faculty of the mind, can be cultivated or neglected. If association of ideas does not take place rapidly by nature in my brain, I can exercise myself in this kind of mental gymnastics till the required result does take place, to some degree at least, and according to my proficiency shall I shine in conversation.

I am persuaded that it is this quick connection, by subtile threads of thought, between what we see and other objects, which constitutes the secret of animated, interesting, continuous conversation.

One man rides along the road and sees an oak-tree. This suggests instantly the stately ship, made from the oak; then he thinks of the great Leviathan; then, of the increasing communication and interchange of good feeling between

the two countries which are to furnish ports for the Leviathan; then, of the different state of things in 1776; then, of the birthday of our independence; then, of the boat-race on the afternoon of that day, in which the Harvard, dear to every Cambridge heart, is to enter. As each of these topics comes up in turn in his mind, he discourses of them, eloquently it may be, to the companion at his side. Another rides along the same road, sees the same oak. To him it is an oak-tree; there is the end of it. The one talks fifteen minutes on the ideas furnished by the tree; the other, after remarking, "What a noble oak!" has exhausted the subject.

With two cautions I close. First, don't pass too rapidly from one topic to another. You may think this will keep the conversation from becoming dull and tiresome. On the contrary, this fault will produce weariness in your listener, and will give a flippant air to your discourse. In the second place, however quickly half a dozen ideas follow each other, don't favor your friend with the last, omitting all the intermediate ones; for this will give an unpleasantly disjointed appearance to your conversation. Hobbes tells of a man who startled a company who were witnessing the tragedy of the execution of Charles the First, by asking what was the value of a denarius. The death of Charles made him think of traitors, this of Judas Iscariot, this of the thirty pieces of silver, and this of the value of the denarius.

In conclusion let me say, for the comfort of all slow speakers, strive to make every object suggest something in regard to forty other objects, keep in mind the two cautions given, and you may become able, whoever you are, to keep up your part of the conversation easily and gracefully.

G. C. Tracy '18.

NOTES ON OUR NAVAL HISTORY.*

G. C. Tracy

" ferit æthera clamor
Nauticus."

VIRG.

BACK through the shadows of the past, dim College traditions point to rare intervals when the boat of some sea-enamored son of Harvard occasionally stemmed the tide of the Charles. Faint rumors also speak of larger craft that at times crept out upon the waters, and explored the unknown banks of the mazy river. But let others grope for the little information which can be found concerning this period of tradition and doubt. I prefer at present to seek the traces of our naval history from the time since boating can be recognized as an institution in Cambridge.

About the years 1842 and 1843 regattas, held for boats usually pulled by mechanics, were of frequent occurrence in the neighboring town of Chelsea. These regattas, instituted and conducted by individual enterprise, proved very attractive; and it was, perhaps, the success and example of the contesting boats which suggested the introduction of rowing boats in Harvard. Whether this supposition be a true one or not, it is certain that boating, as an institution in this College, dates no farther back than the Fall of 1844. In September of that year a boat called the Star, which had been built by Holbrook for the before-mentioned Chelsea races, was purchased in Boston by thirteen members of the Class of '46, who had formed themselves into a boat-club.†

* At the request of the Editors, and other friends, the following Notes have been arranged for publication, almost at the eve of the author's graduation. Whatever errors in statement or inaccuracies of expression may be detected, should be attributed to the difficulty of obtaining correct information, and the haste with which the sketch has necessarily been prepared.

† A contract had been made for this boat in July previous, by three members of the Class, Messrs. H. Cunningham, C. Ellis, and J. D. Austin; but their club was not completed, nor their boat obtained, until the date above mentioned. To the first of these gentlemen credit is due for much information concerning this period.

This boat, then about three years old, was secured for the moderate sum of eighty-five dollars; but oars and repairs soon swelled the cost to one hundred and twenty dollars. One of the members, happening to have in his possession a set of silk colors which had formerly belonged to a boat called the *Oneida*, presented them to his club upon the condition that their new boat should henceforth bear this name. It is to a circumstance so trivial as this that the College clubs are indebted for a name which, among our boating-men at least, will ever be a loved one, and which for long time to come will grace the list of our Harvard boats.

Imagine, then, a low, black, eight-oared boat, thirty-seven feet in length, propelled with plain ashen oars, by a crew whose holiday uniform was of simple, blue-striped calico, and we have a good idea of the "old *Oneida*," as she appeared when first she found a home in Cambridge waters. Bearing the same name, she was handed down from one College Class to another, until her owners in the Class of '58 sold her hulk to other members of the same Class, retaining her colors and her name. For a year she was known as the *Minnehaha*, and then, in 1857, was sold to Winde and Clinkard, boat-builders of Boston, who subsequently sold her to a club in Springfield, Massachusetts.

Hardly was the *Oneida* club in full operation, before another originated in the Senior Class of '45. The boat purchased was eight-oared, thirty-eight feet long, and had acquired considerable renown at the Chelsea races. When first obtained she bore the eminently national appellation of *Red Michael*; but, notwithstanding her past celebrity, that name was quickly discarded, and *Iris* adopted in its place. This club, however, graduated the next summer, and sold their boat in Boston. So the *Rubescens Hibernian* made but a brief sojourn in Cambridge. Yet, brief as it was, it was sufficiently long to incur her defeat by the *Oneida*. The race took place one evening after tea, and called together numbers from the whole University. The course,

which was subsequently often used for racing, was from a little below the present site of the Winchester House down to the lower side of the Brighton Bridge, which the boats were consequently obliged to pass under. It included the two bends of the river above the bridge, and was between a mile and a half and two miles in length. In this race the Oneida beat the Iris by about five lengths.

In the Spring of 1845, just previous to the departure of the Iris Club, members of the Class of '48, then the Freshmen, secured an eight-oared boat about forty feet in length, which they called the Undine; and in the succeeding Fall, a new boat, forty feet long, rowing eight oars, and built by the builder of the Oneida, was purchased in the Class of '47. She was christened the Huron. Thus, in a little more than one year from the introduction of the first, four boats were owned in the College.

Up to this time, however, none but the Oneida had known the luxury of a sheltering roof. At the first arrival of this boat, her club had been fortunate enough to obtain an old boat-house, situated upon Willard's wharf, on the farther side of the river, which, by lengthening and repairing, was barely made to afford her accommodation. With the co-operation of the Iris men, a detached dressing-room was soon afterwards built upon the same wharf. The Undine and Huron, and the Iris, during the few months she remained in Cambridge, had ever made their homes upon the water, and, moored near the Brighton Bridge, slept upon the bosom of the Charles. But in the Spring of '46 one Mr. Wright erected the boat-house now occupied by the Oneida and Sabrina. This building was originally eighty feet in length, and could accommodate four boats of the models then popular. It was built as a speculation, probably at the request of the students, and thirty dollars per year was charged each club for the use of a portion of the building. Beneath this roof the three Harvard boats were now placed, and, their number being immediately increased by a fourth, the new boat-house was fully occupied.

The new-comer was a twenty-six foot, six-oared gig, furnished with stern-sheets. She was much stronger and heavier than the others, and could hardly be considered a race-boat. The Oneida Club, desiring a boat with which to make excursions down the harbor, sold their old one to the Freshmen (Class of '49), and built this, their second one, naming her the Atalanta. With their new boat also they adopted another uniform, and now appeared in all the glory of white shirts with blue stars and trimmings, duck pants, and sennet hats. Previous to this, however, the Iris crew had donned white pants and red shirts, and the Hurons had taken the more sailor-like blue.

In the Atalanta, during the few months preceding their graduation, the crew made frequent excursions down the bay, now stopping for a chowder at Point Shirley, now resting their wearied keel on the salt shores of Spectacle or Long Island; and once, 't is said, they invited the maidens of far-famed Hull to an evening pull. Report adds, that even hereditary horror for "reckless students" could not withstand such an invitation from so gallant a crew. The damsels blushinglly accepted the proffered compliment, and were afterwards safely and regretfully returned to their anxious parents by the gallant rovers, who had not, like jolly freebooters, hurried the precious freight away to their College homes.

About this time, too, the Boston clubs, having been very courteous and friendly, the Cambridge clubs invited them up to an entertainment. One of the boats was taken from the boat-house, boards laid across for flooring, and the room hung with flags and other decorations. A great plenty of punch, cigars, ham and crackers, and the *et ceteras*, was provided, and a very merry and jovial meeting ensued. Rumor whispers that some of the Boston boats returned with mutinous crews, and that nearly all of them brought up on the mud flats.

Here, also, may be mentioned the first boating contest in which Harvard was engaged with foreign boats. The race

took place on the Cambridge course before described, the contestants being the Huron of the College, and a Boston boat called the Wave. The latter was a four-oared boat, and the Huron rowed but six oars against her. The Huron beat her adversary very decidedly. O thou glorious old craft! who didst win her first victory for Harvard, how would thy timbers have creaked and groaned hadst known that, half a score of years afterwards, thy namesake was to inaugurate her defeats!

The next new boat which was added to the College fleet did not appear until about two years after the arrival of the *Atalanta*. In 1848 the *Ariel*, a new eight-oared boat, was purchased by a club in the Class of '51. But although so long a time intervened between the arrivals of these two boats, although the first, after passing into the possession of the Class of '47, had been sold to persons who sent her to Rio Janeiro, and although about this time the Huron, which had departed from the Class of '47 into the hands of '50, was sold in Boston (at auction, to pay for rent due the boat-house, so slander has intimated), still boating does not appear to have suffered in popularity. The *Oneida* was still owned by a club in the Class of '49, whose enterprise in purchasing her while they were Freshmen had been but a prelude to their subsequent excellence as oarsmen, and the *Undine*, soon after the graduation of her first owners, in 1848, was bought by a club in the Class of '50, who proved themselves as enthusiastically devoted to boating as any of their predecessors had been. In the spring of 1849, also, another eight-oared boat, about forty feet in length, built by Winde and Clinkard, and called the *Halcyon*, was added to the number by the Class of '51. So that in the fall of 1849 we find the list of Harvard boats read thus:—the *Undine*, eight oars ('50); the *Ariel*, six oars ('51); the *Halcyon*, eight oars ('51); the *Oneida*, eight oars ('52);* besides these there

* The following Spring (1850), the *Oneida* was sold again to a club in the Class of '53.

was a small pair-oared called the Viola. In 1847, too, there was a great race between the Oneida and Undine, over the Cambridge course, which created quite an excitement, nearly the whole College having assembled upon the bridge to witness the result. The Undine at first led, but one of her crew having unfortunately "caught a crab," the Oneida gained, took from her the inside on the larger bend of the course and won handsomely enough. There was also a race between the Oneida and some other boat, perhaps the Huron; the distance was from Braman's to the College Wharf, and the Oneida won. Possibly, as has been asserted, the enthusiasm for boating may have lulled somewhat between 1847 and 1850; but if such is the fact, it must have been piping high previously.

During the academical year of 1849-50, the clubs just enumerated were in excellent condition, all being well supported, and much rivalry existing between them. But the principal event of the year, and the occasion upon which the clubs made their most imposing appearance, was the *fête champêtre** given by the late Colonel Winchester, at his new residence upon the banks of the river, near Mount Auburn. All the College boat-clubs were among the invited guests. The black Undine, with her crew dressed in neat navy-blue and white, the red Oneida, with a crew in shirts of the same crimson dye, the straw-colored Halcyon and Ariel, — all went together, in procession, to the appointed rendezvous, with chosen men, flaunting banners, and uniforms bright with the laundress's recent labor. Concerning the festivities of the day a participant† writes: "The entertainment was most princely. The whole house and grounds were thrown open to guests the whole day, with billiards, bowling, smoking, music, boating upon the inland lake,

* July 4th, 1850.

† Charles Hale, Esq., at that time Treasurer of the Undine Club. Thanks are due this gentleman for information kindly given upon obscure portions of our boating history.

and every species of amusement for the four or five hundred gentlemen whom the Colonel had invited to partake of his hospitality. A sumptuous table was kept constantly replenished during the whole time. In the afternoon the boats made a brief excursion upon the river, for the amusement of the company. In the evening there was a display of fireworks, and by the light of the last rockets the crews regained their places in the boats, and rowed back to Cambridge."

The Undine Club graduating the following Commencement, they afterwards sold their boat to a Boston club. Towards the close of this season (1850), the Ariel Club, having been guilty of some "irregularities" in the adjacent city, were disbanded by the College government, who refused for quite a long time afterwards to allow any new clubs to be formed. The Ariel* was subsequently bought by residents of East Cambridge. The Halcyon Club continued its existence until the next July, when the club graduated, having sold their boat to members of the Class of '54 of Yale College.† And now, in the fall of the year 1851, there was but one boat in Harvard, and that was the old Oneida, at this time owned in the Class of '53.

Not long after the completion of the boat-house, which thus far had been the only convenient one used by the College boats, the proprietor died, leaving, it was said, this property as her principal inheritance to his widow. If, however, she was dependent for support upon the income derived from the rents of this, her life must indeed have been precarious, as the financial departments of the clubs were subject to many fluctuations. The rents were collected by Mr.

* This boat had been considered a very pretty one in its time. The club was somewhat noted for its devotion to the "fancies" of boating, the members wearing silver letters upon their regatta hats, and going to the extreme of purchasing a seal for their club.

† The Halcyon lingered in her new home until August, 1857, when, unable longer to endure the fall from her high estate, and disgusted with the not very euphonious name of Wa Wa, which had been recently imposed upon her, she committed voluntary shipwreck, and is now no more.

Royal Morse, the same venerable gentleman who is the author of the pithy notices which still annually appear upon two of our boat-houses. The worthy collector used to make frequent calls upon the treasurers, portraying the necessities of the widow in the most vivid manner; but after all his assiduity, the unfortunate lady was deprived of much of her just due, as through ignorance he charged each club but fifteen dollars per year, exactly one half the rent which had hitherto been paid. But about the time of which we are now speaking, the property, being no longer valuable, was sold by the administrator of the estate, and the purchaser, having divided the building, removed one half to the foot of Linden Street, and sold the other to the Oneida Club.*

From 1851 to 1854 the Oneida remained the sole occupant of her boat-house, and the only club-boat in Harvard College. But during this time occurred the first rowing-match with Yale. The race originated in a direct challenge from Yale, inviting Harvard to meet her at such time and place as should be agreed upon, "to test the superiority of the oarsmen of the two Colleges." This challenge was promptly accepted. The trial took place upon the 3d of August, 1852, at Centre Harbor, Lake Winnipiseogee. The day was fine, and the water was scarcely rippled by a breeze. Harvard was represented by the Oneida (Class of '53); Yale, by the Shawmut † (Class of '53), Undine (Class of '53), and the Atalanta.‡ There was a preliminary trial in the morning, in which the Oneida came in ahead, followed successively by the Shawmut, the Undine, and the Atalanta. In the afternoon, the match was rowed. The boats started from about three miles out, and pulled up to

* This portion was lengthened in the spring of 1856, by the addition of some ten feet, for the accommodation of the new Oneida.

† The same boat which had been previously sold to Yale by Harvard, under the name of Halcyon.

‡ This was a four-oared boat belonging in New York, but rowed by Yale students. Owing to her disparity in oars, she was withdrawn from the principal contest. The other boats all rowed eight oars.

a flag-boat stationed near the wharf, which they reached in about the same order as in the morning. The *Atalanta*, however, did not contend in the afternoon. The *Oneida* won by about four lengths, and obtained as a prize the black-walnut oars which are now, with other trophies, deposited in Harvard Hall.* The occasion proved of so much interest to the many spectators, that a second race was appointed at Wolfboro' upon the 5th; but a severe rain falling that day it was abandoned, and the proposed prize, a walnut boat-hook, was given to the *Shawmut*, as a second prize for the race of the 3d. The clubs, with other students, afterwards passed a very pleasant week at the Lake, and returned together to Concord, N. H., where, amid much good feeling and many fraternal adieus, they finally separated.

After the graduation of the Class of '53, the *Oneida* boat and boat-house were sold successively to members of '54 and '55. To these clubs belong the credit of preserving the wellnigh lifeless boating spirit. In the Spring of 1854 an eight-oared boat, thirty-six feet in length, was built in Charlestown for a club in the Class of '56, and called the *Iris*. A floating boat-house was stationed near the site of the present Harvard house for her reception; but it went to pieces, and the club bought one half of the *Oneida* house. The following Spring (1855), the *Oneida* was purchased by a club of Freshmen (Class of '58), and the *Iris* was sold to members of '57, who changed her name to *Huron*, and, in company with a few members of '55, who had just secured in St. John's a four-oared boat called the *Y. Y.*, built a new boat-house between the old one and the College Wharf. The *Iris* Club ('56) immediately got a new eight-oared boat, forty feet in length, built by Kennard of Charlestown.† In

* The crew of the *Oneida* were, J. M. Brown (coxswain), T. J. Curtis (stroke), C. H. Hurd, S. Willard, C. J. Paine, J. Dwight, W. H. Cunningham, C. F. Livermore, and C. A. Miles.

† This boat, rowed by a crew selected from the College, was victorious at Springfield in the following July. The prize was a set of colors, which are now

this Spring, also, the four-oared boat Undine was purchased by members of the Classes of '56 and '58. She was stored in an addition built against the new boat-house. Soon after this the second race between Harvard and Yale was rowed at Springfield, the result of which gave a great impulse to the already increasing enthusiasm for boating. Previous to this race, the College boats had always carried coxswains; but the Y. Y. having been successfully governed by a bow oar, this mode of steering became quite generally adopted, and, although coxswains were still chosen, their duties became for the most part merely nominal.

In the Spring of 1856, the new Iris was sold to members of '59, and the Oneida was sold to another club in the Class of '58, which named her the Minnehaha. The Y. Y.* was at this time owned in '59, and the Undine fell entirely into the hands of a third club in '58. The Huron Club sold their boat to a third club in '59, but retained her name. The purchasers subsequently christened her the Lotus. The Divinity students bought a six-oared boat, which they called the Orion. The Undine, Minnehaha, and Orion clubs then united and built a boat-house on the site of the one erected the year before, but which had in the mean time fallen. The Oneida and Huron clubs had each a new boat built by Patchell of East Boston. The first was eight-oared, the last a six. But the great event of this year was the purchase of the Harvard, which, four days after her arrival, won the second prize at the Fourth of July regatta in Boston. She was fifty-one feet long, rowing eight oars, and was built by Coyle of St. John's. The contributions of undergraduates principally paid for her.† The Huron and Lotus clubs built a

in Harvard Hall. As the result, list of crews, and time made, in all recent races, have been published in contemporary numbers of this Magazine, a mere allusion to each contest is all that is here required.

* She soon afterwards perished from neglect and old age. Another craft called the Thetis ('57), which was here about this time, can hardly be considered a Harvard boat.

† Not wholly, however. Graduates contributed somewhat, and the silver cup

new boat-house with the Harvard, a few rods below the Oneida house.

In the Spring of 1857 the Minnehaha Club sold their boat to Winde and Clinkard, and purchased of them a new six-oared boat, which they called the Camilla. After the two races of this year (16th of May and 13th of June), which resulted so disastrously for the fair fame of Harvard, the Huron ('57) became the property of the Iris Club ('59), who sold their old boat to the Sabrina Club of '60. The Lotus Club ('59) also sold their boat to the Ariel Club of '60, and bought a new six-oared of Winde and Clinkard. Vallyerly of East Boston built the Bonetta for a third club in '60. Three or four months later, the Avon was built by Coyle of St. John's for a few members of the Class of '60, who joined a boat-house to the eastern side of the Harvard house. The Bonetta and Ariel were placed in a new boat-house erected by their clubs upon the opposite side.* In the Fall of this year it became quite evident the Harvard was not adapted for the University boat. Although of a very fine model, she was intended for heavier crews than could be selected from our College. Being an eight-oared boat, too, she was usually obliged to give her rivals an allowance of time. Besides, the certainty of obtaining a good crew was less in an eight-oared boat than in a six. Owing, however, to recent defeats, the boating spirit was quite low, and few could have been induced to contribute for a new boat. Finally, five gentlemen connected with the University engaged of McKay, then in St. John's, a light six-oared boat, which arrived before winter set in. It weighed not more than one hundred and fifty pounds, and was built upon a model entirely different from any which had ever belonged in Cam-

which she won was sold to pay debts incurred by her purchase. It is hoped that means will be used to secure this cup, that it may take its appropriate place in Harvard Hall amid other trophies.

* For further information concerning the list of Harvard boats in 1857, the inquirer is referred to the Harvard Magazine for April of that year.

bridge or the vicinity. By the consent of the committee who had charge of the old Harvard, that boat was sold to Columbia College, and the new one adopted in her place, not, however, without causing some murmuring among the undergraduates. This new Harvard won the first prizes in the recent Boston regattas of June 19th and July 5th, with which joyful remark we complacently lay aside the pen, collect our scattered notes, and hopefully consign this lengthy sketch to the printers.

For the benefit of future enthusiasts, a list of the boats and clubs of Harvard during the second term of 1857-58 is here appended, which brings the history down to the present time. The names of the clubs are uniform with the names of their boats.

The HARVARD. Six oars; forty feet in length; built by James McKay at St. John's, in November, 1857. This boat is under the care and management of a committee composed of the Presidents of all the undergraduate clubs.

The ORION. Six oars; thirty-six feet long; purchased of a Boston club in the spring of 1856. The club is chiefly composed of Divinity and Law students. There are, however, among its twenty members, several members of the College Faculty. Officers: *President*, C. W. Eliot.

The ONEIDA (Class of '58). Eight oars; forty-six feet in length; built by Patchell at East Boston, in June, 1856.* Twenty-two members. Officers: *President*, B. W. Crowninshield; *Secretary and Treasurer*, G. C. Tobey.

The UNDINE (Class of '58). Four oars; thirty feet in length; built in Charlestown by Brown, in the spring of 1855. Fourteen members. Officers: *President*, W. H. Dunning; *Treasurer*, H. A. Richardson.

The CAMILLA (Class of '58). Six oars; forty-two feet long; built in Boston by Winde and Clinkard, in May, 1857.† Eighteen members. Officers: *President*, W. H. Fox; *Treasurer*, G. W. Crosby; *Secretary*, B. G. Brown.

* This boat has been recently sold to a club in the Class of '61, consisting of twenty-three members. Their officers are: *President*, E. Crowninshield; *Treasurer*, G. H. Mumford; *Secretary*, J. Bigelow.

† A club of twelve members in the Class of '60 have now purchased the Camilla. Their officers are: *President*, S. D. Presbrey; *Secretary*, W. H. Adams; *Treasurer*, E. Carter.

- The IRIS** (Class of '59). Six oars; forty feet in length; built by Patchell of East Boston, in June, 1856. She was formerly called the Huron, and was bought of that club in 1857, just after her defeat by the Volant of Boston. The Iris Club numbers twenty-four members. Officers: *President*, J. H. Ellison; *Treasurer*, H. J. How.
- The LOTUS** (Class of '59). Six oars; forty-five feet in length; built by Winde and Clinkard, in May, 1857. Twenty-one members. Officers: *President*, E. Curtis; *Treasurer*, E. L. Motte; *Secretary*, G. L. Chaney.
- The SABRINA** (Class of '60). Eight oars; forty feet long. This boat was built by Kennard at Charlestown, in the Spring of 1855, for the Iris Club of '56. She won the victory at Springfield, and was subsequently sold to the Iris Club of '59, who in the spring of 1857 sold her to the present owners. The club numbers sixteen members. Its officers are: *President*, C. Crowninshield; *Treasurer*, R. G. Shaw.
- The BONETTA** (Class of '60). Six oars; forty-one feet long; built by Valerly of East Boston, in May, 1857. Eighteen members. Officers: *President*, E. Wetmore; *Secretary*, G. G. Wheelock.
- The AVON** (Class of '60). Six oars; forty-two feet long; built by Coyle at St. John's, in the Fall of 1857. This boat is at present owned by four members of the Class of '60.
- The ARIEL** (Class of '60). Eight oars; thirty-six feet. This boat was built in the Spring of 1854 by Brown and Kennard of Charlestown, for the Iris Club of '56. Since then she has been known as the Huron of '57, the Lotus of '59, and the Ariel of '60. Ariel appears now to be very much in want of a Prospero, or some other kind master. She lies moored off the stone wharf in a most pitiful condition, her club having sold their boat-house to the Juniata Club some six months ago.
- The JUNIATA** (Class of '61). Six oars; forty-two feet in length; bought of the Urania Club of Boston in the Fall of 1857. Twenty-one members. Officers: *President*, J. H. Wales; *Treasurer*, S. F. Emmons; *Secretary*, C. Storrow.

COLLEGE RECORD.

ORDER OF PERFORMANCES FOR EXHIBITION, TUESDAY, MAY 4, 1858.

1. A Latin Oration. "De Ciceronis Amicitia." Alfred Stedman Hartwell, South Natick.
2. A Disquisition. "Charles Kingsley." Robert Thaxter Edes, Bolton.
3. An English Version. "Voluntary Servitude." From the French of La Boétie. Francis William Loring, Boston.
4. A Latin Version. From Phillips. George Leonard Chaney, Salem.
5. A Dissertation. "Sea-Side Studies." George Ebenezer Francis, Lowell.
- *6. A Disquisition. "The Laws of the Old Colony." Winslow Warren, Plymouth.
7. A Greek Version. From Sheridan Knowles. George Franklin French, Dover, N. H.
8. An English Version. From an Oration on Nature and Art, before the Institute of Madrid, by Don Gaspar Jovellanos. William Reed Huntington, Lowell.
9. A Greek Version. "The Sufferings of Greece." William Beverly Brown. Baltimore, Md.
10. A Dissertation. "General Havelock." Joseph Alden Shaw, Sudbury.
11. A Disquisition. "The Moral Characteristics of Tacitus." Ansel Lamson, Lunenburg, Vt.
12. A Latin Version. "The Genius of Napoleon." George Welling-ton Batchelder, Salem.
13. An English Version. From Tacitus "De Oratoribus." George Arnold Torrey, Fitchburg.
14. An English Poem. "The Loss of the Central America." William Gilchrist Gordon, New Bedford.
15. A Dissertation. "A Hebrew Prophet and a Modern Reformer." George Canning Burgess, Kingston.
16. A Latin Version. From Clarendon. Daniel Appleton White Smith, Newton.
17. An English Version. From Demosthenes on the Crown. George Lyman Locke, Cambridge.
18. A Latin Version. "The Earl of Strafford's Defence." Edward William Hooper, Boston.

* Not spoken.

19. A Dissertation. "Livingston as a Missionary." William Hale Dunning, Cambridge.

*20. A Disquisition. "The Reforming Popes." Charles Brooks Bradbury, Boston.

*21. A Greek Version. From Burke. Ezra Martin Tebbets, Lynn.

22. A Metrical Version. "The Death of Tiberius." From the German of Geibel. Francis Ellingwood Abbot, Beverly.

23. A Dissertation. "The Mermaid Club." Charles Adams Allen, Cambridge.

24. An English Oration. "Rienzi." Eugene Frederick Bliss, Janesville, Wis.

The music was performed by the Pierian Sodality.

ELECTION OF EDITORS.

At a meeting of the Junior Class, Tuesday afternoon, June 1, the corps of Editors from that class were unanimously re-elected. Messrs. Cram and Huntington declined, and Messrs. Schouler and Stephenson were chosen in their place.

At a meeting of the Sophomore Class, Wednesday afternoon, June 2, Messrs. Spaulding, Wetmore, and Wilkinson were chosen Editors from that Class for the coming year.

ODE FOR CLASS DAY, JUNE 25, 1858,

BY WILLIAM GILCHRIST GORDON, OF NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

ALMA MATER, we pause on thy threshold to-day,
 Now the time of our sojourn is o'er,
 While we turn from the hopes that allure us away,
 To ask for thy blessing once more ;
 Not a son of thy nurture can ever forget
 The mother who blesses him now ;
 He will think of thee oft with a tear of regret,
 While time marks its score on his brow.

May the sons who are leaving thy shelter to-night
 Be true to their God and to thee,
 While they faithfully strive to interpret aright
 The precepts they learned at thy knee :
 May the bread thou shalt cast on the waters to-day
 Return to enrich thee at last,
 When thy sons in their gratitude strive to repay
 The debt that they owe to the past.

As we leave the dear home that has sheltered our youth,
 And the comrades who 've been with us here,
 While we sought 'mid the lore of the past for the truth,
 And dreamed the bright treasure was near,
 Through the scenes that are gone by our memory led,
 O'er the graves of the friends lying there,
 Shall the souls of the living commune with the dead,
 While we whisper our parting in prayer.

It is strange that our hearts should be joyous to-day,
 When we part from the friends who are dear,
 That the smile and the tone should be gladsome and gay
 When the moment of parting is near ;
 But the sunlight of love as it passes away
 On the clouds of our sorrow is cast,
 And the joy that is filling our glad hearts to-day
 Is the image of joy that is past.

SECOND BEACON REGATTA.

ON the afternoon of Saturday, the 19th of June, the annual Beacon Regatta came off on the three-mile course adjacent to the Mill Dam. The day was as pleasant as could be desired, and a multitude of spectators covered the shore and neighboring houses. After a wherry race at 5½ o'clock came the great event of the day, the race between six-oared boats. At 57^m. 25^s. past 5, the following seven boats started from the goal :— Harvard, 40 ft. long, Bunker Hill, 47 ft. 6 in., Fort Hill Boy, 42 ft., Shamrock, 44 ft., Robert Emmet, 43 ft., Stirling, 46 ft. 6 in., and James Buchanan, 46 ft. The last ran foul with the Stirling, and did not go round. The time of the others was as follows :—

	m.	s.
Harvard	19	23
Fort Hill Boy	21	20
Robert Emmet	21	21
Shamrock	21	50
Stirling	22	6
Bunker Hill	23	0

The Harvard thus won the prize offered of \$75, by a time never before made in this neighborhood.

FOURTH OF JULY REGATTA.

On Independence Day, Monday, July 5th, a regatta was arranged by the Young Men's Democratic Committee, on the regular course. The weather was exceedingly favorable, and the crowd as large as usual. A race of wherries, and another of four-oared boats, excited much interest, and were followed by a contest of six-oared boats. The distance was six miles, twice round the three-mile course. Eight boats contested:—Lexington (Lowell), 46 ft., Stirling, 41 ft. 6 in., Fort Hill Boy, 42 ft. 6 in., James Buchanan, 46 ft., Shamrock, 45 ft. 3 in., Exile (Somerville), Harvard, 40 ft., and Kate Kean, 45 ft. About 6 o'clock the boats started, and made the following time:—

First Return.

	m.	s.
Harvard	19	40
Fort Hill Boy	20	35
Lexington	20	43

Double Course.

	m.	s.
Harvard	40	25
Fort Hill Boy	41	44
Lexington	42	30
Stirling	43	4

The first prize of \$100 was thus won by the Harvard, and the second, of \$50, by the Fort Hill Boy. The Harvard men afterwards transferred \$25 to the second prize, and thus made them equal.

The crew of the Harvard University boat was as follows. They were the same on both Regattas, except that J. H. Wales, on the Fourth of July, supplied the place of R. B. Gelston, temporarily prevented from pulling by illness.

*"Beacon."**"Fourth of July."*

	Weight.		Weight.
1. Benj. W. Crowninshield (<i>Stroke</i>)	156 lbs.		156 lbs.
2. Caspar Crowninshield	154 "		154 "
3. Charles W. Eliot	138 "		138 "
4. James H. Ellison	144 "		141 "
5. Robert B. Gelston	144 "	J. H. Wales	136½ "
6. Alex. E. R. Agassiz (<i>Bow</i>)	138 "		142 "

The thanks of the Harvard crew are due to the members of the Union Club for kindly allowing the use of their boat-house at Braman's to the Harvard boat, on both occasions.

EDITORS' TABLE.

OLD HARVARD can hardly have ever witnessed a more successful Class Day than the last, (may it not be indeed the *last*!) For several years improvements have been gradually made, and the recent occasion was marked by two very popular innovations, — the reading of Class Chronicles and the general Dance on the Green. The former was necessarily performed with closed doors, and 't is a pity that we dare not tell tales out of school, nor even re-echo the well-earned applause it met with. The afternoon dancing and promenading was the most brilliant event of the day, a glorious display of beauty and fashion. Crinoline, for once, found room enough, and (the ladies say) was never before so expansive. A few rain-drops (welcome for the heat) at last drove the crowd into Harvard Hall. At six the Seniors formed under a smart shower, and, regardless of damage to coats and castors, marched the rounds, and cheered all the buildings from Hollis and Harvard to Appleton and Boylston (these two for the first time so honored). Nothing could dampen their noble ardor. And as they rounded Holden, and approached the old Liberty elm to pluck their farewell garlands, enthusiastic Phœbus broke through the clouds with his sunset rays, and shed a glory of golden radiance on the parting moments of Fifty-Eight.

No one who witnessed or joined in this festival could help responding to the orator's earnest wish, that its present glory might never depart. The utter imbecility to which every Senior Class is reduced by the last of June (Editors, alas! are no exceptions) seems to us a summary argument against tying them to the treadmill until Commencement. Never were mortals so hard-worked, and yet so weary. To say nothing of frantic "crams" on half-comprehended Malthus, Currency theories, and Sahara-like law histories, with a last agonized touch on the languages, there are the photograph and autograph hunting-matches, *devoirs* to that inevitable Class-Book, selling household goods at half cost to Kernan or double cost to Fresh, arranging for spreads, last calls, parting bills, and parting billets. Envy us not, ye Freshs and Sophs! as we stagger through the Yard under our burden of many cares, with our likenesses, perhaps, or even with our "*lives* in our hands," — ay, ready to give up the ghost. Alas! dignity must wilt (in such weather), and pride must have a fall! On the morning of Saturday, the 26th ult., came the collapse, and, ye gods! it was fearful to see our stoniest, the pride of Harvard, all prostrate. Some desperately gathered together their feeble powers, and fled with earliest dawn to the White Hills or the sea-shore; some tottered slowly homeward; and some, the more critical cases, lingered on for days and weeks.

THE FOOTBALL GAME was ably discussed in our last number, and in this we publish a spirited article on the conservative view of the question. It is curious to notice how decidedly the latter writer has planted himself on both sides of the fence at the same time, — taking the "conservative" side on this subject, and the "progressive" side on the much-mooted Society question. But it strikes us

that the two disputants are about equally removed from the truth. There is, certainly, much unnecessary brutality in the time and manner of playing the annual Game. But it is too valuable a custom to be abolished; rather let it be ameliorated. Let the coming Sophs challenge their Junior rivals, rather than raw Freshmen. Then will be the tug of war.

We are happy to second any vigorous intellectual sparring in these pages, provided our friends keep their tempers. It must do good in exposing and demolishing the gigantic impositions which are too much worshipped within our College walls. It will teach us to value in our daily companions true manliness of character, rather than the boyish follies that too often win the greater applause.

We have no desire, in this our last editorial chat, to be severe on delinquent subscribers, or on delinquent, often-promising contributors. Those who merit and await such castigation we must refer to the Table of last year's July number, in which one of Maga's most stanch and faithfully laborious Editors, after a term of service twice as long as any of us have served, found expression for long pent-up feelings in pretty vigorous language. To all which, from the bottom of our hearts, we say, Amen!

Our experience with the present volume has added new force to his remarks on the mutual obligations of Editors and fellow-students. *We* have done our duty to the utmost of our power; no previous volume ever began with so long a subscription list; and there is no need here of dwelling on improvements in promptness, quality, and tone. *You*, Undergraduates of Harvard! have but half done *your* duty,—by most of you doubly promised, by your share in electing us, as well as by your definite subscriptions,—for our Publisher was forced to delay issuing the last number, because not half the subscription list had been settled. Many came forward at the eleventh hour, but a large proportion have not yet fulfilled their promises. Is this worthy of you? We ask no man's assistance to whom two dollars is like the Koh-i-noor for scarcity and value. But there are enough undergraduates here who have liberal means, and who cherish a pride in their Alma Mater,—more than enough easily to support a periodical like this. As an institution that previous Classes have long perpetuated, that has won commendations from journals and exchanges, it deserves your interest. Yale has no more students, and very much less wealth among her undergraduates, than you have; yet she has manfully maintained the "Lit." for twenty-three years. Knox has done the same for seven, and Princeton for seventeen years. You claim superiority with the pen, as with the oar; give yourselves, then, a field, Class after Class, to prove the one as well as the other.

THE facility with which the Milesian countenance is wont to shift its expression from grave and gay, and again from the very sunny to the sadly lugubrious, has surely been observed by everybody. Their eye's merry twinkle is often brighter for a tear that has not had time to dry, but lies, half latent, ready to jump out afresh at a moment's warning. The thing struck us very forcibly as we stood, at the last Beacon regatta, high on a shed overlooking the long line of Irish boats on the bay, and the longer line of their partisans on shore. The

change that came over that crowd's countenance during the interval between the pistol-shot which announced that the Shamrock had started, and that other pistol-shot which announced that the Harvard had come in, could hardly be surpassed by one of our July skies in the same space of time. Some days after the race, we were amused at finding in the Poet's Corner of the "Celtic Champion," (a sheet devoted to the fancy interests of Erin in America,) under the head of "Mill-Dam Lyrics," the following amœbean strains, apparently written, the one before, the other after the strife. Read them.

FIRST SONG.

MICHAEL TO PATRICK.

(AIR, *Paddy O'Rafferty*.)

Arrah, my Patsy ! jist look at the College boat :
Niver afore did ye see so much knowledge float.
Shure it 's a shame that their arms is n't bigger now,
For it is musclé, not brains, that will figure now.

(Chorus.) O ye b'ys, ye fops, ye lady pets,
Twinty to wan, and our word that we pay the bets.

Only step here and obsarve the dhröll make of her.
Shavin's and wire is the notion you take of her.
Round as a pratie, and sharp as a pick, is she,
But niver a match in a race for the Mickies she.

(Chorus.) O ye b'ys, ye fops, ye lady pets,
Twinty to wan, and our word that we pay the bets.

Twig the spoon oars what they pull her, my jewel, with !
Why don't they keep them to ate their oat-gruel with ?
Wooden spoons shure is no sign of good luck at all ;
Silver we 'll have, when the prize we have took it all.

(Chorus.) O ye b'ys, ye fops, ye lady pets,
Twinty to wan, and our word that we pay the bets.

SECOND SONG.

PATRICK TO MICHAEL.

(AIR, *Lilleballero*.)

Look ! look ! will ye, Mike ?
Ye ne'er saw the like :
These childher have waxed us through and through.
The studints is here,
But, bad 'cess ! it is clear
We 'll wait awhile now for the Irish crew.

(*Chorus.*) Har-r-ward! Har-r-ward! O ye spalpeens!
 Have n't ye scattered my wages like smoke?
 I can't pay a quarter
 The bets that I oughter.*
 Divil fly off wid yer wondherful stroke.

Jist hark to the yells
 Of thim Beacon Street swells,
 And see, over yonder, the cambric wave;
 While Mickey there stands,
 A-wringin' his hands,
 And Biddy is wipin' her eyes on her slave.
 (*Chorus.*) Har-r-ward! Har-r-ward! O ye spalpeens!
 Have n't ye scattered my wages like smoke? etc.

Let's scuttle our boats:
 Nary one of thim floats
 But looks kind o' shamed about the bows;
 And oh! may the crews
 In future refuse
 To meddle with race-boats, and stick to their scows.
 (*Chorus.*) Har-r-ward! Har-r-ward! O ye spalpeens!
 Have n't ye scattered my wages like smoke?
 I can't pay a quarter
 The bets that I oughter.
 Divil fly off wid yer wondherful stroke.

THE SENIOR EDITORS are now addressing their friends and fellow-students for the last time in their official capacity. In a few days we shall hear the gracious "*Auctoritate mihi*" from our revered President, and receive our sheepskins. The event that sunders us from College, parts our connection with editorial duties. Glorious *symposia*, intractable contributors, editorial punches, and obliging but sometimes dilatory printers, they are ours no longer, — save perhaps, as *emeriti*, we may, like the ghost of royal Denmark,

"Revisit thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous."

—No! no! not so, exactly! we have always been a quiet set, and models of propriety.

* The Editor of the C. C. informs us in a foot-note, that he has opened a subscription-book for the benefit of Irish families rendered destitute by similar calamity. Cannot Harvard, he hints, do a little towards it?

We need not here defend our editorial course. Nor does *Maga* need a defence. Its value has been often discussed, and should (among undergraduates, at least) be now considered an axiom. Our only regrets are that our ability has not been greater. Nor can we take leave of duties which have been the pleasantest that ever fell to our lot, without expressing our heartfelt wishes for success to those who come after us, and our confidence that, if not their zeal, their ability will surpass our own.

We have the pleasure of announcing as Editors for the ensuing Academic year, for the Class of Fifty-nine, Messrs. CLINTON A. CILLEY of Boston, JAMES SCHOUER of Boston, and JAMES W. STEPHENSON of Cambridge; — for the Class of Sixty, Messrs. HENRY G. SPAULDING of Dedham, EDMUND WETMORE of Utica, N. Y., and ARTHUR WILKINSON, Jr. of Cambridge.

THE
HARVARD MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.

SEPTEMBER, 1858.

No. 7.

F. Batch, '57-

THE CRUISE OF THE BETSEY.

ROBINSON CRUSOE, whose library consisted of his Bible alone, was free from at least one evil which attends the reader of books on a more extensive scale. He certainly wasted none of his spare time in deciding which book he would read of a multitude lying at hand, and, having decided, he never threw down the object of his choice half read, with a yawn or an exclamation of disgust.

There is no quarantine to that port of arrival and departure for books, a library. If we depend on chance or on binding in our selection, we shall very likely fall in with some diseased old customer, who has the seeds of the plague in the folds of his bright dress, or sleep-inducing opium diffused throughout his whole person. The safest way in such a case is to consult some of those bibliographical works so ravishingly described by the Assistant Librarian of our College in the late report on the Library, and from them get some idea of the contents of the volumes before you. But if you go home to a well-filled bookcase, or to a table heaped with volumes just launched from the ways of the press, you may not find one of the aforesaid books of reference at hand, and the wisest way will be to ask some one who has read the book (which you are handling in that careless, list-

less way, and whose leaves you are cutting in the intervals of looking out of window at the rain) how they like it.

In the vacation I fell upon "The Cruise of the *Betsy*," having, I am ashamed to say, never read any of Hugh Miller's works before, and if any of the readers of the *Magazine* are in the same predicament, I hope they will be induced to try to make up for lost time, as I did, by reading everything of his they can come by.

If the only record of Hugh Miller's life were the simple record of his birth, "1805, in the Parish of Cromarty, Hugh Miller, son of Hugh Miller, shipmaster," and the announcement of his death in 1856, honored as one of the very first geologists and one of the best writers of his day, we should be at a loss to supply the missing links between his birth and death. If you chanced to meet one who could tell you that his father, hearing Miller mentioned as an author, had once said to him, Ay, that Miller worked with me as a stone-mason, and a good workman he was! your perplexity would not be lessened. You might perhaps refer to former examples of genius born in poverty and raised to affluence and honor. You might figure to yourself Hugh Miller a stripling, in his fustian jacket, and pick and bar at hand, called to assist in the labors of some palæozoic nobleman in search of fossils, and attracting his attention and patronage by the quickness of his answers and the extent of his information. There is no such romance in store for the reader of his biography; he was no pupil of a kind patron, like Giotto, neither did he force his way upon the public with some volume as clamorous for admiration as if he held a pistol to your breast and whispered money or your life. His career was one of constant exhausting labor, fifteen years as a stone-mason and seventeen more as an editor, and he used his genius to teach him how to work, instead of making it an excuse for a life of indolence and petty larceny.

There is no need of conjecture to fill the gap between his

birth and death, for it is filled by a life written since his death, by an autobiography, and still better by his works.

The study of the character and life of a writer as seen in his works is a very interesting one, and much like the study of the geologic nature and formation of a country from the character of the landscape. Thus, in Southern France, as you roll along in the diligence, you see on either hand rows of dull-green poplars stretching out till lost in the distance, level fields and marshes, with cattle browsing on the meadows, and vines covering the hill-sides in rectangular Virgilian rows, for all the world like a field of unhilled beans. In the tame scenery we recognize the character of the soil, the alluvial deposits of what had once been great rivers, lakes, or seas. In reading some books, we are irresistibly pointed, by the tameness and stupidity of matter and style, to ascribe to the character of the author a similar alluvial character, and to set down his ideas as the wave-worn minute fragments of great men's minds, which have been floated down the river of time to settle on his barren mind.

As you sail up the Bay of Naples, past island and past village, and see the luxuriance of the foliage, the gentle slopes of the hills, the white beach dividing the green land from the sea, growing green along its shallows to meet the shore, you might forget the nature of the district if it were not that Vesuvius is full in sight, the gigantic pipe smoked by that giant who lies buried underneath. This land is volcanic, and all this beauty is bought at a great cost. In books where imagination holds sway rather than reason, where there is more of beauty than of reason, there I feel that the character of the author is volcanic; that a tide of passion or of imagination may sweep at any time over that character which is so attractive to sight, and leave lava where was rich soil.

In entering Northern Scotland, whether as a tourist or as a reader of Sir Walter Scott, you are introduced into a country

whose scenery is remarkable for its picturesqueness. Along the coast, frith follows frith, and the breakers with white caps, and the sea-gulls, and the dirty canvas sail of the fisherman shining white in the sun, give life and warmth to the seaward view, while the rocky coast is here and there broken by a beach of sand or strip of green pasture at the foot of the hills, and many a village looks out from the dented shore after the men who have left their homes in the pursuit of herring or cod. In the interior we have no longer the frith, but the loch, with the high rocky cliff guarding it sentinel-wise, while the loch, ignorant that it is a captive, ripples and curls over the feet of its guardian, and, rising in clouds, hangs playfully over his brow, and listens to his sighs among the pines at its escape. From the loch you may see some mountain gorge run up with its tributary stream, and, climbing, you may catch the sunshine on the distant snow-clad tops of other mountains, which watch scenes as fair as the one beneath your feet, and you may see the wreath of smoke, small enough in the distance to come from houkah or cigar, which rises from some Highland shieling.

Or let us accompany Dr. Johnson on his tour, and take a day's sail among the Hebrides. Here sea and rock seem to divide the reign between them with constant strife; man seems an intruder; only the sea-birds seem fitted to live where the high, overhanging rocks are washed into caverns by the green waves, which roll up deep and sullen and solid as a mass of glass, to be broken into fragments which rise seventy feet upon the cliff, and where thoughts of shipwreck and of ocean-spirits seem more real than even the stock-exchange. The geologic formation of Scotland may be seen in this very picturesqueness, which consists in the contrast between the solid, rough rock and the beauties of foliage and of coloring, of sea and earth. Its soil is mostly formed by the wearing away of the primary rock, but partly by alluvial deposits; and through the soil is constantly thrown up the rough, solid rock of the foundation, the granite and gneiss.

In the works of Hugh Miller there is the picturesqueness of Scottish scenery, the contrast between beauty of idea and of expression and solid good-sense. We find in him a mind which has its solid foundation of rock, which has itself furnished by the wear of time a fertile soil, which has been enriched too from abroad; and through this soil of fact and fancy constantly appears the original native rock of good-sense.

This Betsey, who is godmother to the last published work of Hugh Miller, was a little yacht sailed by a minister, who, ousted from his post as pastor of one or two small islands on the western coast of Scotland, took this way of continuing his labors among the parishioners, sailing out to sea in a storm, and in fair weather cruising among the islands. This boat was the home of the minister, one parishioner, and Hugh Miller, during one of the vacations of the latter, and the narrative of their cruise, given in simple enough style, is the book before us.

The cruise on Miller's part had principally a geologic object; but he saw a great deal of men and things, and he was not one of those who see without understanding. Every one probably knows from experience how many men never see anything; and if you have ever walked in the fields with one who does see, who sees the great relations of little things, you will know what a blessing such society is, whether had in speech or books. By a fossil, Hugh Miller has brought up before his mind seas which rolled and beat on the shores of other continents than Europe, or Africa, or Asia, or America,—which never gave support to a ship, and in their first-world innocence never harbored wreck or drowned seaman amid their groves of coral peopled with scaly and mail-clad monsters. But his imagination never leaves behind his judgment, for even the picture which seems most the work of imagination is really the fruit of the deepest study. His study supplies the colors for his picture, his imagination conceives it, and his strong common-

sense never permits an inconsistency or extravagance. In the succession of his ideas, as we follow them along, we invariably end with the thought of God's goodness and power, which we attempt to grasp in its wholeness by the terms "almighty" and "all-merciful," but which convey an idea to our minds only when shown and impressed upon them in detail. The works of God impress upon us God's goodness and power, previously dimly conceived, in the same way that the achievements of man's intellect make us realize the rather inexpressive statement that man is "a rational animal."

There was perhaps one pleasure which I experienced in reading Hugh Miller's works which others may not share. I was completely ignorant of geology and mineralogy, and it gave a pleasure, such as Champollion found in deciphering the hieroglyphics of Egypt, to attempt to discover the meaning of some long name by its derivation, or by some chance hint regarding it, and to carry the term forward in memory to its second occurrence, if unsuccessful in the first analysis.

The pleasure of finding objects which you have studied and thought about brought before you in a new and interesting light, was exchanged for a pleasure akin to that of the discoverer; and by the necessity of the case, if you do not know anything about the primary or tertiary rocks, &c., and have to arrange your ideas of them from descriptions, however exact, of scenery and sections of rock where they occur, and the particular order in which in certain instances they follow each other, you have to expend more thought than if you already were somewhat acquainted with the subject, and could let the facts go by with recognition instead of study. Those who are terrified at the first long word, and skip the geologic parts, miss the most interesting parts of a very interesting book.

FRATRES ARVALES.

S. W. Briggs - 60.

TOWARD the end of last term I was at Wiggley and Joiner's room, and we happened to be discussing the subject of "boarding one's self." Now we then and there did agree that this was getting to be quite fashionable in College, and was in fact becoming an institution. That it was a "great thing," and that its merits should be set forth in the pages of the Harvard. Wiggley and Joiner thought that they had done the thing about right; but upon comparing accounts, I was somewhat ahead, or rather behind, in expenses, and so they, like good kind fellows, agreed to let me write a short dissertation for September. I foolishly promised, for that man is a fool who, trusting in his strength, will promise to write during a summer vacation. I have repented it in sea-weed and cockle-shells every day since. To Wiggley and Joiner my pages are most respectfully dedicated, as pioneers in this good movement, with regrets that they fall so far short of the merits of the subject.

One of the pleasantest features of College life is "our table." It is refreshing to trot off after prayers to a nice breakfast, and it is glorious to sit down to a good dinner with a set of fine fellows with keen appetites and keener wits. I believe there are more good things said at dinner than at any other time, but it costs an "awful sum" for a fellow of limited means. Many a man, if you judge of things by their worth, "eats his head off" the first term. Just reckon; you board at Mrs. Second-rate's, and pay three dollars per week, sixty a term; that will buy sixty bushels of Indian meal; that is huge eating, — sixty bushels of meal in twenty weeks, three a week! If you board at Mrs. First-rate's, you pay four dollars. Just think of a man's eating a new lexicon every week! Why, I have boarded myself, and I have often eaten no more than an old pair of boots in the same time, and an old coat will last me quite a

while. The board-bill is the "big and frightful" bill, and makes father groan, especially if his income is but a thousand, and he has four or five children at home.

When I entered College this bill was the great bugbear. No one paid less than three dollars, and that was a great price for me. I did think of boarding myself, but it was a thing almost unheard of at Cambridge, and seemed almost monstrous; it brought to my mind dim visions of rye-mush and salt, a pale student starving on cold potatoes, &c. Impossible! But chum and I afterwards made arrangements to take our dinners, and grubbed for ourselves morning and night. For a few days previous, we had "boarded ourselves" in the *plainest* sense of the phrase. O never-to-be-forgotten days of desolation, those same few days; the feelings of the "poor babes in the wood" were nothing compared to ours. Then, too, how we lied! Heaven forgive us! but they were white lies. Curious would ask, "Well, where do you board?" "Oh, a— a—," slight hesitation, "at the house where I room." "Ah, yes," says Curious, "at Mrs. M.'s." Now it would not do to say yes, because there was a nice distinction between boarding at the "house where *we roomed*" and "at Mrs. M.'s"; truth is a jewel. "How do you like? does she set a good table?" "Pretty well, ah, quite well." Nothing said about *her* doings; jewel still safe. Next day, as I am walking with Pry, I turn into Mrs. S.'s gate, and the clock strikes one. "What," says Pry, "Curious told me you boarded at Mrs. M.'s." "Oh, I have changed; did not like." And so I had changed. I most certainly did "*not like*." Thus I kept my jewel, for if there is anything I do regard, it is truth. What my chum did, I will not answer for; he will come as near the truth, without hitting, as any man I know of. The fact is, a man does not know himself till he has been tried. Your Soph feels quite independent, and carries a good stiff back; but let him, for the first time, come out of the "bake-store" with an awkward loaf of *brown bread* under his arm, just

soon enough to meet three or four fine fellows of his own Class; the brown bread is not heavy, but somehow it tells upon the spinal column; he does not like to acknowledge the corn. Afterward he will acquire more manliness, and will flourish his staff—I mean staff of life—with commendable assurance. Pride works curiously, and it is a curious sight to observe its working. A few mornings ago I met one of the “most grave and potent” with a pail of milk in his hand, moving with most indecorous haste. “How do I know it was a pail of milk, and not a pail of whiskey?” Why, his pail had acquired a tipsy oscillation, and was “half-seas over,” literally. “O, wad some power,” &c.;—he little knew what an awful slop he was making with the infant nutriment. But then he wished to reach his room, for the fellows would be back from breakfast soon. Now you know what those mysterious little covered baskets mean, which you see around in the morning; they are a fresh introduction, and contain all sorts of provender. The greatest refinement of luxury I observed some time ago. Last term, just after prayers, I met a diminutive descendant of the Louises,—whether Louis XIV. or Louis XVI. I cannot say,—bearing a huge bundle of bread. Ah! say I, there is luxury; that Freshman not only eats white bread, while I eat corn-cake, but he has a little satellite to bring it; happy union of economy and extravagance! I looked again; the bundle had burst open; the little fellow was hugging the lower loaf to his waist with both arms, while the upper one was rolling backwards and forwards in a loose, whisking way; you could just see the great white orbs peering above it; he was in it up to his eyes. I began to have dark thoughts. It was all a demnition plot. I pitied that child: there was just the right proportion of bread; the Freshman evidently intended to eat the little boy.

I mentioned above corn-cake. This opens a branch of my subject. And here, O Muse, aid me to sing the virtues and praises of Indian corn.

O Indian Corn! O Indian Corn!
 What would a poor student, all forlorn,
 Never so hard up since he was born,
 Do without thee, O Indian Corn?
 O Indian Corn! O Indian Corn!
 How oft have I, on a winter's morn,
 When I found my money was all but gone,
 Eaten my meal of Indian Corn.
 O Indian Corn! O Indian Corn!
 With milk from "the cow with a crumpled horn,"

Here the Muse suddenly left. I will go on in prose, where I feel surer-footed. In the first place, looked at chemicologically, corn is very proper food. The chit, that little oval section which holds the embryo, contains a large amount of azotized matter; it will make muscle. The body of the kernel contains fat and starch. There you have your fibrine, fat, and sugar, or its equivalent, starch, in about the right proportions. Now it is cheap food; a peck of meal, with a little butter and sirup, or milk, will last a fortnight, and it costs about twenty-five cents a peck. Now you see the pertinence of the remark made in the beginning, that a man who eats four bushels of Indian meal per week is a huge eater. "But," you say, "a man cannot live on meal!" O, yes, he can. I know a student of Harvard College who lived on it a year, i. e. in term-time, and he said that he always gained flesh when he came from home. I know a law student in a city not far off who has made it his principal diet, in all its variations, for a longer time, and he is no puny wight withal, nor mean-spirited. You will read, in the reports of the State Agricultural meetings, the remarks of a certain gentleman to show the value of a good cow. He says: "I remember that, when I was a young man, three of us went off to the Ox-Bows in the spring to break up and plant a large piece of land; we carried a bushel or so of meal, and drove a farrow cow with us. That was all we had." This shows the virtues of the meal rather than of the cow. Now breaking

up and planting is hard work, all will allow. But I will quote an authority of far greater influence with us students. What does the "Prophet Horace" say?

"Contracto *melius* parva cupidine
Vectigalia *porrigam*."

Which, being interpreted literally, means, "By a contract for meal-porridge I eke out my scanty income." You all remember the little pine table of the Prophet, with its shell of salt and cruet of oil. Porridge, salt, and a little butter, i. e. oil, were plain diet, and yet Horace wrote good verses. "But one will get tired of the same thing." It is true. But I spoke of the variations of meal, and they are as numerous as the variations of "Yankee Doodle" or "Sweet Home."

First comes the corn-dodger, the most primitive, as it is supposed to be baked in the ashes;—hasty-pudding suggests the invention of kettles. Corn-dodger is synonymous with hoe-cake; the latter is a modern word, and means a cake baked on a hoe-blade, but corn-dodger takes its name from the peculiar motion required to take a hot-cake out of the hot coals with bare fingers. Evidently a primitive word, as you find in Macbeth the exclamation, "Is this a dodger which I see before me?" which should doubtless be emended to corn-dodger. Its etymology I leave to the Anglo-Saxon Professors. The Harvard corn-dodger is a superior article. Receipt: Meal wet up with a little salt, spread into a large muffin-ring on a hot griddle; when done on one side, turn over; time varying with thickness. It has an honest brown face, suggestive of a good heart. When eaten hot with a little butter, and perhaps sirup, it is a dish for a hungry man.

I remember our first dodger. We were then in the habit of providing our own supper and breakfast. My chum had grown tired of steamed bread and coffee; he wanted a change. I suggested corn-bread; bright thought. My chum was a man of resources; he could not create corn-

bread, but he could make a dodger and bake it before the fire. He produced a sheet of tin the next morning, and by the kindness of the landlady soon had a cake before the hot fire. How we watched that cake, anticipating a nicely browned production, with the real parched-corn flavor! We peeped and smelt. At last chum took up the supper, and pronounced the "dodger" done. But his brow was not clear. He took a piece, as did I. Chum munched gravely and I masticated solemnly for a moment; then I looked him straight in the face, and asked him what it tasted like; he looked straight back, and replied, laconically, "Corn." Our dodger was not "done," but it was perfectly dried.

We had some as bad afterward; we called them "our failures." Vide Brummel. With commendable economy, chum used them as fuel to bake others. But I spoke of variety; there is hasty-pudding and milk, hasty-pudding and molasses, or *vice versa*; milk-porridge, with bread crumbed or mumbled; also gruel. Then there is "whit-pot," Indian brown bread, made with meal and Graham flour or rye, and baked in a steamer; and, lastly, griddles of several varieties. For all these mysteries you must seek my chum; he is a doughty cook, and I have not space to sing his virtues or give his receipts.

Speaking of griddles suggests the manner in which I scraped acquaintance with Wiggley and Joiner. We had learned by the rattling of spoons, knives, plates, &c., that they too belonged to the noble order of Fratres Arvales, and of course felt a fraternal feeling springing up; on that day chum had surpassed himself in the production of griddles. I, through the abundant sympathy of my modest heart, passed a plateful around through the window, begging Wiggley and Joiner to "try 'em"; they reciprocated our little peace-offering very agreeably with a bowl of oysters. That was the commencement of our acquaintance, and since then we have enjoyed a good deal of that pleasant intercommunication, although we belong to rival Classes; and when I

have put my hand through his window, Wiggley has passed up a piece of squash, or thrust a lobster's claw in my face, with the same hearty good-will with which he would thrust his own on the Delta or make a squash of my head.

We Americans think that we cannot live unless we have our three "set-downs," or rather set-tos each day, which is absurd. It is true, that a large proportion of students are young and growing, and need a plenty to eat. But the majority eat too much. We have no severe labor of body, and with us a light, simple breakfast, a hearty dinner, and either no supper or at most a mere bite, would be far more conducive to vigorous health than our present succession of a coffee and meat breakfast, meat dinner, and supper of tea, cake, and preserves. I am not waging war with those who take boarders. They will receive sufficient patronage. Let those who have abundant means feed as they like, provided they regard their health. This is for those who feel some twinges of compunction when they take home that long board-bill, knowing that it draws heavily upon a small income. In the first place, pride may be at rest, for in Harvard, more than anywhere else, a man is measured by his real worth, his net and not his gross weight of clothes, feeding, furniture, fuel, finery, and fortune. The question is, what is best for each individual. If he is a true soldier of fortune, in the very rank and file, let him feast neither in honor of Ceres, Neptune, Bacchus, nor the Butcher, but turn to the good Indian divinity Mondamin, with a thankful heart. The vessels of his worship are a pan, kettle, griddle, and steamer. I suppose that the economical man of course has a stove; the steamer sets into the top of the stove, the upper part large. By this you can bake bread, beans, boil meat, potatoes, &c., and warm anything at short notice, say while at prayers, without fear of burning. You can shut up the dampers, and leave it safely for two or three hours. With a little bit of meat or fish occasionally, you can board for eight or nine dollars a term. I speak of what I know.

If you go a notch higher, you can buy what you choose, be your own cook, and it need not cost more than twenty for the term. You can get your dinners at some boarding-place, and take a light breakfast and supper, bread, milk, fruit, &c., and not have it cost over forty per term.

These are the advantages of boarding one's self, in one way or another. First, you need not leave College for want of means. You can carry home a light bill. Or if you wish books, music, &c., but have not the money, you can, by a little judicious curtailing of enticing expenses, have what you wish, and thus be healthier and happier. May the number of the little milk-cans increase, to the honor of the noble fraternity of the F. A.

B. A. College '57.
Ed.

TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

IF I may be allowed the use of an original and striking metaphor, I should say that the early history of our College is to a great degree obscured, and in many points completely veiled, by the mists of antiquity. Records and traditions, Quincy's History and College Words and Customs, afford only a partial and unsatisfactory account of the course of study, the discipline, the public ceremonies, and, in short, of the general condition of Harvard during the seventeenth century. We know that the initiatory steps towards founding the institution were taken on the 8th of September, 1636, when the General Court voted the sum of four hundred pounds "for a school or College"; that, the succeeding year, twelve of the leading men in the Colony were appointed a committee to carry out the intentions of the government, as expressed in this vote, and that, through the liberality of the Rev. John Harvard, the College was established, and the course of academic study commenced in the year 1638.

Little is known regarding the external appearance of Cambridge and the College. Cambridge is described as one of the neatest and best-constructed towns, having fair structures and handsomely contrived streets, and the College is said to have been situated "at the end of a spacious plain, more like a bowling-green than a wilderness, and near a fair navigable river." The building, which is described in contemporary writings as "faire and comely," but which some deemed too gorgeous for a wilderness, comprised a hall, where the students daily assembled for commons, lectures, and exercises, a library-room, "with some books in it" (as a letter-writer of that time briefly remarks), and the students' rooms. The Library, the Chapel, the recitation-rooms, the dormitories, occupy to-day nine buildings; two hundred years ago they would have found ample accommodation in Holden Chapel; and although, with our present enlarged views, these might be considered uncomfortably close quarters, they were doubtless sufficiently roomy at a time when the whole number of students in the College rarely exceeded thirty. During the first twenty years of the College, the number of graduates was only one hundred and sixteen,—the highest number for any year being ten, and the lowest zero.

Such was the little acorn, planted in fear, and yet in hope, defended and cherished both in prosperity and adversity, from which has sprung the vigorous oak, towering over the other trees of the forest, whose roots have extended so widely and firmly into the soil of New England, and against which the storms of prejudice, envy, and bigotry have beat in vain.

Not only in its outward appearance did the Harvard of 1658 differ from that of 1858. The Tabular Views of the two periods would, if compared, show striking points of contrast. Looking at the marked religious character of the Puritans, and bearing in mind always that the primary object which the founders of the College had in view was to facilitate the growth of an educated ministry, we are not

surprised at the prominent part that religious instruction bore in the course of academical study two hundred years ago. Every morning the President expounded a chapter of the Old Testament, translated from the Hebrew by one of the students, and every afternoon a chapter from the New Testament, similarly translated from the Greek. Every week, during the four years of the course, the classes were practised in the Bible and in catechetical divinity. (I confess I can't imagine what this last item was, but I suppose the Faculty of those days knew, and am quite certain that the students did.) Each student was also required to read the Scriptures twice a day, and to be prepared to "show his proficiency therein, both in theoretical observations of the language and logic, and in practical and spiritual truths." They were further expected to listen to a sermon forty-five minutes in length on Sundays, to give an account of their profiting thereby to the Tutors, and, if called upon, to publicly repeat the sermons in the Hall!

The course of study also comprised history, botany, logic, physics, etymology, syntax, ethics, politics, prosody and dialectics, practice of poesy, exercises in style, composition, and epitome, astronomy, geometry, Chaldee, Hebrew, and Syriac. If the nature and inclinations of students at that time were similar to those of students at the present day, to include politics among the studies would seem to be rather superfluous: for it would be difficult to point out any class in society that is more interested in political movements, that discusses more frequently existing parties, platforms, and issues, or that bets its available and prospective funds more eagerly on the results of elections, than do students. However, perhaps it was an elective.

There is another point worthy of a moment's notice, in comparing, as we do, the College of to-day with the College of olden time, — the qualifications requisite for admittance. I verily believe that, if the same qualifications were demanded to-day, rejection would be the rule and admission the rare

exception;—that the number of students would be no larger now than it was two hundred years ago. For thus saith the rule:—“When any scholar is able to understand Tully or such like classically Latine author extempore, and make and speak true Latine in verse and prose, *suo ut aiunt Marte*: and decline perfectly the paradigms of nouns and verbs in the Greek tongue; let him then, and not before, be capable of admission into the College.” Now whatever may be my private opinion, I do not venture publicly to question the ability of any applicant for admission to read Tully or such like classical author, to write good Latin prose, or even to correctly decline the nouns and verbs of the language which is written with the little crooked letters; but I do take it upon myself very strongly to doubt if many of the applicants could make and speak true Latin in verse. Pegasus is not a broken and well-trained horse, to act in obedience to the spur of the moment. We have, to be sure, the science, invention, or discovery (call it what you will) of Spiritualism. But I doubt much if any medium, or any number of media — if even the renowned M. Hume himself — would be able, however well they may succeed with other spirits, to summon the *divinus afflatus*. Think of getting as far in a spirited impromptu Latin poem as “*Arma virumque*,” — and then having your admittance or rejection depend upon the quantity of the first syllable of *cano*!

I do not mean to question in the slightest degree the justice or the necessity of these requirements. Many contend that the Latin is not even now a dead language, and it certainly was not in those days; for it was the language in which, almost universally, the learned held their correspondence, statesmen declared their opinions, and legislators enacted and published their laws: so that an intimate acquaintance with the language was absolutely necessary.

The foregoing is about all that is known of the course of study in the early days of Harvard. Although the course was perhaps well adapted to the wants of those who were

preparing for the ministry, to the general student so large a proportion of theological instruction must have been, as President Quincy remarks, "irksome and unprofitable." And it is a matter of surprise that the intelligent and educated men to whom the care of the College was intrusted had not, up to the close of the seventeenth century, observed the insufficiency of the course, and taken measures to improve it.

The discipline in Harvard, two hundred years ago, partook of the austere and uncompromising nature of the Puritans, and, if it was still in vogue, our College bards would find no time for anything but historical and poetical "Rebelliads." What the average age of the students was, I do not know; but from observing the strictness of the discipline, the care with which every avenue to idleness, prodigality, or dissipation was closed and guarded, and in general the very little liberty which was granted to the students, one would suppose that he was reading the rules of a boarding-school for diminutive youths in roundabout jackets, rather than the "orders and regulations" of a College from which young men went forth to encounter the trials and cares of active life. Fast men were not so leniently treated then as they are in this enlightened and tolerant age. Corporal punishment was one of the most common means of correction,—the tutors chastising at discretion!—and an instance is given in Peirce's History of one Thomas Sargeant who was publicly whipped in the Hall, the exercises being opened and closed with prayer.

It may be interesting to see how our predecessors, perhaps even our ancestors, suffered in the good old times of Puritan supremacy. Here, for instance, is a rule diving down into the very pockets of the students,—a rule which would materially interfere with the traffic of Poco and the other Wandering Jews who haunt the door-ways of the buildings and the Post-Office steps, and who are noted for the "goot price" which they invariably offer, but which they

as invariably fail to give. "No scholar shall buy, sell, or exchange anything to the value of sixpence, without the allowance of his parents, guardians, or tutors." No stroll on Washington Street, no hour at Cotton's, no "Parquet Right, near the stage," for them,—stern laws provided that no student should, under any pretext, go out to any other town, without having first obtained leave from the proper authorities. We find also interesting information with regard to the well-known and cherished (by the Faculty at least) institution of "Privates" and "Publics." Those who "cut" more than one lecture or prayer in a week received a private admonition,—while the miserable delinquent who had been honored with two admonitions was either corrected (i. e. flogged) or reprimanded in presence of the Overseers at the monthly exhibitions. There were also general laws with regard to the students' deportment at church and at lectures; but diligent research has failed to discover any prohibition of candy-eating in the former, or of novel-reading in the latter. They were to honor as their parents all magistrates, elders, and tutors, by keeping silence in their presence, and, as a law of universal application, none were to "pragmatically intrude or intermeddle in other men's affairs." (This last would be, for some I wot of, the most cruel regulation in the whole code.)

The crowning piece of injustice, however, which will authorize the use of any epithet indicative of tyranny that the reader can invent, I have kept till the last. I should not dare to write it at all, for fear of consequences, if those who devised and enforced the rule were not, in all probability, safe from any punishment that four hundred maddened collegians might be tempted to inflict. As it is, I expect that the groan of sympathy and the cry of indignation that will arise from the sons of Harvard, will make those stern old Dracos quake in their graves. I should request to have the rule surrounded with an ink-black margin, half an inch deep at least, if I supposed there was the slightest possi-

bility that the cool-blooded editors would permit such an expenditure of material. "No scholar shall take tobacco unless permitted by the President, with the consent of their parents or guardians, and on good reason first given by a physician, and then in a sober and private manner." The law might have been expressed with a greater regard for grammatical accuracy, but the sense is sufficiently evident. Read it over carefully two or three times, in order to catch all the hidden force, and to note how unmercifully, after the word "unless," Ossa is piled upon Pelion, impossibility upon impossibility, absurdity upon absurdity. Well, well, let us thank fortune that no freak of Father Time can carry us back to those days, and rejoice that, if there is not a good time coming, there is at all events a bad time gone.

Such was the discipline in Harvard two hundred years ago. But *nous* (or rather the Faculty) *avons changé tout cela*. Who would wish to see the grieved countenance or listen to the horrified ejaculations of one of those old Puritans, if he could again "revisit the glimpses of the moon" at Cambridge,—if he could see the cars hastening to Boston with their burden of rollicking students on the evening of Charles Mathews's or Mrs. Barrow's benefit,—if he could stand at Wiley's and observe the brisk demand for soda and cigars,—or, best of all, if he could see College life where it is most faithfully and vividly portrayed, in some room in the old College buildings? Here he would, provided always that his eyes could pierce the smoke, see one student with the last "Clipper" in his hand, stretched at full length on a lounge, or sprawling in a cozy arm-chair with his feet and legs resting in another, two others engaged with the largest sized boxing-gloves in bloodless but noisy conflict, and four more deep in the mysteries of whist,—every man of them with a meerschaum, cheroot, or "dudheen" in his mouth, which is only removed when the student's vocal apparatus is required to give utterance to some execrable pun, or join in a College chorus, in which neither words nor metre,

time nor harmony, are of the slightest consequence, and in which the quantity of voice is considered as making up for any deficiency in the quality. Such sights as these (which are in no respect figments of the imagination) would send the aforesaid wandering Puritan back in horror and disgust. And yet can any sane man expect that four hundred students are to be for years so closely united as they are at College, and be nothing but miniature and premature deacons, always acting "The Serious Family"?

The public days in the olden time were the Exhibitions, Examinations, and Commencement Day. The Exhibitions were given every month, in the presence of the Overseers, magistrates, and invited guests, and consisted of declamations in Latin and Greek, together with "disputations, logical and philosophical." The Examination was held during the three weeks previous to Commencement, and throughout this long period (called "the weeks of visitation") the students of two or more years' standing were required to sit in the Hall, and to stand (I do not mean to make a contradiction in terms) an examination in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Rhetoric, Logic, and Physics. These Examinations were not conducted, as now, by regularly appointed committees, but by any one who chose, so that any old foggy, or young foggy either, had full permission to quiz or dead the students to the extent of his ability or inclination.

The first Commencement was on the 2d of August, 1642, when nine students received the degree of Bachelor of Arts. "Upon this auspicious and novel occasion, the venerable fathers of the land, the Governor, the magistrates, and ministers of the Gospel from all parts, with others in great numbers, repaired to Cambridge, and attended with delight to refined displays of European learning on a spot which just before was the abode of savages." It is highly gratifying to learn that the assembly was well pleased with the feast of reason set before them with such an utter disregard of expense; for, looking at the programme in the light of

1858, I venture the opinion that some persons would look upon the whole performance as somewhat of a bore. I mean, of course, if considered in the abstract, without the additional and saving circumstance of its being the first Commencement of the first College in America, a circumstance that would give life and interest to exercises ten times as dry and tedious as these were. They consisted of a Salutatory Oration, "wherein all persons were greeted and the events of the preceding year recorded," a Valedictory ditto, another ditto by the President, (all in Latin,) and fifty-four Theses in the same language by the graduating class. These Theses, which were dissertations upon such profoundly interesting subjects as "Hebrew is the mother of Languages," "Greek should be pronounced by the accents," "It is a characteristic of the orator to conceal art," "Prudence is the most difficult of virtues," and which were divided into *Grammaticæ*, *Rhetoricæ*, *Logicæ*, *Ethicæ*, *Physicæ*, and *Metaphysicæ*, constituted the principal parts of the exercises, since the learned directors of the College, deriving the term "Baccalaureate" from the verb *batuo*, signifying to beat, deemed it proper that candidates for the title should prove themselves worthy of it by public discussions, — "*Battalii* [of which *Baccalaurei* is a corruption] *vocati sunt, quia jam quasi batuissent cum adversario.*" At what hour of the night or the next day the exercises were concluded is not stated, but when they were brought to an end, the President awarded the students their diplomas, together with a "book of arts," which signified that permission was granted them to read lectures in the Hall upon any of the arts, whenever they were called upon.

Such are the principal, I might almost say the only facts, that history gives us in relation to the condition of the College in the seventeenth century. A very superficial examination of them will suffice to assure us of the immense advantage that the Harvard of to-day has over the Harvard of "ye olden time" in pleasing and profitable in-

struction, in means of amusement and relaxation, and in freedom from unnecessary discipline and supervision.

But let us not, in our wonder that the eyes of the Puritans were so long blinded to what was obviously for the interests of the College, — a course of study that should please as well as benefit, and a discipline that should control, but should not chafe, — forget that, as students, we owe a peculiar and especial debt of gratitude to those brave and persevering men, who, recognizing the prominence which education holds among the elements of a nation's prosperity, laid, in spite of the want, danger, and disease that beset them on every side, the foundation of this College, to which we shall owe so much of any influence and honor we may hereafter attain, and of every success we may hereafter achieve.

W. Everett, '57 -

HOW WE TALKED OF SHAKESPEARE.

It chanced in the year 1664 that I had been one of the company who witnessed our great poet-laureate's most admirable tragedy of "The Indian Queen," as it was performed at one of our chief theatres. And as on my return I passed through St. James's Park, where our most gracious king makes his resort, I met with the ingenious Sir William Davenant, who then held the distinguished position which, since his death, hath been given to the all-surpassing Mr. Dryden, the representation of whose tragedy I had lately witnessed. The laureate graciously entered into discourse with me, and, after some kindly questions from him concerning my progress in Aristotle's *Ethicks*, at our noble College of Magdalen, I mentioned my occupation of the afternoon, and ventured my opinion that Mr. Dryden had surpassed all his English predecessors in tragedy.

"Ah," said Sir William, "the king and his court, and the

men of letters, indeed think so now; but I would fain see again those times when our great masters of Drama, the ingenious Fletcher, the classic Jonson, the mighty Webster, and that rarest son of genius, Master William Shakespeare, ruled supreme over English tragedy." "I will not discuss their merits with you, Sir William," said I, "for I fear my youthful tastes, formed at the house of the accomplished Duke of Buckingham, would never consort with those of one whose admirers, and those of Shakespeare, have called ____." "Have called his son, thou wouldst say; trust me not; my poor father aspired to no such high fame. But if I could show you that the other wits and scholars of the golden age of Eliza and her learned successor thought even as I, you might then be willing to dispute of Shakespeare's true merits, *remota erroris nebula*, as Decius Juvenalis hath it."

Doubting indeed if I should be persuaded, but desirous to hear the laureate speak, I bowed assent, and he continued his discourse. "First, that I may speak of the earlier writings of the Swan of Avon, and the opinion then held of him by scholars, Mr. Francis Meres in his Wits' Commonwealth, calleth him the mellifluous, the honey-tongued Shakespeare, and declareth that, as Plautus and Seneca were thought to have excelled, the one in comedy, the other in tragedy, among the Latins, so Shakespeare must be esteemed first in both styles among our English dramatists. Meres nameth also the poets of all ages with whom Shakespeare is worthy to be compared. Even Homer, Æschylus, Aristophanes, among the Grecians; Virgil, Horace, Lucan, among the Latins; and among our English writers, Spenser, Marlowe, and that most gallant knight in Gloriana's train, Sir Philip Sidney. Truly this is distinguished praise from so accomplished a critic as Meres."

"But is it not singular," said I, "if Shakespeare were prized by his own age as by you, that that same Edmund Spenser, one of England's sweetest bards, omits all mention of him?"

“Pardon me,” said Sir William. “When Spenser speaks of

‘The man whom Nature’s self hath made,
To mock herself, and truth to imitate,’

calling him ‘our pleasant Willy,’ whom can he mean but Shakespeare? But to go on. When many of his plays had been written, he still stood high among his contemporaries. For when the father of our most gracious Majesty was on the throne, we find none whose plays delighted him more than Shakespeare. That you may not think this the mere recollection of one who was then a child, his Grace the Duke of Buckingham can doubtless obtain you a sight of the King’s Revels Book, which will prove the truth of my statement. Indeed, you must remember what says the Right Reverend Bishop Corbet, who died but a short time before these our late intestine troubles, — that the innkeeper at Bosworth knew not of the field there stricken, but through seeing it enacted in Shakespeare’s tragedy.”

“I grant you, Sir William,” said I, “that he was in favor with the common people, and his dramas frequently enacted; but that the greatest scholars esteemed him, I cannot admit. I remember that Greene, himself a dramatist, speaks contemptuously of him, as an absolute ‘Johannes Factotum; in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in the country.’ Nor can I forget how Jonson, the greatest of all the great men with whom Shakespeare was connected, declared him to have wanted art, to have little Latin and less Greek; how he wished Shakespeare had blotted a thousand lines, and how frequent were the contests and quarrels between them. How constantly, too, was he censured as an unlearned man, unread in the great ancients. Could such a man be admired by such scholars as Chapman, Donne, or Jonson himself?”

“You speak in few words of many things, Mr. Everard, yet will I endeavor to separate them. When next you refresh your memory of Greene, let it be from the edition put

forth by Mr. Chettle, wherein he alludes to Shakespeare as famed for facetious grace in early years. I count this praise as being equal to Greene's censure. But I am glad you rest your argument on Jonson's reprehensions, for I trust to prove to you that he was of all men most attached to Shakespeare. Hath he not called him the Sweet Swan of Avon? Doth he not declare that he honored his memory on this side idolatry? Doth he not compare him, as Meres doth, to the greatest minds of Athens and Rome? Doth he not say that the stage mourned like night at his decease, though then there were left to adorn it Massinger and Chapman and Beaumont and Decker? Truly when he declared him, as I remember indeed Drummond commemorates, to have wanted art, he was in an ill humor; for if again you read the passage, you will find him bestowing far heavier blame on Sidney and Spenser. But the art of Shakespeare was the much-famed, but rare-found *ars celare artem*. That he had not read deeply in the ancients, I can believe; yet were not the native English words more grateful to his hearers than the stately phrases of Sejanus and Catiline turned from Tacitus and Tully? Well hath Leonard Digges said, 'He neither borrows from the Greeks, imitates the Latines, nor translates from vulgar language.' His own native powers were enough. And as our revered Dr. Donne said in one of his merry conceits, which no printers' eye hath ever beheld, his genius in its wide range was like the geometer's compasses, which, circling round a great orbit, depend upon the fixed point in the centre of his own mind."

"You have indeed, Sir William," said I, "argued strongly for the bard of Avon in his own age; yet I must think his star hath set, and that the more delicate and graceful verses of Mr. Dryden will in future prevail to direct the taste of England's stage."

"My young friend," said the Laureate, as we stood at the Park gate about to part, "you have read in Herodotus's relation of Xerxes' march through Phrygia, how he passed a river

which disappeared in the earth after a brief course, and some miles farther on reappeared, flowing on to the ocean. So shall it be with Shakespeare's fame. When on earth, he was known and loved; you have forgotten him now; but the time will come when men will throng to laugh and weep at the sight of his dramas, although their imaginations will hardly conceive of attendance like this of yours at the representation of the now famous Indian Queen."

A CHAPTER ON LOVE.

"I AM in love, Corporal!" quoth my Uncle Toby. "Tristram's relative then felt exactly as I do now," will be the unuttered feeling, I think, of a large half of those who may peruse this article.

Do not accuse me of being my own hero, whose sad love-experience I would like to tell. I hide my own sentimentality behind the page, and write what I see passing beneath the window.

Each one has his own picture-gallery. His own life has furnished a thousand scenes. Every passion is represented, and has its own nook. Memory is the kind artist, and has darkened the landscapes by the sorrow that filled our hearts and came welling from our eyes when we saw the real scenery, or has lightened the faces and made young eyes twinkle with the joy that blessed that day in the past. 'Tis present feeling that draws us from one picture to another, and the feelings of love, or joy, or sorrow, place us where we may contemplate an object of sympathy. I will not tell you what animates me now, but I am in a nook in my gallery,—a nook such as everybody has, and cherishes, and visits often, though all will not acknowledge it. I am struck with every varied aspect in the gallery of love, and you, my un-

enthusiastic friend, would be as much pleased as I, did you but have my spectacles to soften for you the brilliant lights, and smooth the rough edges, and palliate every unpleasant mischance, and darken the glare of an occasional blunder in love. Love has a good many blunders to account for. In fact, one usually walks that path as if he were led blindfolded by that malicious little blind god, who told him always to step down when he should step up, and up when the path is level.

You, my phlegmatic friend, wonder if I have always lived in a civilized community, and are inclined to think I had better buy a new picture-gallery. You are not pleased with my effort, and wonder what people (or I myself) are made of, that I talk as if every one must fall in love. I state it as a simple fact. I don't reason about it. It's all destiny. But please to be calm. Subdue your feelings. Don't start the perspiration thinking about this, when you have n't moved at any pace better than a snail's all your life. Here, take my spectacles.

It is not only

" In the spring a young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of love."

Love, or affection, or sentiment, never consults the calendar. It's all pure animal magnetism. [Some will dispute this, and prove it false by the fact, that, if everybody loved, the vocabulary would be happily rid of the trouble of defining the position in society of bachelors and antiquated maiden ladies. But that proves nothing but their own stupidity. If you go holding negative poles of two magnets to one another, do you expect there'll be any attraction? Where's your speculation? It is just so with men and women. We are all of us living and walking loadstones. Negative and positive attract. I know some are very feeble, and it requires time to excite any sympathy whatever. But the power is latent. Some seem wanting in sensibility, and so they are to us mere corroded magnets. The rust must be removed.

Make the whole smooth and bright, and place the right kind together, and affinity will grow. Don't expect, either, the magnet will draw filings a yard off. Filings are to the magnet just what woman is to man. Put the latter individual, refined and polished, where he can attract, and he soon draws the womanly heart to himself, her affections completely enfold him. The filings that surround the steel always cover the imperfections; you can't see the edges, and if there is a black heart it is hid.] Love has no confidence in an almanac. It is always spring-time when the first smile attracts, and the eyes first sparkle a welcome, and the heart knocks against the breast as if it said, "I'm wanted, — I've other engagements to fulfil," — and so with its workings it drags you off to her side. The leaves may be flying off on the autumn blasts, or that fine old limner, Winter, may be painting the deserted branches, and house-tops, and fields. The pure white does not neutralize your blushes. It rather multiplies them, for it reminds you of a soul as spotless as that snow.

My chum is rather a wretched fellow. He says there's no such thing as falling in love. I know he means it, for I recollect how, in a vacation a long time ago, he was n't enamored of some dark hair, and hazel eyes, a nose from the Grecian chisel, and lips that would have graced a Venus (so he used to say). I remember well the whole, for I noted particularly he did n't fall in love.

You must know, first, that chum is rather a handsome man. Hair very black, somewhat inclined to curl. He wears it straight in College, but always has one curl pending over his right brow in vacation. Rather tall; foot narrow, when encased in his French pump; manners pleasing, and a poet. I'll make the story short. Time, evening party. Present, fascinating young ladies, modest young men. Enter two chums, who are introduced in a blaze of glory, and commence their short, butterfly existence. Chum was n't seen for an hour, when he appeared opposite in a lancer, fanning

an unknown. Met him in another hour, fanning the same unknown. They were sitting in a window-seat, half hid in the flowing drapery. Refreshments were over and I went (with a cousin, — my own cousin, did you ask? certainly, that is —) to walk under the garden trees and catch a cool breath. I heard a musical laugh not far off. I looked, and saw my chum was a victim. I was sitting with him that night enjoying the last cigar. Everybody was discussed. There was no need of wondering why all his sentences were brief, and how quickly he despatched all, until I mentioned (the last of all, that he might do her justice) that unknown. He was sensitive, and his eyes asked if I would quiz him. Guilt was written in scarlet all over his cheeks and forehead. He was just like a music-box that you've been winding up, when every click has brought you nearer the end. I touched the spring and the melody began. It was all music to him, — a song he loved to sing, an anthem in her praise. Every note in the chromatic scale was touched. My feet were hanging out of the window. My chair was inclined forty degrees. My eyelids were growing heavy. I heard a confused sound, and was quiet. The next thing I heard was — the same sound. I was in the same position. He had not noticed the indiscretion I had committed, and talked on. My cigar had fallen from my fingers cold; the ashes were on my coat-sleeve. I rose in a half-dreaming state and walked towards the door, but, remembering the subject of his discourse, considered it simply a duty to add a farewell compliment. So I said, "She's rather pleasant, is n't she?" This cool malignity was too much for his warm enthusiasm. As I closed the door somewhat hastily, I felt a dictionary falling very gently about my heels.

I have an affectionate pity for my chum, although he never spoke to me again of love, or moonlight, or gardens, or an unknown. His spite goes further, and I can never talk of noble trees in his presence, for he always hears the gay laugh, — of parties, for that is the only one he ever

remembers, — of fans, for he wishes every breath of air had been burdened with hellebore, — of love affairs, for my life would be endangered. And why all this change, do you ask? This is it. If he had only allowed his mental atmosphere to moderate its temperature, — his enthusiasm to cool from two hundred and twelve degrees down as far at any rate as common summer heat, — Prudence might have touched his elbow and whispered gently to him, and Cupid might only have set his vital part bleeding a little, instead of despatching half a dozen spiteful arrows entirely through the agitated organ. My coolness was like throwing camphene on a gas-burner. He was excited the more, and was resolved to win and shame me. Alas! it was I that won, and he shamed himself. Don't think I was a rival, and removed him as an obstacle, and knocked at her left side and obtained admission. O, no! If Apollo is refused, what would be the fate of Thersites? I won in having the laugh against him. He was not discreet, too ardent, not prudent. She only laughed, but did n't love. I told you he was a poet, that is, when Love inspired him. It was his last attempt. I did n't see the lines, but I know he wrote, for the rhyming dictionary was on his table the next day. He has cursed Apollo, and ignores the society of the Muses, because they are unfortunate enough to belong to the other sex.

My chum is the type of a class of individuals, active and enthusiastic. They always fall in love once. Sometimes they recover, sometimes not, as my hero, who hates everything encased in hoops, excepting a cask of beer. Love blinds their eyes while they run, and then binds their feet. They always stumble, and Arethusa escapes and appears a fresh fountain of goodness in another clime.

I should like to say a word about my own experience, and tell how even a modest and cautious man, whose thoughts never, of their own accord, wander into woman's sphere, whose aspirations are purely masculine, whose am-

bition never dares "a woful ballad made to his mistress' eyebrow," who always retreats under the red flag when the enemy approaches, — how such a being may have made one mistake, — how I thought I had found my other self, — how blue eyes magnetize, and chestnut hair attracts, and fair complexion, small hands, diminutive nose, and round chin, made one think who never thought before, — how I thought I must have a disease of the heart because I felt so queer, — how I knew I must be bilious, because I was dizzy when Psyche looked at my chair, — how I read Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, and learned a Latin quotation every day, — how I blushed when by accident I squeezed somebody's hand in the dance, — how I forgot myself, and was amiable to everybody, — how nightmare took the place of quiet sleep, — how I tried to write verses and could n't, — how I forgot my Roman nose was n't fascinating, and that sandy hair was n't charming, and that obliquity of vision hinders all romance and love, — how, in fact, I was cruelly snubbed, — how, after one night's dreadful agony, I recovered, and all thoughts of a large diamond for somebody's forefinger, of beautiful damsel with long white veil leaning upon the arm of individual with long red Roman nose, of revered clergyman with gilt prayer-book, of heavy silver presents in the parlor, of bridal tour, of large income enveloping me immediately after the decease of somebody's paternal, of future happiness, of charming family, and a funeral, at the end, of threescore and ten carriages, all vanished in the dreams of that night. I never loved before. I have never loved since. I shall never love again. I have forgiven her long ago, but I hold her sex in religious awe. I shall never find any one to walk the *long path* with me, not even a schoolmistress.

I am fast getting to be a philosopher, and look on every love affair as a necessary episode in every man's life. Chum eschews the sight even of a dry-goods store, and always wears gent's kids, though a lady's seven used to suit exactly.

He has just left me in a pet because I asked him a lady's Christian name,—it was that of the unknown. "Man delights not me, no, nor woman neither," is his favorite quotation.

I told you, in the beginning, of my picture-gallery. Some time, perhaps, if you have liked the nook I've introduced you to, we may examine more.

R. Wilkings, '60 -

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT? *Editor -*

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
 For God has made them so;
 Let bears and lions growl and fight,
 For 't is their nature to.
 But, students, you should never let
 Such angry passions rise;
 Your little hands were never made
 To tear each other's eyes.
 Birds in their little nests agree,
 And 't is a shameful sight
 When children of one family
 Fall out, and chide, and fight!"

THE author of the sprightly and ingenious article, entitled "Sixty-One Up!" in the last number of the Harvard, turned aside from his legitimate and highly commendable purpose of defending a time-honored and valuable institution from the attacks of misdirected innovation, to bestow a paragraph of choice and euphonious epithets upon the remote subject of College Societies. By what bond of connection, save the slender tie of chronological coincidence, his discursive pen was directed to this topic, does not appear to the uninstructed reader; nor, in spite of the careless style with which he dismisses it, does it seem to all unworthy of a longer and fairer discussion. Though it labors beneath the burden of his unequivocal condemnation, it is yet possible

that there may be some views of the topic which will not be so unpalatable to the College at large, as they seem to be to this gentleman. In briefly remarking upon this matter, I especially desire not to be regarded as an unqualified admirer or champion of the particular scheme set forth in the circular to which he alludes; nor, on the other hand, have I any pet project of my own to promulgate and urge upon the public attention. I am not blind to the manifold obstacles and dangers which attend the effort to found a consistent, useful system of Students' Societies in this University. Notwithstanding the eloquence with which an orator last Commencement inveighed against men who take their stand between two opposing opinions, and assured us that it were better to decide wrongly than not to decide at all, I am not quite convinced that it is the path of wisdom to rush blindly to any extreme, or to refuse to acknowledge that there may be two sides to every question. I have been taught to believe that an impartial view of both these sides is not the mark of a narrow and timid spirit, but rather of a comprehensive and educated mind, which, however its passions or its fears may hurry it toward either pole, is constantly restrained and moderated by a discrimination which shows too clearly the degree of wisdom in its adversaries, and of folly in its own allies, ever to allow it to become a violent partisan. These observations may be viewed as much too metaphysical—as well as trite—to have any bearing on this very practical matter; but, in my brief experience, I have never discovered any topic which excited fiercer discussions and more irreconcilable hostilities, any project which had warmer friends or hotter foes, any theme, in short, on which it was more advisable and necessary to preach moderation, than this same one of College Societies.

The Greek-Letter Clubs have succumbed to the repeated attacks on them in the Magazine, sustained by a swelling tide of general sentiment in favor of their destruc-

tion.* This work of ruin being effected, it becomes us to consider deliberately what system can be substituted in their place. But as demolition is proverbially easier than reconstruction, we find here the most diverse varieties of opinion. Those who united with one heart and mind in razing the fabric left us by our predecessors, quarrel bitterly in regard to the plan and elevation of the new edifice which younger architects propose to rear upon the same foundation; while others, amongst whom, apparently, we must class this author, advise us to leave the ground vacant, and let a rank crop of thistles and briers overgrow the space once neatly enclosed and dedicated to the genial rites of mysterious Fraternities.

Seriously, it does not seem an idea worthy of the profusion of hard names which the reader may see on page 234, to propose to found an institution where youthful debaters may find a theme and an audience to encourage their extemporaneous essays; where the embryo orator may roll the mimic thunders of his early eloquence, nor wait, like Demosthenes, till manhood, before he discovers the necessity of unwearying labor to polish his native powers; or where the unfledged poet, if such there chance to be, may lisp in numbers before an appreciative auditory, who will promptly check and prune any ambitious attempts at "squirt," while they receive with vociferous admiration any scintillations of true humor, or strains of genuine poetry. These are the intellectual advantages; of the social ones I need not speak. If the Greeks were defended chiefly because they promoted

* The question is pertinent, What does the author of "Sixty-One Up!" mean by accusing other people *now* of trying "to effect a total change in that system which has been so successfully tried for more than half a century"? Is not that system dead and buried, past resurrection? Has not its epitaph been inscribed on the pages of *Maga*, and a decent obituary been accorded to the merits of the departed? Have the Greeks been galvanized into a new and unnatural vitality? Or does he refer to some other "system," which has existed in Harvard for half a century without our knowledge? On all these questions his brief and enigmatic observation throws no light.

sociability and acquaintance among a few, how much greater the pleasure realized from freely associating with so large a portion of the College! We have for the last and best two years of the course no such institution,—no, nor attempt at such an institution. Nothing exists among us that will pretend to fill this place.

! Every thinking man—every man who comes to College with any more exalted aim than to trifle away four years with more agreeable companions than can be found elsewhere, or to secure an elaborate sheepskin and the distinction of a Bachelor—expects to carry on a portion of his intellectual training apart from the prescribed routine of studies, to make excursions into every field of knowledge, and to lay the deep foundations of his mental character, not merely in the acquisition of languages and mathematics, but in the discipline and strength acquired by researches after truth, self-suggested, and pursued without the dread of a zero or a public for neglect. This subject has been well presented in the article entitled “Mens Sana,” in *Maga* for June, which relieves me from the necessity of pursuing it further. But the question inevitably comes up, How are we to digest the knowledge acquired in this way? How are we to secure the retention of those new views which seem to us so precious? It is universally admitted that communication of our thoughts to others, and free discussion with them, is the surest way of eliminating error and fixing truth. Is this object attained here in Harvard? The conversation, even of the most “intellectual circles,” does not, so far as I have observed, turn much upon these lofty themes, nor does it generally soar much above the ordinary and petty incidents of the day. What resource then remains, save in the foundation of a Society where the most sublime topics may be discussed by those who admire and think they understand them, while more ordinary mortals may content themselves in their turn with an interchange of opinions on a modest range of subjects, appropriate to their capacity—or their humility?

“Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man,” is an aphorism as old as Lord Bacon. For the attainment of the first, — the indispensable acquisition, without which neither of the other two can be possessed, — the Library unfolds its ample stores ; for the last, the Magazine invites the pen of every man who has something to say, and knows how to say it. But where shall we find opportunity for the second constituent of the triad ? Where shall we look for a charm to prevent our scholars from degenerating into mere dungeons of knowledge ? To this question we see no answer, under the present system.

Perhaps such a plan is impracticable. Perhaps it is impossible to realize a scheme where a moderate amount of true and voluntary mental culture can be secured to those who are willing to submit to the necessary labor, and at the same time provide the means of entertainment which the majority of us students will always require. Perhaps men will not work. Perhaps we are not near enough to the Millennium for the success of any such project which Collegiate brains can devise. But I should be sorry to believe this of human nature in general, or of students' nature in particular. I have far too much confidence in the ability and good sense of Harvard's undergraduates to entertain such a doubt. I rest assured that, with a reasonable amount of conciliation and good feeling on this subject among those on whom it devolves to act in the present emergency, we shall not be reduced to such a humiliating confession. May we not hope, at least, that some among us, who have any original ideas on this vexed question, will publish them for the general benefit in the Magazine, that so, from the friendly clashing of opinions and arguments, some sparks of truth and wisdom may be elicited.

COLLEGE RECORD.

ORDER OF EXERCISES FOR COMMENCEMENT, JULY 21, 1858.

1. A Salutatory Oration in Latin. George Edward Pond, Boston.
2. An Essay. "The Pepperell Family." John Pearce Treadwell, Portsmouth, N. H.
3. A Disquisition. "Table-Talkers." Samuel Pasco, Charlestown.
- *4. An Essay. "Peasant Heroes." John Buttrick Noyes, Cambridge.
5. A Dissertation. "Sympathy for the Sepoys." George Canning Burgess, Kingston.
6. An Oration. "Handel as a Religious Composer." Charles Henry Learoyd, Danvers.
- *7. A Disquisition. "The Women of the Iliad and Odyssey." Henry Pickering Walcott, Salem.
8. An Essay. "Bibliomania." Edward Harrington Kimball, Bradford.
- *9. A Dissertation. "The Criticism of Quintilian." George Washington Crosby, Leominster.
- *10. A Disquisition. "Lord Metcalf." Ansel Lamson, Lunenburg, Vt.
- *11. An Essay. "Architecture in the United States." George Bradford Chadwick, Boston.
12. A Dissertation. "Burke in his Dotage." Henry Lyman Patten, Kingston, N. H.
13. A Disquisition. "St. Peter's,— what it cost, and what it comes to." Robert Thaxter Edes, Bolton.
14. An Essay. "Aaron Burr." George Dexter, Cincinnati, Ohio.
- *15. A Disquisition. "The Indians of the West." Charles Fairchild, Madison, Wis.
16. A Dissertation. "The Popularity of Queen Elizabeth." Horace Pratt Tobey, Wareham.
17. An Oration. "Scientific Inquiry and Religious Faith." Alfred Stedman Hartwell, Natick.
18. A Dissertation. "The Logic of Persecution." William Hale Dunning, Cambridge.
19. An Essay. "Cleon, the Athenian." Benjamin Graves Brown, Marblehead.
20. A Poem. "A Call to Work." William Gilchrist Gordon, New Bedford.

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THE TAMING OF THE SEA.

Let Shakespeare talk of taming shrews,
And Rarey solve th' equation
In plain reduction of horse power
By means of moral suasion.
We 've tamed an animal more fierce
Than shrews or stubborn horses,
And bound him to his sandy bed
With chain of Dr. Morse's.

When first King Neptune felt the band,
He bit it right asunder;
His foamy bosom heaved with rage;
His voice was like the thunder.
He shook his trident in his hand,
With anger almost frantic,
To think that man should ever dare
To fasten the Atlantic.

But presently he calmer grew,
And yielded to his fetters;
At length he willingly consents
To take across our letters.
Quite gentle now he licks the feet
Of Science, his instructor,
And proves himself for trains of thought
A really prime conductor.

Then let the elements rejoice,
 And hail th' auspicious hour,
 Which sees King Neptune fairly tamed,
 And proves the cable's power.
 Now plumb-lines sound from shore to shore,
 And diving-bells are ringing,
 And whales rejoice, and coral reefs
 The choral song are singing.

The waves lead on a stately dance,
 To greet the approach of Science,
 While all the islands shout with joy,
 In honor of the alliance.
 No longer hostile to the land,
 The grave Atlantic Ocean
 Forgets his (Sp.) gravity,
 And joins in the commotion.

Soon Mercury must lose his place.
 As messenger he lingers;
 And, not contented with light heels,
 He often has light fingers.
 The "winged words" of ancient times
 Must yield to words of fire;
 For lines once writ with feather pens
 Are sent through lines of wire.

O let the chain which now connects
 Two nations ne'er be parted;
 And may each spark of fire exchanged
 Be under water darted.
 Let rivers open wide their mouths,
 With waves on beaches sandy,
 And sing "Britannia rules the sea"
 With "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

The second piece was written by a more humble individual, and is entitled

CABLE SPECULATIONS.

This is a most progressive age;
 The queerest age I ever heard of.
 It seems as if there warn't a thing
 Our men of science are afeerd of.
 They tell us folks that we shall know
 What England sez before she's sed it,
 And read the news from foreign lands
 Before the foreigners have read it.

I've heard of railroads underground,
Whose owners always keep 'em hidden ;
The trains run right agin our laws,
'Cause takin' black mail is forbidden.
Then, quite unlike this telegraph,
They take despatches jest one way ;
While Mason's line is no more real
Than the equator, people say.

I heerd a lecturin' feller once,
Who sed by mediums he was able
To talk with folks in t' other world,
And make 'em rap or tip a table.
But then his medium warn't the sea,
Or else he was a thunderin' liar ;
Besides, he sed, when he conversed,
He did n't touch a bit of wire.

I reckon we'll soon find a way —
The prospect really now is brightenin' —
To fasten doors with thunderbolts,
And toast our bread on forks of lightmin'.
The deacon sez, if we should want
Means of defence in future wars,
We 'd use electric batteries
Made up of heavy Leyden jars.

Jest think, how would our ancestors
Have stared, if they had only seen us
Lashed side by side, like Siamese twins,
With lightmin' runnin' right between us ;
Which, tired of playin' overhead,
Way down beneath our feet is toilin',
While news, no longer dry, arrives,
Soaked in the brine to keep from spoilin'.

I calc'late the waves discuss
The stocks and market fluctuations ;
The currents tell the prices current,
And "heavy swells" the last orations ;
Each tide bears tidings to the Queen,
With scandal news for Mrs. Grundy,
While billows bear the sinkin' funds,
And lose 'em in the Bay of Fundy.

Well, since in union there is strength,
Secin' as how we 've jined our forces,

The ships of state may safer go,
 And so won't leave their proper courses.
 And I dew hope, with all my heart,
 That both these countries will be able
 To liquidate their floatin' debts
 By payin' out Atlantic cable.

OUR FOOTBALL MATCH this year seems to have attracted considerable attention from outsiders. It was, as the *Courier* describes it, a "very pretty fight," and the last three games displayed unusual interest on the part of Juniors and Seniors. In fact, there was nothing in the first three encounters to call forth enthusiasm or admiration. The Fresh were swept from one side of the Delta to the other, by the pugilistic Sophs, as easily as a little boy might be kicked aside by some big bully. To the spectators the real contest was that of the "allied forces," and we take pleasure in referring our readers to the animated descriptions of this fight in the *Courier* and *New York Evening Post*. We must, however, confess our surprise that writers who are in the main so accurate in their descriptions should be led to commit such gross blunders in some of their statements. In the *Courier* article we find it stated that the Seniors and Sophs were "uniformly victorious" this year, and, as a corollary to this statement, the writer suggests that, "with these grave and reverend Seniors, almost matured to the pith of manhood, ought to be associated those tender fledglings, the Freshmen." As everybody knows that two out of the three games were won by Juniors and Fresh, it is hardly necessary to make this correction; and surely no one will consider the suggestion of the *Courier*, in reference to the union of the "pith" and "fledglings," as anything but a good joke. The writer in the *Post* seems to be better acquainted with College laws and customs. He says: "In the Senior year men are mature, various habits are developed, and the interest in the game falls off. All who have been in Harvard know that the playing culminates in the Junior year." In a word, the Seniors care very little for the game, and the few who join the Sophs serve to make the sides very nearly balanced. Yet the *Post* correspondent must have been napping at one time during the game, for he says that, at the close of the first encounter between the allies, "there was no cheer of victory," and, having thus made a wrong statement, asks if he is "right in attributing it to a certain *delicacy* on the part of gentlemen"! Once more, in describing the scenes after the games were ended, he tells us that when the several Classes had joined hands, and "danced to the right and to the left," then "'All College' was called, and all formed one huge ring, boys and men, in no order of Class or age." We think our friend must have been without his spectacles when he was looking at that "indistinct crowd of white shirts" in the fading twilight, or else, perhaps, he was looking by the "light of other days," when such a custom as he describes might have prevailed. We are glad that the discussions on the football match have directed so much attention, both in College and without, to what we all consider a good "institution"; not, indeed, a perfect one, — a *bona fide* football match as it once was, — but yet a manly struggle, which we hope to see much improved, but never abandoned.

THE
HARVARD MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.

OCTOBER, 1858.

No. 8.

J. Schouler, Jr. Ed.
CLASS DAY.

ALTHOUGH no account of the early history of Class Day has been handed down to us, there is sufficient evidence of its antiquity. Here and there we gather a piece of information on the subject; perhaps from a leaf in a graduate's diary, an old newspaper, or the musty records of the Faculty. These stray facts will serve as stepping-stones to the middle of the last century, where we should be lost in darkness, but for a new fact, which throws a light over the past and shows us the origin of Class Day.

The present name Class Day has been given in modern times to the old leave-taking day of the Seniors. It first appears on the printed programmes of 1841. From the earliest times the morning exercises bore the name of the Valedictory Exercises of the Senior Class, and that name, coupled with the fact that they always took place several weeks before Commencement, would lead us to infer that the graduating Class were allowed a vacation at this time, and returned on Commencement Day to the College.

Fortunately we are not without information on this point. In a copy of the Students' Orders for 1738, the oldest to be found in our College Library, it is stated that "the Senior Sophisters shall attend their exercises with the Tutors and

that there may be some views of the topic which will not be so unpalatable to the College at large, as they seem to be to this gentleman. In briefly remarking upon this matter, I especially desire not to be regarded as an unqualified admirer or champion of the particular scheme set forth in the circular to which he alludes; nor, on the other hand, have I any pet project of my own to promulgate and urge upon the public attention. I am not blind to the manifold obstacles and dangers which attend the effort to found a consistent, useful system of Students' Societies in this University. Notwithstanding the eloquence with which an orator last Commencement inveighed against men who take their stand between two opposing opinions, and assured us that it were better to decide wrongly than not to decide at all, I am not quite convinced that it is the path of wisdom to rush blindly to any extreme, or to refuse to acknowledge that there may be two sides to every question. I have been taught to believe that an impartial view of both these sides is not the mark of a narrow and timid spirit, but rather of a comprehensive and educated mind, which, however its passions or its fears may hurry it toward either pole, is constantly restrained and moderated by a discrimination which shows too clearly the degree of wisdom in its adversaries, and of folly in its own allies, ever to allow it to become a violent partisan. These observations may be viewed as much too metaphysical—as well as trite—to have any bearing on this very practical matter; but, in my brief experience, I have never discovered any topic which excited fiercer discussions and more irreconcilable hostilities, any project which had warmer friends or hotter foes, any theme, in short, on which it was more advisable and necessary to preach moderation, than this same one of College Societies.

The Greek-Letter Clubs have succumbed to the repeated attacks on them in the Magazine, sustained by a swelling tide of general sentiment in favor of their destruc-

tion.* This work of ruin being effected, it becomes us to consider deliberately what system can be substituted in their place. But as demolition is proverbially easier than reconstruction, we find here the most diverse varieties of opinion. Those who united with one heart and mind in razing the fabric left us by our predecessors, quarrel bitterly in regard to the plan and elevation of the new edifice which younger architects propose to rear upon the same foundation; while others, amongst whom, apparently, we must class this author, advise us to leave the ground vacant, and let a rank crop of thistles and briars overgrow the space once neatly enclosed and dedicated to the genial rites of mysterious Fraternities.

Seriously, it does not seem an idea worthy of the profusion of hard names which the reader may see on page 234, to propose to found an institution where youthful debaters may find a theme and an audience to encourage their extemporaneous essays; where the embryo orator may roll the mimic thunders of his early eloquence, nor wait, like Demosthenes, till manhood, before he discovers the necessity of unwearying labor to polish his native powers; or where the unfledged poet, if such there chance to be, may lisp in numbers before an appreciative auditory, who will promptly check and prune any ambitious attempts at "squirt," while they receive with vociferous admiration any scintillations of true humor, or strains of genuine poetry. These are the intellectual advantages; of the social ones I need not speak. If the Greeks were defended chiefly because they promoted

* The question is pertinent, What does the author of "Sixty-One Up!" mean by accusing other people *now* of trying "to effect a total change in that system which has been so successfully tried for more than half a century"? Is not that system dead and buried, past resuscitation? Has not its epitaph been inscribed on the pages of *Maga*, and a decent obituary been accorded to the merits of the departed? Have the Greeks been galvanized into a new and unnatural vitality? Or does he refer to some other "system," which has existed in Harvard for half a century without our knowledge? On all these questions his brief and enigmatic observation throws no light.

sociability and acquaintance among a few, how much greater the pleasure realized from freely associating with so large a portion of the College ! We have for the last and best two years of the course no such institution, — no, nor attempt at such an institution. Nothing exists among us that will pretend to fill this place.

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His foamy bosom heaved with rage;
His voice was like the thunder.
He shook his trident in his hand,
With anger almost frantic,
To think that man should ever dare
To fasten the Atlantic.

But presently he calmer grew,
And yielded to his fetters;
At length he willingly consents
To take across our letters.
Quite gentle now he licks the feet
Of Science, his instructor,
And proves himself for trains of thought
A really prime conductor.

Then let the elements rejoice,
 And hail th' auspicious hour,
 Which sees King Neptune fairly tamed,
 And proves the cable's power.
 Now plumb-lines sound from shore to shore,
 And diving-bells are ringing,
 And whales rejoice, and coral reefs
 The choral song are singing.

The waves lead on a stately dance,
 To greet the approach of Science,
 While all the islands shout with joy,
 In honor of the alliance.
 No longer hostile to the land,
 The grave Atlantic Ocean
 Forgets his (Sp.) gravity,
 And joins in the commotion.

Soon Mercury must lose his place.
 As messenger he lingers ;
 And, not contented with light heels,
 He often has light fingers.
 The "winged words" of ancient times
 Must yield to words of fire ;
 For lines once writ with feather pens
 Are sent through lines of wire.

O let the chain which now connects
 Two nations ne'er be parted ;
 And may each spark of fire exchanged
 Be under water darted.
 Let rivers open wide their mouths,
 With waves on beaches sandy,
 And sing "Britannia rules the sea"
 With "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

The second piece was written by a more humble individual, and is entitled

CABLE SPECULATIONS.

This is a most progressive age ;
 The queerest age I ever heard of.
 It seems as if there warn't a thing
 Our men of science are afeard of.
 They tell us folks that we shall know
 What England sez before she's sed it,
 And read the news from foreign lands
 Before the foreigners have read it.

I 've heard of railroads underground,
Whose owners always keep 'em hidden ;
The trains run right agin our laws,
'Cause takin' black mail is forbidden.
Then, quite unlike this telegraph,
They take despatches jest one way ;
While Mason's line is no more real
Than the equator, people say.

I heerd a lecturin' feller once,
Who sed by mediums he was able
To talk with folks in t' other world,
And make 'em rap or tip a table.
But then his medium warn't the sea,
Or else he was a thunderin' liar ;
Besides, he sed, when he convarsed,
He did n't touch a bit of wire.

I reckon we 'll soon find a way —
The prospect really now is brightenin' —
To fasten doors with thunderbolts,
And toast our bread on forks of lightnin'.
The deacon sez, if we should want
Means of defence in future wars,
We 'd use electric batteries
Made up of heavy Leyden jars.

Jest think, how would our ancestors
Have stared, if they had only seen us
Lashed side by side, like Siamese twins,
With lightnin' runnin' right between us ;
Which, tired of playin' overhead,
Way down beneath our feet is toilin',
While news, no longer dry, arrives,
Soaked in the brine to keep from spoilin'.

I calc'late the waves discuss
The stocks and market fluctuations ;
The currents tell the prices current,
And "heavy swells" the last orations ;
Each tide bears tidings to the Queen,
With scandal news for Mrs. Grundy,
While billows bear the sinkin' funds,
And lose 'em in the Bay of Fundy.

Well, since in union there is strength,
Secin' as how we 've jined our forces,

sociability and acquaintance among a few, how much greater the pleasure realized from freely associating with so large a portion of the College ! We have for the last and best two years of the course no such institution,—no, nor attempt at such an institution. Nothing exists among us that will pretend to fill this place.

! Every thinking man—every man who comes to College with any more exalted aim than to trifle away four years with more agreeable companions than can be found elsewhere, or to secure an elaborate sheepskin and the distinction of a Bachelor—expects to carry on a portion of his intellectual training apart from the prescribed routine of studies, to make excursions into every field of knowledge, and to lay the deep foundations of his mental character, not merely in the acquisition of languages and mathematics, but in the discipline and strength acquired by researches after truth, self-suggested, and pursued without the dread of a zero or a public for neglect. This subject has been well presented in the article entitled “Mens Sana,” in *Maga* for June, which relieves me from the necessity of pursuing it further. But the question inevitably comes up, How are we to digest the knowledge acquired in this way? How are we to secure the retention of those new views which seem to us so precious? It is universally admitted that communication of our thoughts to others, and free discussion with them, is the surest way of eliminating error and fixing truth. Is this object attained here in Harvard? The conversation, even of the most “intellectual circles,” does not, so far as I have observed, turn much upon these lofty themes, nor does it generally soar much above the ordinary and petty incidents of the day. What resource then remains, save in the foundation of a Society where the most sublime topics may be discussed by those who admire and think they understand them, while more ordinary mortals may content themselves in their turn with an interchange of opinions on a modest range of subjects, appropriate to their capacity—or their humility?

“Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man,” is an aphorism as old as Lord Bacon. For the attainment of the first, — the indispensable acquisition, without which neither of the other two can be possessed, — the Library unfolds its ample stores ; for the last, the Magazine invites the pen of every man who has something to say, and knows how to say it. But where shall we find opportunity for the second constituent of the triad ? Where shall we look for a charm to prevent our scholars from degenerating into mere dungeons of knowledge ? To this question we see no answer, under the present system.

Perhaps such a plan is impracticable. Perhaps it is impossible to realize a scheme where a moderate amount of true and voluntary mental culture can be secured to those who are willing to submit to the necessary labor, and at the same time provide the means of entertainment which the majority of us students will always require. Perhaps men will not work. Perhaps we are not near enough to the Millennium for the success of any such project which Collegiate brains can devise. But I should be sorry to believe this of human nature in general, or of students' nature in particular. I have far too much confidence in the ability and good sense of Harvard's undergraduates to entertain such a doubt. I rest assured that, with a reasonable amount of conciliation and good feeling on this subject among those on whom it devolves to act in the present emergency, we shall not be reduced to such a humiliating confession. May we not hope, at least, that some among us, who have any original ideas on this vexed question, will publish them for the general benefit in the Magazine, that so, from the friendly clashing of opinions and arguments, some sparks of truth and wisdom may be elicited.

COLLEGE RECORD.

ORDER OF EXERCISES FOR COMMENCEMENT, JULY 21, 1858.

1. A Salutatory Oration in Latin. George Edward Pond, Boston.
2. An Essay. "The Pepperell Family." John Pearse Treadwell, Portsmouth, N. H.
3. A Disquisition. "Table-Talkers." Samuel Pasco, Charlestown.
- *4. An Essay. "Peasant Heroes." John Buttrick Noyes, Cambridge.
5. A Dissertation. "Sympathy for the Sepoys." George Canning Burgess, Kingston.
6. An Oration. "Handel as a Religious Composer." Charles Henry Learoyd, Danvers.
- *7. A Disquisition. "The Women of the Iliad and Odyssey." Henry Pickering Walcott, Salem.
8. An Essay. "Bibliomania." Edward Harrington Kimball, Bradford.
- *9. A Dissertation. "The Criticism of Quintilian." George Washington Crosby, Leominster.
- *10. A Disquisition. "Lord Metcalf." Ansel Lamson, Lunenburg, Vt.
- *11. An Essay. "Architecture in the United States." George Bradford Chadwick, Boston.
12. A Dissertation. "Burke in his Dotage." Henry Lyman Patten, Kingston, N. H.
13. A Disquisition. "St. Peter's,— what it cost, and what it comes to." Robert Thaxter Edes, Bolton.
14. An Essay. "Aaron Burr." George Dexter, Cincinnati, Ohio.
- *15. A Disquisition. "The Indians of the West." Charles Fairchild, Madison, Wis.
16. A Dissertation. "The Popularity of Queen Elizabeth." Horace Pratt Tobey, Wareham.
17. An Oration. "Scientific Inquiry and Religious Faith." Alfred Stedman Hartwell, Natick.
18. A Dissertation. "The Logic of Persecution." William Hale Dunning, Cambridge.
19. An Essay. "Cleon, the Athenian." Benjamin Graves Brown, Marblehead.
20. A Poem. "A Call to Work." William Gilchrist Gordon, New Bedford.

* Not spoken.

*21. A Dissertation. "The Supposed Aristocratical Bias of Shakespeare." Charles Adams Allen, Cambridge.

*22. An Oration. "Pericles and Lorenzo de' Medici." George Albert Wentworth, Wakefield, N. H.

23. An Essay. "French Missionaries in the West." Nicholas Longworth Anderson, Cincinnati, Ohio.

24. A Disquisition. "The Character of the Slave in the Roman Drama." Winslow Warren, Plymouth.

25. An Essay. "The Eloquence of Erskine." Joshua Gardner Beals, Boston.

26. An Oration. "Solon as a Poet." Robert Noxon Toppan, New York, N. Y.

27. A Dissertation. "Calculating Machines." William Pitt Greenwood Bartlett, Boston.

28. An Essay. "Cardinal Mezzofanti." William Arthur Kilbourn, Groton.

*29. A Disquisition. "Roman Civilization in Liberia." George Ebenezer Francis, Lowell.

30. An Oration. "Injurious Stimulants in Education." Frederic George Bromberg, Mobile, Ala.

31. A Disquisition. "The Authentic History of William Tell." Charles Brooks Bradbury, Boston.

32. A Dissertation. "Roman Watering-Places." George Washington Copp Noble, Somersworth, N. H.

33. A Dissertation. "The Republicanism of Milton." Frank Howard Shorey, Dedham.

34. An Essay. "John Cotton." William Henry Fox, Taunton.

*35. A Dissertation. "The Tories of the American Revolution." Bradbury Longfellow Cilley, Exeter, N. H.

36. A Disquisition. "The Suppression of the Templars." Joseph Alden Shaw, Sudbury.

37. An Oration. "Governor Bradstreet and his Times." Eugene Frederic Bliss, Janesville, Wis.

38. An Oration. "Averages." James Jackson Lowell, Cambridge.

BOYLSTON PRIZE DECLAMATION.

THE following prizes were assigned on the morning of the 16th of July. One member of the Graduating, ten of the Senior, and nine of the Junior Class appeared on the stage.

* Not spoken.

The two first-prizes to John H. Ricketson and James Schouler, of the Senior Class. The three second-prizes to George L. Chaney and James W. Stephenson, of the Senior Class, and William C. Wood, of the Junior Class.

THE following resolutions were adopted at a joint meeting of the Classes of '58 and '59 of Yale College, in respect for the memory of Mr. Dunham : —

Whereas, It has pleased God to remove by sudden death our loved classmate and friend, George Elliott Dunham,

Resolved, That, while we recognize in this dispensation the hand of an infinitely wise and good God, we mourn the loss of one whose noble and generous nature had endeared him to our hearts, while his manly character, to the natural loveliness of which had been added the graces of a consistent Christian life, had gained our warmest esteem.

Resolved, That we sympathize most tenderly with the parents and other relatives of our deceased classmate in their deep affliction, trusting that they with us will find consolation in that Christian hope which he had recently begun to indulge.

Resolved, That we offer our most heartfelt thanks to the students of Harvard University for the kind sympathy and regard which they have shown us in our sudden calamity.

Resolved, That, as a token of respect for the memory of the deceased, we wear the usual badge of mourning thirty days of the College term, and that a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased, to the students of Harvard University, and to the press for publication.

ISAAC RILEY,	}	<i>Senior Class.</i>
W. P. BACON,		
A. VAN NAME,		
A. H. WILCOX,	}	<i>Junior Class.</i>
T. B. DWIGHT,		
J. M. HUBBARD,		

EDITORS' TABLE.

Of course the all-absorbing topic of the day is the Atlantic Telegraph. We were separated when the news of its completion arrived, but each student has no doubt manifested his delight in some way. Never was there greater public rejoicing. The cable (figuratively speaking) has been in everybody's mouth for the last month, so that many have managed to secure a bit for safe-keeping. As the crowing, or rather cackling, over the successful laying of this enterprise has not yet ceased, we have no hesitation in laying before our readers a couple of effusions from one of those numerous villages where "one hundred guns were fired, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed." We insert them in order to show that our *Maga* is not behind the other periodicals of the age in offering her sincere congratulations upon this dawning of a new era in civilization. The first piece, we understand, was written by the rising bard of the village, for it is well known that every village in our land can boast of at least *one* poet. The same gentleman has written odes in honor of all the stirring national events of the past ten years, to the tune of "Hail Columbia."

THE TAMING OF THE SEA.

Let Shakespeare talk of taming shrews,
 And Rarey solve th' equation
 In plain reduction of horse power
 By means of moral suasion.
 We 've tamed an animal more fierce
 Than shrews or stubborn horses,
 And bound him to his sandy bed
 With chain of Dr. Morse's.

When first King Neptune felt the band,
 He bit it right asunder;
 His foamy bosom heaved with rage;
 His voice was like the thunder.
 He shook his trident in his hand,
 With anger almost frantic,
 To think that man should ever dare
 To fasten the Atlantic.

But presently he calmer grew,
 And yielded to his fetters;
 At length he willingly consents
 To take across our letters.
 Quite gentle now he licks the feet
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 And proves himself for trains of thought
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Jest think, how would our ancestors
Have stared, if they had only seen us
Lashed side by side, like Siamese twins,
With lightnin' runnin' right between us ;
Which, tired of playin' overhead,
Way down beneath our feet is toilin',
While news, no longer dry, arrives,
Soaked in the brine to keep from spoilin'.

I calc'late the waves discuss
The stocks and market fluctuations ;
The currents tell the prices current,
And "heavy swells" the last orations ;
Each tide bears tidings to the Queen,
With scandal news for Mrs. Grundy,
While billows bear the sinkin' funds,
And lose 'em in the Bay of Fundy.

Well, since in union there is strength,
Seein' as how we've jined our forces,

opportunity. Let them make the most of it now, for soon new duties and new associations will put as wide a difference between them in feeling as in locality, and most of them will not be reminded of his existence by his correspondence.

That vision fades, and I see the same youth in the same room, in company with a classmate from the room below, drinking an unadulterated decoction of lemons and water talking of past pleasures and hopes for the future, discussing the great lights of the Class and the lions of Cambridge, and even extending their reckless criticism to the men and measures of the Faculty. He is beginning to get off the shell.

Another change comes over the scene, and I see him with the direst confusion around and an open trunk before him, into which he thrusts every portable article, from dumb-bells to clean shirts, with little regard to anything but compactness. Huzza! the term is up, and he is going *home*. But see! can it be? Yes, he is actually packing text-books into the top, and looks disappointed because there is not room for a lexicon. One experiment will teach him the folly of that, and in future he will leave whatever vacant space there may be, to be filled up on his return with material reminders of the home he leaves behind.

Now another picture steals over the field of view, and I see another room, well warmed and lighted, and the same youth in a company of classmates, learning something of the great College world, and sharpening his genius by contact with his fellows. He is beginning to study books less and men more, — to take a broader view of College life.

Once more he appears in his own room, with a small but goodly company around, discussing with the highest satisfaction the performance of "our Class" by the tree (for it is the evening of Class Day), and proving to their own satisfaction that, by the laws of common sense and the Faculty, they are Sophomores from that day onward.

●

That passes, and I see a large, square room, evidently in the upper story, with windows built out upon the roof, and beams extending across the ceiling that tell of a time when wood was cheap. The new paper and paint which adorn the room show that it had hard usage from its last occupant. The same old lamp burns brightly on the table, and two young men sit before it. One is our old acquaintance, changed somewhat in appearance, however. Much of his boyishness is gone; he looks more as if he could stand alone in the world, perfectly at home in his College sanctum, highly delighted with the world in general and himself in particular. One fact explains all this. He is a Sophomore. His companion is unmistakably a classmate, and in fact his chum. With feet upon the table and interest in their countenances, they talk of the many and elegant articles that are to decorate this aforesaid upper room. For the actual result, I would refer you to Shakespeare and their classmates. The first will tell you that .

"The ample proposition that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails of the promised largeness."

The others will inform you that not one of those gorgeous arrangements ever found its way to Mass. 79. Why or how it happened has always been a mystery to the occupants, and therefore the reader is free either to exercise his investigating faculties on the subject, or to let it pass as they do.

Yet again I behold the same student, pacing back and forth in the same room, with pen in hand and a quantity of blank paper on the table. The door opens, and Sharpley, a classmate from over the way, enters unannounced and uninvited. His countenance wears the same mingled expression of anxiety and determination. Both laconically but emphatically tell of absolute failure, and Sharpley goes out, leaving the occupant of 79 to resume his march, *à la Napoleon*. Every passing moment deepens the shade on

his countenance, till he looks the personification of desperate despair. Were he a statesman, one would suppose he was about to sign his own death-warrant; if a Freshman, that he was about to petition the Faculty. Being a Sophomore, however, the explanation is, that his first theme is due at nine o'clock the next morning. Now, the inspiration seizes him, and he writes, with extravagantly decorated penmanship, yet more extravagant ideas, couched in high-sounding phrases; and a flash of exultation lights up his countenance. He has made a magnificent opening for his theme. So it goes on through the night, and the final draft, finished at 8 : 45 the next morning, is the third he has executed. Infatuated youth! The remorseless and indiscriminating Professor will draw dark lines around that magnificent opening, and equally magnificent peroration; those fine sentences scattered through the theme will be marked "flat" or "O" or "S," and you will be politely informed that it is an excellent exercise to write them over again *de novo*, or that the theme would be improved by striking them out altogether. Moreover, experience will teach you that sleep is more pleasant than copying mutilated manuscript.

The next view reveals our hero measuring his length on his couch, oblivious to sublunary affairs. But his chum sits at the table, trying alternately to drive ideas into his brain by force, and to transfer them to paper. Poor fellow! He began with seasonable and systematic preparation, but the bad example of his chum and Sharpley has led him astray. He strives heroically against sleep and destiny; but, alas! "conscience makes cowards of us all": he yields at last, and half past eleven sees two sleepers in Mass. 79. The fault of that theme will not be its length.

And now the scenes crowd on thick and fast. I see in that aforesaid upper room the occupants and two classmates deep in the intricacies of four-handed chess; anon a greater number, in the deeper intricacies of four-handed boxing. Next

appear text-books and arm-chairs in confused circulation, and well will it be for the occupants if they find that precept of practical wisdom, that teaches to "save the pieces," is not impracticable for them the next morning. Again, the light is suddenly darkened, while a mass of damaged crockery leaves the window on its way to *terra firma*, the crash of which—that is to say, the crockery—is commonly ascribed to the demolition of Freshman windows. Then I see the door locked, the light shaded, and the two occupants moving about with all the secrecy of counterfeiters. The result of their operations is agreeable at the time, pleasant to remember, and would no doubt interest the public at large; but I can only say further, that Horatio's ignorance of various things in heaven and earth extends to many transactions in Mass. 79.

Yet again, two figures sit by the table, trying to comprehend infinite progression. It is the last night, or rather the last morning, of their second Sophomore term. All night they have been exploring Peirce's Algebra, hoping to commit enough of it to last them an hour in Harvard Hall. At length, as the unfeeling janitors of various hen-coops begin to strike their respective prayer-bells, my chum looks up and wonders what time it is. I ascertain that the mean solar time, as indicated by my chronometer, is 4^h. 20^m. A. M. A reaction takes place in my chum's feelings, evidenced by an abrupt and violent exclamation with reference to Peirce's Algebra, and followed by a rapid precipitation of his wearing-apparel over chairs, table, and carpet, leaving at last his own person as a solid residuum upon his couch. And I would defy the highest mathematical talent to find an equation which would express his position in space, or the angles of inclination of his limbs *inter se*.

At length, with the last act in the drama, midnight gives the spectres and the writer notice to leave. But let not the reader suppose that these pages contain all that passed before my own vision. That lamp has witnessed many a

stern heart-struggle, many weeks of strife against a crushing sorrow; it has seen many good resolutions made, and, alas! almost as many broken; much that is evil, and a great deal that is good, have been acquired within the circle of its quiet radiance. But the wounds of the heart are not quickly healed, nor are its trophies lightly esteemed, and it shrinks from exposing either to the touch or the gaze of the world. Let them rest undisturbed in its jealous custody. Meanwhile my study-lamp continues to be a quiet actor in the drama of a student's life. May its shade never be less.

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

"Some love to roam o'er the dark sea foam,
Where the wild winds whistle free;
But a chosen band in a mountain land,
And a life in the woods for me."

THIS song of the merry mountaineer is the song as well of every lover of woods and hills, and a life among the mountains, even for the brief space of a summer's vacation, has charms that can never be found elsewhere. Our artists know them, for they spend month after month in careful search for the varied gems of beauty which lie concealed within our mountain ranges. Hence is it that American landscape-painters are unsurpassed by those of any other country. Our poets, too, love to drink in the inspiration of mountain scenery, and no truer poetry of nature can anywhere be found than in the pages of our own Bryant. But the artist and poet enjoy no exclusive monopoly of these delights; for

"Such beauty, varying in the light
Of living nature, cannot be portrayed
By words, nor by the pencil's silent skill,
But is the property of him alone
Who hath beheld it, noted it with care,
And in his mind recorded it with love."

The real pleasures of mountain life are as yet appreciated by few; for few, I think, have learned the true philosophy of mountain travel. There is but one right way to visit mountains, and that is to visit them afoot. The freedom which one enjoys from the inconveniences of a crowded coach and all the discomforts of fashion, is akin to that glorious spirit of liberty which is ever associated with mountain regions. Yet I would by no means advise all persons to become pedestrians. Two important qualifications are essential in the art of travelling afoot. One must be both a poet and a hero to become a good pedestrian; — not a poet in the sense of a writer of sentimental “Stanzas to —,” or “Lines on seeing the Moon,” nor a hero like those masters of the “manly art of self-defence” that one sees on the Delta when the match-game is played; but a poet so far as to be alive with enthusiasm, and to possess in some good degree the poetic faculties of perception and imagination, and a hero such that he can suffer a few privations without feeling annoyance, and incur some dangers for the sake both of the exhilaration produced by the dangers themselves and of the beauties to which they will conduct him.

If, then, the reader possess the qualities which I have mentioned, let him resolve to go next summer with some jovial companions and kindred spirits on a pedestrian tour to the White Mountains. I say the White Mountains. Other mountain resorts, indeed, have their peculiar attractions, and camp-life in the Adirondacks, or a quiet sojourn in some pleasant nook among the Green Mountains, affords rich and ever-varying pleasures. But as I prefer the symphonies of Beethoven to Verdi's operas, as an expression of that which is highest and best in music, so do I advise a visit to the White Mountains for all who wish to study at once the grandest and the loveliest forms of mountain scenery.

I shall not follow this long introduction by all the details

of an actual pedestrian tour which I took during the last vacation to the White Mountains. For the best description of the advantages and pleasures of pedestrianism in general, the reader is referred to Bayard Taylor's "Views Afoot"; while the particulars of my own tour I shall keep for a feast of memory, and to serve as the threads out of which to spin long yarns to some story-telling group round a cozy winter's evening fire.

O visions of fun and fatigue, of jollity and jogging, of songs and puns and musings by the way! What "moving accidents by flood and field," what "hair-breadth 'scapes" in dark forests and on rocky heights! What quiet strolls along humming brooks and among the calm beauties of the Franconia Notch! What views from mountain-tops and in wild ravines were ours! Truly does Nature furnish her attentive guests a

"Perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns."

The most celebrated objects of interest at the White Mountains are too well known to need description; but the tourist, if he spends any length of time among the mountains, and improves his opportunities, will often see these grand pictures of nature in a new light, as it were, and will, besides, continually discover new scenes of beauty and sublimity. Such, at least, was my own experience, and I have selected a few pictures of mountain sights, which, if they possess no other interest for the reader, will have the charm of novelty. My first picture is that of a mountain prospect. If the reader has ever approached the White Mountains by way of North Conway, he cannot have failed to notice Mount Chocorua, for it is one of the first peaks which is seen after leaving the lake, and is, besides, so graceful and symmetrical in its form, as to realize at once the beholder's ideal of a beautiful mountain. The guide-book describes it as a "Granite mountain, with pinnacles and precipices, sharp, angular peaks, and *unexpected descents*." A roman-

tic story of the tragic fate of the Indian warrior who gave his name to the mountain serves to beguile the way from the inn till you reach the foot. The ascent is difficult, and is rarely made even by "accomplished tourists," to whom Chocorua is better known as a handsome peak to behold from a distance, than a mountain from whose top may be seen the best view of the White Mountains and the lake region of New Hampshire. To the north the eye beholds nothing but mountains, range within range, and ridge beyond ridge; here peaks shaped like sugar-loaves and covered with verdure, there sharply pointed hills with bleak and barren summits, while far in the background stands Mount Washington, bathing his gray head in the summer mist. One feels a sense of power and freedom when he sees that the elevation on which he stands is almost on a level with the tops of the countless hills which form the picture before him; and he almost fancies he could walk, giant-like, from peak to peak, and soon be seated at a warm supper in the Tip-top House on Mount Washington.

The varied forms of the mountains are likewise suggestive of a comparison between these peaks and the great men in history who have risen above the common level of humanity. Those cone-shaped peaks covered with rich foliage, which the sun tints with a mellow hue, are like men of lofty and towering intellects, whom we not only admire, but whose noble and generous spirits call forth our love and affection; while those barren mountains, with cheerless and forbidding aspect, are like the great unlovely characters in history, whom gifts of mind alone, and not nobleness of soul, have made famous.

But you must leave this picture for another. Passing round a huge rock, the whole scene is changed. You have turned from one page in the open book of Nature, whereon was painted the grandeur of mountains, to another, which contains a lovely picture of lake scenery. There is hardly a mountain in sight, save a background of blue hills in the

dim distance. In the foreground is Lake Winnipiseogee, appearing like a vast pond which has overflowed a wide region of country, leaving here and there a hillock or wood-crowned valley in view. Other lakes are smaller and skirted with dense forests, looking like pearls in dark settings, while some have sandy shores, so that you can trace their outlines by curves which would delight the eye of a mathematical tutor.

Let me next suppose the reader to have left Chocorua far behind him, and to have made the laborious ascent of Mount Washington. If you are favored with pleasant weather, and remain over night on the top, it may be your fortune, as it was mine, to behold a magnificent picture of shadow-painting. I refer, not to the smaller shadows, which are seen on the hills below as you ascend, but to the shadow cast by Mount Washington itself. About an hour before sunset I first saw this shadow creeping slowly up the side of one of the lower peaks to the east. When it had reached the top of this peak, it stretched over the summits of those beyond, and, passing the intervening distance, reached the horizon three hundred miles away. Then, like some huge monster preparing for sleep, it rested its head on the clouds, and, drawing around the deepening shades, was lost to view. Next morning at sunrise we discovered the shadow lying in the west, just as we had last seen it on the previous evening to the east; and as the sun ascended higher and higher, the monster slowly arose, and, summoning his attendants, the fogs, from the valleys below, vanished into thin air.

The last picture in this little gallery to which I have introduced the reader is a view in Tuckerman's Ravine. This ravine lies about three thousand feet below the summit of Mount Washington, and in form resembles a vast amphitheatre. The rocky walls seem to stretch almost to the clouds, and their cold and cheerless aspect is unbroken, save on one side, where numberless cascades of every form and

size fall into the gorge beneath. Some of the cascades seem no larger than single drops of water trickling down the side of the mountain; and when the sun penetrates the ravine, these "thousand streams" have the appearance of a delicate drapery of silver threads.

If a visit to this ravine is made in the early part of August, an additional object of interest will be found in the arch of snow which is seen here almost every summer, and which is at once the grandest and most wonderful of all the various sights among the mountains.

I should fail to give a true picture of mountain life, if I left the impression, that healthful vigor to the body, and beauty of scenery for the eye, are the only treasures with which it rewards the tourist. The mountains are silent teachers. They speak of a higher and better life than the low pursuit of selfish ends. They kindle anew the noblest aspirations of the soul, and lead us to look up from the mountains to Him who laid their foundations, and

"To the beautiful order of His works
Learn to conform the order of our lives."

AN HOUR IN MY ROOM.

G. A. Bailey
'97 - Editor

THERE is no local subject so much written at, and so little written upon, in the Magazine, as our College rooms. Almost every new contributor, after the invariable remarks about this periodical and its Editors, has something to say concerning the company assembled, the jokes attempted, the card-playing and smoking performed, the attitudes allowed, the furniture abused, the books piled, the pictures hung, or the fire burning within some room or other in the buildings. No contributor has yet, however, written an article directly about our rooms, without extended reference to their inmates and associations. Nor could such an article be

made interesting, save in an economical point of view ; it would be nothing but a collection of furniture and picture-dealers' and booksellers' bills. What is found in any undergraduate's room may, with the exception of the window-seats, grate, and a parcel of old sticks and hats, be found in almost all of our several homes. Yet our rooms have a queer look of their own ; there is something noticeable in them that is not noticeable elsewhere ; there is something which gives them a charm and comfort not possessed by drawing-room or study, — something we are apt to call neat, cosey, or jolly. This peculiar character is given them partly by the antecedents of nearly everything therein, partly by a certain odd, blundering, male ingenuity, perceptible in the disposal of all we have about us. It is easy enough to see that the fine taste and quick hand of a lady never disturbed our surroundings ; all we own is arranged as it never would be and never will be arranged at home, although many an enthusiastic student solemnly declares that he will continue his present style of life after he leaves Cambridge.

I am allowed to say that an article will soon appear in the Harvard, celebrating the curious devices to which we resort for embellishing our chambers, and the various ways in which we contrive to make what was intended for one purpose serve another ; so, as I do not wish to trespass upon the province of this forthcoming paper, and as I yet wish to tell you some things about my room and its contents, I shall have to ask you to look, for a little while, at some of my possessions, — such possessions as you all have, — through my spectacles.

I suppose it is common enough, as many experiences which we think private are common enough, to speculate loftily when riding, and to become very practical when our feet touch the ground. The simple fact of guiding and restraining a horse reminds us of our power, our title to dominion, granted at the creation, and so sets our fancies high-flying. All this ceases when we get down : we are on

a level with most things then. And thus I always go to building air-castles when I am reading such volumes as are on the middle shelf of my big bookcase yonder,—novels, I mean. In most stories the characters are hardly nobler, shrewder, stronger, than very many people we are used to living with; we so generally see the end of the plot as soon as we begin to read, and so often think we could better it, that it lifts us up into reveries, making us feel superior to whoever wrote it. A great novel, as we call it, does not appear often enough to make us lose this impression and know that we are inferior. There is another book on that shelf that must always, I think, bring solemn notions into the brain of anybody who reads it as it ought to be read: it is an edition of Coleridge's poems. I like to sit with it alone in the evening; it throws a spell around me, a glamour, as of witchery, and I can almost see the glittering eye of the haunted mariner, and hear the eternal monody of that "sunless sea" he wrote of. It is more terrible, it seems to me, to remember in how great a darkness he walked up and down, all the best years of his life,—a gloom supreme and awful, like the shadow of an eclipse.

Speaking of eclipses makes me think of a young man who came into my room the other day to get me to subscribe to what he called "The Mathematical Monthly." He was a mild, light-complexioned young person, with a somewhat unsettled air,—an expression as if he were in constant expectation of some phenomenon, and was afraid he would be called on to explain it. According to what I could gather from his disconnected remarks, this new periodical was to be edited and supported by a coterie of harmless monomaniacs. I showed him the only mathematical book in my collection; it was a Bowditch's Tables, enriched with additional and supplementary formulas, the product of my own investigations. He examined it curiously, and was about to return it to me, when I offered it as a contribution to his Magazine, telling him, at the same time,

that I should consider a year's subscription about a fair equivalent. This seemed to rouse him from his abstraction, and he left, with the Bowditch, promising to return in a few days. As I have seen nothing of him since, I presume my contribution has been accepted.

Whoever happens to let slip anything particularly simple and hearty, here in our College society, is apt to be snubbed, I have noticed, especially if what he says has to do with the affections; and those who scoff, I think, very generally have something equally as tender in their own thoughts, which they are ashamed to say. Just so I have seen men who are looking over my shelves laugh, with a surprised or contemptuous air, when they espy a Bible put with the other volumes, although they too own one, hidden away in their trunks or on the bookcase in their bedroom,—one with some loving words and their mother's name on the fly-leaf, written in characters sometimes uncouth, sometimes graceful, as they have lived in the country or the city. The words are commonly the same, whatever be the hand in which they are written.

The best of my books are behind glass doors; among them two very singular ones,—Bacon's Essays (Pickering's edition) and the Anatomy of Melancholy. Their sense is hard to get at sometimes; so many Latin quotations are stretched across their pages, like bars across a prison window, that you have to look sharply to find the writers' meaning. This is the reason, perhaps, that they are so much oftener quoted than read. Burton's is a book to be read late at night, when you are nervous, and the queer noises overhead and below make you start, when the blood surges into your head so strongly that you grow dizzy, and the table seems to rise and fall before you. The matter-of-fact way in which the old scholar tells you that over-study, or love, or too much eating at night, is apt to bring on madness, makes you angry with him, for treating the hideous subject so coolly.

One of the regular ornaments for a Senior's room is an Oxford hat. Looking at one of them makes me remember to say, what I have often said more privately, that I wish somebody would write an article in the Harvard about Class Feeling. Do not think I am reminded of Class Feeling by the sight of this offspring of our only Class Folly; it is because it is what is left of one of our first Class actions. It would be a profitable question for some of us to discuss, whether devotion to the Class is the parent of our devotion to the College, or *vice versa*.

I wonder if everybody has the tea mania in College. Some time last year I got together a goodly array of appliances for making tea, and made it, dutifully, every evening for a week. I had a box of hard crackers, too, and fellows used to come in, eat a cracker, praise my establishment, and see me drink tea. The cracker-box was empty before the tea-caddy was, and I gradually gave up my custom; it was not very pleasant, drinking tea alone, — besides, somebody stole my spoons and broke my teapot. The saucepan that I used to boil water in sits on my hearth now, with a chunk of coal in it, and put the above question into my head. Mr. Lyon, under the Post-Office, makes very nice tea, and if anybody ever wants a cup, just before sitting down to write a theme or article, I think they can't do better than to go thither.

The thing I oftenest look at, in my room, is a photograph of a distinguished advocate, by Heywood. At his college he was first in rank and scholarship, and ever since has been marvellously successful in his profession; but his face is the saddest I ever saw, — all seamed and haggard, with eyes that have a weary, unsatisfied look in them. It is worth while to compare this portrait with that of Shelley. You would say of each that it showed exceeding genius; but Shelley's is the face of one guileless and bold from perfect purity, while this is grim and anxious, as of a man always at bay.

It is not only in great men, such as Webster and he I

have been speaking of, that you may see this tired, waiting eye. Some of our own classmates, here in College, have a wistful sort of way of gazing off at a distance, over the tops of the trees; sometimes, even, when talking with you, their eyes will seem as if they saw something a great way from them, and wished to attain to it. It is very easy, I think, to tell if persons are noble or not, by looking at their eyes. A slight obliquity, for instance, cuts off all attempt at enthusiasm. Just imagine a squinting hero.

There used to be a piece of the famous Atlantic Telegraph wire lying on my table; but I've locked it up since a bit of lead-pencil, stuck through some India-rubber, and vouched for by one of Mr. Field's certificates, has been examined and moralized over, in a friend's room, as if it had been a part of the genuine cable.

I would like to say more now, but one of the Editors has just come in with a lively story about some private theatricals he has had a hand in, and so I must defer what I had to tell you till another time.

E. Westmore, Esq.
Editor

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

ALTHOUGH the respectability of the professional actor has never been considered the very highest in the social scale, the records of the Private Drama vindicate the innate refinement of theatrical amusements, and show that not only kings and nobles, but men of genius and learning, wits, statesmen, philosophers, and poets, have eagerly participated in these histrionic frolics, when the stage was erected in their own palace or drawing-room.

There has never yet been written a history of Private Theatricals; but if any sprightly writer were to make them his topic, he would publish a work that could not but be

popular. We should be introduced to famous men and women, with their outward show and front of greatness stripped off, and find them, when their state robes were laid aside, so much like ordinary mortals, that we should feel quite a charming familiarity with them. Amusements of this kind used to be the prerogatives of royal magnificence. The very thought of them in the olden time brings up visions of the days of romance,—of dainty feasts and merry music, of high-born dames and graceful princes for actors, and the glittering throng of a court for an audience, with some gay monarch to preside; but they have become more democratic in these latter days, and are the pet sport in country kitchens, as well as city drawing-rooms. Like all other institutions of the kind, they can boast a most venerable antiquity.

The Romans had them in the shape of the Atellan Farces, in whose delicate burlesque, as Cicero calls it, the noble Roman youth used to delight, and in which they kept up the literary excellence of their comedies, when they had greatly degenerated on the public stage.

From what we know of them they must have been quite fascinating performances. Their theatres were the courts of their houses, where the stage surroundings were splashing fountains and mosaic pavements (no bad place in a warm Italian evening); and we can readily imagine a family party of some grave old Roman and stately matron, with all their little *virgines* and *pueri*, aunts, cousins, and uncles, having as good a time over some "*expectatur dialogus*," in which the hope of the house was to perform, as the excited row of relatives have now over the "*expectatur dialogus*" in the College Chapel.

The Italians used to be excessively fond of their extemporal comedies, somewhat analogous to our charades, and partaking very much of the nature of private theatricals. The plot was sketched out beforehand to the performers. They knew nothing of the minor incidents of the play,

which were arranged by a manager, and which were as unexpected to the actors as the audience. Salvator Rosa gained no small renown for his personification of the Calabrian clown in these plays, and in Italy many of the most distinguished men and women have ever been quite enthusiastic in their admiration for performances of the same sort. Leo the Tenth gave up one of the chambers of the Vatican for the acting of a farce written by one of his cardinals. Machiavelli used to stir his audience to tears in the Private Drama, and was passionately fond of it; and Politian exerted all his talents to produce a comedy for the nobles of Venice to perform, and which gathered together the celebrities and aristocracy of the gay capital.

It is said that the passion for plays crept even into the convents, and the nuns used to vary the monotony of their life by religious dramas, until the father confessors discovered that the minds of the sisterhood were becoming tinctured with worldliness by the vanity of such displays, and that it was expedient to abolish them.

However, the perfection of all private theatricals were the old English masques, performed either at court or at the houses of the nobility. When the public theatres were wretched buildings, scarcely more than sheds, without orchestras, with the rudest scenery and the most primitive arrangements, the masques were brought to a degree of perfection that no modern scenic effects have ever equalled. As Lord Bacon says, they were composed for princes, and by princes played. Untold sums were lavished upon them. The best poetic talent, the highest mechanical skill, the most famous masters of music and dancing, were employed to produce them. Milton and Ben Jonson brought all their genius to their composition. Whitelock, Lord Bacon, and Selden formed a committee on the last masque presented to Charles the First, and so quarrelled for precedence in the matter that they had to decide their rank in a procession which formed part of the exhibition by throwing dice. Nothing

could exceed the magical illusions and gorgeous splendor of the scenery, and the few remaining masques in print show the exquisite poetic fancy employed in them. It is quite curious that so few of them should remain, and that so little is ever heard of them. Historians have passed lightly over them, and they have only formed the subject of some few antiquarian researches. They have faded from sight and memory like their own fairy illusions, and have taken their places in some musty volume of court letters or diary of the master of ceremonies.

Modern theatricals, though much less splendid, have at least the advantage of giving amusement to a great many more people. So great is the fancy for them, that they bid fair to become almost a national amusement. Even the dark cabin of the "Advance" was fitted up into an "Arctic Theatre," and the farces there enacted served to while away the tedious hours of the Northern night, as well as to remind the crew still more vividly of the world they had left far behind them in the Southern latitudes.

There is a real charm about the private theatricals that are acted in many of the parlors of our great cities. When they are well acted, there is nothing to offend the taste or take away from the effect. There is no rant, no attempt at stage illusion, no paint nor paste jewels. You see real gentlemen and ladies moving quietly about before you. You cannot persuade yourself that you are not looking in upon some actual domestic drama. Nay, you even sometimes feel almost afraid you have no business to look at all. It is as if you were making an unwarrantable intrusion.

But, reader, did you ever play yourself? If so, you must have discovered two advantages that belong to private theatricals, or rather one advantage and one danger. The advantage is the opportunity afforded for studying character. If you have great faith in a man's amiability, or generosity, or modesty, put him in a private theatrical performance. If he can stand that test, nothing under heaven

will move him. O the woful contests, the struggles for precedence, the feuds and fights, that are the offspring of the rehearsals! They bring to view little weaknesses you would never have dreamed of. They show little gaps where the old Adam peeps through as malignant as ever. The only fear is that they will not increase your faith in human nature. As to the danger,—it lurks in the green-room. It consists in an unaccountable fondness for rehearsing certain passages of the play a number of times totally unnecessary,—in practising that *dénouement* between yourself and the heroine, where you go down upon your knees before her, when there is no one besides yourselves to criticise you, so that you cannot possibly gain any improvement by it, and you are quite likely to make a few interpolations at the same time. This is a danger which needs to be especially guarded against. It may be avoided by reading a few chapters of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* before going to rehearsal, though some prefer Watts's Hymns.

A personal reminiscence of our own might be instructive to beginners, and we will simply sketch the outlines for their instruction. Our company consisted of nothing but stars; in fact, we were regular comets; but we "wer'n't proud," so we performed in a garret, which could not be injured by driving nails into the wall. There was one modest member of the corps, who insisted upon being stage-manager, chief artisan, star-actor, and general director at the same time. He built us a stage of feeble constitution, and a complicated system of weights, by which, in obedience to a very intricate law of mechanics, as he explained it, the curtain was to rise with magic effect. We had the usual number of untoward accidents and the usual number of rehearsal fights. The play was "The Rivals." Captain Absolute complained that, when Sir Anthony grew enraged, he sputtered so that it was impossible to come near him. That in fact, when he stood in the light, a rainbow was distinctly visible, and that this was a

touch more than was in the play. The modest man used bad grammar, and would not be corrected. We were once interrupted by a sudden report that there were robbers in the kitchen. At the very last moment the lady who was to have taken the part of Miss Lydia Languish received a visit from her spiritual adviser, and discovered religious scruples hitherto forgotten, so that the effect of the performance was somewhat marred by the fact, that a substitute was compelled to read the part, which she did in a very husky voice and terrified manner.

When, however, the important evening arrived, we were so excited that the state of our minds, combined with the heat of the apartment, gave us complexions resembling the surface of burnished mahogany. The orchestra played a cheerful dirge, and the curtain went up — about a foot and a half, and then stuck. The stage-manager was sent for, and, after boxing his small brother's ears who had charge of the pulleys, essayed to move his pet weights himself, — failed, — gave vent to a profane expression distinctly audible to the audience, and which sent a Divinity Student from the room in a state of righteous indignation. At last he gave a savage jerk, and brought the whole complicated system of weights, with crushing force, down upon his own head. He was only saved from utter demolition by the extreme thickness of his wig. The refractory curtain was then tied up by a blushing menial, and untied at the end of every act. The blow upon his cranium, however, seemed to confuse our poor manager for the rest of the evening. He talked about "meason and roderation," and of "bouncing out of the door and banging the room behind him," and used worse grammar than ever. Then his scenery did not work as well as he expected. Mrs. Malaprop made a sudden exit, and brought down two flies and one back scene at a single sweep. The scene of "Captain Absolute's Lodgings" was painted on the back of the "North Parade," and, by a queer mistake in adjusting it, the effect produced, instead of

a gentleman's apartment, was that of a forest upside down. Then the indefatigable manager, being proud of his legs, and moved by worldly vanity, had, unknown to the rest, purchased false calves, and they slipped round in front, giving him a very peculiar figure.

However, despite these little drawbacks, we went along tolerably until the last act, and had just entered upon it, when a stupid member of the company, moved by a foolish curiosity, made a frail pile of chairs and boxes, and, mounting it, strove to peep over the back scene. His head was visible to the audience a few seconds, when there came a loud crash, and it disappeared like a flash. This we should not have minded. It was nothing that he came down upon an upright shingle-nail. It was nothing that he made a rent in his garments which compelled him to remain motionless with a cloak thrown over him for two hours. It was nothing that he nearly dislocated his teeth by the shock. All this was his own calamity. But the blow proved too much for the stage. There was an earthquake movement, a suppressed shriek, and it sank in the middle, while scenery and actors fell in a confused heap amid the ruins. One boot and one slipper quivered aloft for a moment, and then all remained motionless.

We cannot depict the scene that followed; but suffice it to say, no bones were broken; and though this made an unexpected *dénouement*, it was voted on the whole an agreeable surprise and an additional excitement. The manager was the only one completely crushed. He fell undermost, and this fact, in addition to the blow before received, put the finishing stroke. He has been humble ever since.

We have only one word to say in conclusion. We advise you, reader, the next vacation, to get your sister, and your cousin, and a few of your friends, — put up a stage in your front parlor, and “act well your parts.” Then, however badly we have set forth their advantages, you cannot fail to appreciate the untold excellences of Private Theatricals.

EDITORS' TABLE.

THE CHAPEL is completed. For four terms have we watched its stately and measured progress towards this consummation, with many a pause and unaccountable hiatus in the movement now crowned with success. Far back in the fall of 1856 we saw the site selected, the young trees which adorned it ruthlessly sacrificed to the unrelenting demands of the architect, and the deep foundations laid, while unwonted stir and bustle invaded these sacred precincts. Prosperously the work went on, till at last the walls attained the stupendous altitude of at least two feet from the surface of the ground; but here the labors of the workmen were suspended, and silence again reigned supreme. As spring approached, the sanguine anticipated a speedy and active renewal of the enterprise, for the contract promised its completion in September. Fallacious aspiration! No brawny Hibernian arrived to ply the pick or spread the mortar; no wagons laden with the soft gray stone came lumbering to the spot. A fearful rumor prevailed, that the solitary quarry from which this stone could be extracted was exhausted, and that the College would be compelled, perforce, to finish in another style. These gloomy apprehensions were finally dispelled in the summer by a tardy renewal of the work, which was now prosecuted with sufficient energy to complete the walls and roof of the church by mid-winter. On more than one freezing morning did we observe with solicitous interest the adventurous slaters plying their perilous task, suspended in mid-air, on sloping timbers, slippery with thick coats of ice and snow. But the genius of the place preserved them; and no headlong precipitations to the frozen ground gave evil omen to the fane.

Now barriers of rough plank secured the ample portals and the yawning spaces hereafter to be appropriated to windows radiant with prismatic hues; and Appleton Chapel was left to brave the rigors of another winter in desertion and solitude. But once more came mild Spring; the trees put forth their buds, and the grass began timidly to peep forth in warm nooks, and even the contractor was aroused to new activity by the sweet influences of the genial season. All day long our ears were saluted with the long-drawn, monotonous groans of the lofty derrick, as one ponderous block after another ascended to occupy its predestined place in the rising tower. At length the topmost stone crowned the graceful pile, and the mason's task was done. And now many a daring man mounted the frail and treacherous scaffolding, and, reaching the giddy summit, engraved in imperishable characters on the cap-stone the initials of that name which he thus fondly imagined to transmit to the remotest posterity. However elevated *our* aspirations might be, our prudence restrained us from the arduous task of emulating these pioneers; so we contented ourselves with criticising the symmetry of the spire from the smooth turf beneath. But whatever fault an amateur architect might find with its slightly Dutch proportions, every collegian who has been, or is, or ever is to be, will join in our gratitude, that the work is at length accomplished, and that, by the time these pages meet the public eye, we shall

"Our orisons each morning duly pay"

within its sacred walls. Long may it stand! *Esto perpetua!* shall be our prayer, as often as we go round about our Zion, mark well her bulwarks, and consider her palaces.

Our long-expected regatta at Springfield came to a sad termination. On the Saturday preceding the day appointed for the contest, the Yale boat *Volante* was capsized while the crew were practising, and Mr. Dunham, the stroke-oar, drowned. All preparations for the race were of course put an end to, and the following Tuesday the Cambridge boats returned to Boston. We need not rehearse the particulars of the accident; but we cannot refrain from saying a word with regard to those concerned in it. As is usual in such cases, "no one was to blame," — it was "purely accidental"; but we think that, although a collision is not an unusual occurrence, and a mishap to which the most skilful are sometimes liable, it certainly displayed neither common sense nor ordinary regard for fellow-men in danger, to leave a boat's crew struggling for their lives in the middle of a river, and row past them and turn round again before making a single effort for their rescue. Had the "*Huron*" stopped instantly, and promptly seconded the exertions of Mr. Dunham's companions, no one acquainted with the circumstances of the case can doubt for an instant that he might have been saved. Up to the time of the accident, everything had been most propitious. Every evening when the boats were launched, the crews were attended by an active committee of forty-seven, composed of small offshoots from the Emerald Isle, whose noble exertions to get in the way were well seconded by a standing committee of their fathers and brothers, friends and invited guests, to the number of some hundreds. However, we could n't get angry with them if we tried, for when the Harvard shot out for the first time on the Springfield waters, they watched her swift crew with such undisguised admiration that it was quite refreshing. The young ragamuffins could have had no relatives among the Irish population of Boston, or we should not have heard, "Thim 's the boys!" — "Och! is n't she a beauty now!" — "Where 's the boat that 'll pass the like o' her?" — and we saw one enthusiastic youth negotiating a bet of ten cents for a younger cousin, to be paid, if lost, in instalments of molasses-candy from the other party, who did n't deal in specie.

For us the boating season is over. The boat-houses look like the hotels at the watering-places. Oatmeal *fuit*. Spoon oars are not the only topic of the day, and we no longer descry those graceful figures, hatless and coatless, conscientiously puffing around the Delta. But we hope next spring will again gather the accustomed throng on the river-banks, and that our triumphs this year are only the types of those for the next. There seemed to be a general feeling at Springfield that the regatta should become an annual, or at least a biennial celebration, and we say, Amen. We long to see the rival boats again afloat, to settle the question of muscular superiority, and when the signal gun is fired, "De'il tak the hindmost."

And who knows but that, when our grandchildren are Alumni, and Maga's subscribers have all paid up, — some time in the dim mist of future ages, — the regattas will become the modern Olympic Games to which will flock the beauty, genius, and wealth of the country, and the cup or colors then won be prized as

dearly as were the wretched laurel wreaths put up for the sweepstakes chariot-races on the old Plains of Elis? Why not?

We did n't think the printed Laws and Rules and Regulations which were given us when we entered were explicit enough to guide us safely through College; we learned, soon afterwards, that we were right, and before we got into our Junior year we had collected a number of maxims not to be found in any book, some of which we print, as we deem it probable some Freshman may read this number of the Magazine.

1. Don't be afraid of being hazed. Whoever is mean enough to break your windows, or squirt water at you through your keyhole, will not venture on closer acquaintance, and whoever honestly visits you in your room it will pay to treat like a gentleman.

2. Don't trouble yourself about the reason why you study this or that, but study it. By the time you are a Senior, you will have a chance to use all the knowledge you have.

3. Subscribe for the Harvard Magazine, and join a boat-club.

4. Don't set up what some folks call a "Genius-Shop," i. e. don't squirt outside the recitation-room, and so get up a reputation for ability in everything but your studies.

5. Don't fancy any Tutor has a personal dislike to you, or that you have a personal dislike to any Tutor.

6. If you must hate an instructor, don't, on that account, neglect the branch he teaches.

7. Don't go up after recitation to ask questions or make explanations. If you want to see an officer, go to his room.

8. Attend to as many of the forms as practicable, and don't cut more prayers than are necessary.

9. Don't think you are unpopular with the Class because you have n't money enough to make you a fast man.

10. Don't be led to believe it is toadying to get your lessons.

11. If you are exemplary, never cut or shirk a lesson, and obey all parietal regulations, then don't pretend to dislike the Faculty and despise the discipline.

12. Don't be too moral, and look as if you smelt brimstone if a fellow happens to swear in your neighborhood.

We have often heard it observed, that "there is nothing like having a reputation"; and a great deal is implied in this assertion. For it is the general opinion, that, when a reputation is once gained in any department of science, literature, or business, comparatively little labor is needed to maintain it. We have been led to place this quotation at the head of this article, by observing the present state of gymnastics and other physical exercises in College. Our previous achievements in boating, the interest which we annually manifest in regard to the Football Match, and our attempts last summer at cricket and base-ball, have given to outsiders the impression that great attention is paid at Harvard to the subject of physical exercise. We would by no means seek to remove this impression, for we believe that here in Cambridge, more perhaps than at any other College, is

the importance of exercise recognized. We have fairly earned our reputation in this respect, and those who enter our University will find that good opportunities are here offered for the development of muscle, as well as brain.

In the "good time coming" we hope to see these opportunities greatly increased and improved. The radical reform to be effected in the matter is such an arrangement of study-hours and recitations as shall set apart some portion of the day exclusively for exercise, and with which neither study nor recitations shall interfere. This is the plan pursued in the English Universities, and we shall never see the proper attention paid to this important matter of physical exercise in College, until a radical change is made in the "Tabular View."

Meanwhile, we can only make the best possible use of our present means, and surely, if we make any pretensions to exercise, it should be a systematic thing with us. During the present term we have noticed that little has been done in boating, and that since the Football Match the Delta has been frequented by comparatively few. The summer is emphatically the boating season, but there is really no good reason why the river should not present as lively an appearance in September as in June.

As for football, we think a great mistake is made in placing the match-game so soon after the commencement of the term. If it were postponed till the last of September, and time given for the preparation of a grand and *bona fide* match-game, not only would the contest be a fairer trial of strength and skill, but the interest in football would be kept up much longer than it now is.

The Gymnasium always attracts a few who make it a place of daily resort, yet Mr. Stewart's list of names embraces only a small portion of the College. Most of us yield to the superior attractions of our cosy rooms, and prefer a book and pipe, or some social game, to fill up our odd hours. But it is not enough that we have in College a few superior boatmen, and a few athletes with well-developed bodies. We want every man in every Class to know how to pull an oar handsomely, and to be able to show a respectable amount of muscle. For the present term, then, let us patronize the Gymnasium, and make it a place of daily resort, where we may spend an hour pleasantly and profitably.

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INCENTIVES TO STUDY.

No one who should judge from the prevailing tone of the articles in this Magazine would be led to believe that any particular devotion to study exists among us. To be sure, we now and then find application recommended, but rather on the ground of worldly gain or of duty, than because of any enjoyment to be derived from it, or any hearty love of science. Yet it will be generally admitted, that the desire to learn is the only true and sufficient motive to study, — the only spirit in which any great excellence has ever been attained. The man who regards knowledge as a stepping-stone to ambition, may use it to work out some selfish purposes of his own, but will never further the cause of truth, nor win the highest rewards of science, — the only ones which are worth pursuing, and which are only for the earnest scholar.

Certainly this curiosity ought to be as universal as it is necessary. There are a thousand things to excite it; the only wonder is, that it should not be always active. Ignorance like a veil completely envelops us; and no man worthy of the name but desires to thrust it aside. Then nature has so contrived, that we no sooner solve one problem, than we are met by a hundred new ones; like a walk

through a wood in autumn, in which, at every step, the expanse before us seems wider, and the distant colors more vivid.

Ours is a very active and enterprising country. To something of French readiness for excitement, it adds a good deal of English pertinacity. Nowhere do men work so hard to attain a cherished object; though the pursuit is often wearing, and the result unsatisfactory. Have we not a right to expect the same devotion to the nobler cause of science? And where have we a better right to look for such devotion than in American Colleges?

That no such enthusiasm exists among us is, we think, only too apparent. In our opinion, the rewards and the penalties of our College system (with the great majority at least) are far more efficient incitements than all other motives, whether curiosity, duty, or ambition; far more efficient than all of them combined. Take almost any one of our respectable scholars. Very likely he will tell you that he is fond of his studies, and that the subjects are quite interesting. How much do you think this means? A certain lesson is assigned to him; he learns it pretty thoroughly (that is, if the instructor in that department is considered strict; if not, he contents himself with a vague idea of the whole); he goes into recitation, and there accomplishes the true end of his labor by reciting more or less brilliantly. Then the lesson is forgotten until review or the cramming previous to examination, afterwards to return to a second and final oblivion. Commonly he knows little about the scope of the textbook, and less about the connection of its parts. In nine cases out of ten he has devoted no thought at all to the subject; and yet, because he has enjoyed the mental exercise of studying, and picked up a few new and crude ideas, he fancies he has done all that can be reasonably expected or desired.

To be sure, there are a few exceptions, though far fewer than one would suppose, and not enough to leaven the mass. There are some who apply themselves with more or less

assiduity to one branch or another, only however that their acquaintance with it may help them on in the world, not for the sake of the knowledge which is contained in it. Sometimes students read to gratify their tastes, but nothing is rarer than to find one animated by a real passion for learning.

It will probably be said that this is expecting a great deal too much. We do not believe it. That spirit is the only one which has ever made, or ever will make, great men. When do you think that we are to become scholars at all, if not now? College seems the very place where we ought to work for the true love of science. Besides, we know that at various times, and in various countries, such a spirit has animated the schools and possessed the students; and that at present it exists to a far greater extent in foreign Universities than in our own. We know this fact is commonly explained by the superiority of the English and German Universities; but granting that their requirements are immeasurably superior to ours, we do not see how that explains why their devotion to science should also be immeasurably greater.

To those subjects, then, in which we have a right to expect most ardor, we find comparative indifference. How is this to be accounted for? Partly, no doubt, by the spirit of our country. An American sees two principal methods of attaining the social consideration which he generally desires,—wealth and political influence. It is with money-making, therefore, in some of its numberless forms, or with politics, that most of our countrymen occupy themselves. They are ready to sacrifice in the struggle happiness and health, and learn to consider every moment not given to this work so much time thrown away. Hence the majority are disposed to judge of everything by what they call the standard of utility; that is, to count everything valuable only as it tends to enrich individuals, or extend the resources of the country. They consider a certain amount of education necessary,—enough to enable a man to do his work well and rise fast;

more they think a superfluous luxury. The public indeed partly approves of scientific men, for it is they who have given us the Atlantic Telegraph, and the other great inventions of the nineteenth century ; and it is all very well to be able to boast that we have a Fulton and a Morse of our own. But as for a life devoted to pure science, and, it may be, not immediately productive, they look on it as something not much better than a life of respectable idleness. Learning may be very well as a polish, very pretty to look at, but very poor to wear. It is no wonder that, where Science is so little respected for her own sake, she should be so little courted, even by those who ought to devote themselves to her.

There are, however, some dangers from the very nature of our College system, against which we students ought to be guarded. Our studies are so selected and apportioned, that we are deprived at once of all choice and responsibility. All that is required is to learn tolerably well the lessons of the day, and there is neither inducement nor encouragement to do more. It is very natural that we should be perfectly willing to be so guided, and to cast all the burden on the shoulders of our instructors. Perhaps it is commonly considered the greatest blessing of College life, that we have only to follow the path traced out for us, and are saved the trouble of choosing for ourselves; or, in other words, that we are saved the trouble of thinking. But this must be a very poor preparation for active life. Why is it that men who have distinguished themselves in College often find themselves placed at a disadvantage in the after struggle, compared with those of no more industry than themselves, and with not a quarter of their attainments? Because they want "practical talent," it is commonly answered. That is, in most cases, because they have learned to rely upon rules, which fail them as soon as they leave College; because they have become accustomed to dependence, not decision. No superiority of knowledge can enable a man who has never

been taught self-reliance to compete with one who in a rough school has learnt to think and act for himself.

Such a habit of dependence is particularly fatal to any true spirit of scholarship. It confirms our natural tendency to spare ourselves all inquiry which is not absolutely forced upon us, and to content ourselves with the views of others; for it is always far easier to copy than to originate, to take opinions ready made, than to form them for ourselves. It cramps all our thoughts and deadens all our aspirations. And it is to be noticed, that in no Universities is so little responsibility thrown upon the student as in those of America; for abroad, while upon his proficiency depend his standing in College and his after success, the special path and manner in which his efforts are to be directed are left to his own choice. However necessary circumstances may make our system, it is nevertheless attended by the dangers which we have pointed out.

It is frequently remarked, that there is a very small amount of what is called collateral reading in College. This seems rather surprising, considering that some of our studies, especially among those of the last two years, are entirely incomplete without some such addition. We might expect to find, among so many students, some deep interest and research in one or another of the various branches embraced in the College course, were it only on account of the use to which an accurate knowledge of them might hereafter be put. That such is not the case to any considerable extent, may be partly attributed to the fragmentary manner in which the text-books are apt to be studied. No student, however ardent, is either desirous or able to outrun his class; and while he is learning the lessons of one week, he is also employed in forgetting those of the week before, so that he very probably does not get any definite idea of the purpose or connection of the work until the very verge of examination, when he is usually about to leave the subject for a very different one. The most important and attractive

subject could scarcely excite much interest, if subjected to such a mutilation ; and if to this be added the often necessary dulness of recitations, and the memories which they are apt to leave (of themselves sometimes sufficient to dampen the most ardent enthusiasm), we think that enough has been said to show why, although it is very common to find a student who has a taste for this or that branch, it is so uncommon to find one who really knows much about any.

Many will think it quite unnecessary to account for the neglect of "collateral reading," or accurate knowledge. They believe that the required studies are, and are intended to be, all-sufficient. Some imagine that they are a collection of samples from the different branches of science, in order that we may know something of the domain of science, and be enabled to choose that particular province to which we shall devote our attention ; or that they are merely calculated to teach as much as it is disgraceful not to know, and as is essential to the common idea of a liberally educated man. In their opinion, the College course is intended to be to us what a map is to the traveller, or the title-page and table of contents sometimes are to the reviewer. Others suppose that the habits which we form here are of most importance,—that we undergo a sort of training, by means of which we are enabled to enter the world in good condition. Others again, that here is to be laid the general foundation, on which may be hereafter erected a building of whatever style and size we please. To us it seems that none of these views convey the whole truth,—that all of them are too narrow. Nor are these objects to be fully attained by strictly confining one's self to the requirements. If it is our present business to lay a foundation for the future, let that foundation be so strong that it shall not crumble before the superstructure is finished ; and if we are to form the habits of our life here, let us not incorporate with them dependence and a disposition to ac-

cept the theories of others without examination, or to adopt crude opinions of our own without reflection. Now neither a solid foundation nor useful habits can be obtained without some thought, and some comparison of authorities, — two things which no College course can force upon us. But it seems to me that it would be possible to reap much greater advantages than these from our stay here. A young man of perhaps twenty-one may be expected to have already become more or less of a specialist, if we may be allowed the word, — to have done something more than merely laying the basis, — to have attained some proficiency. Almost all the great men have showed their bent much before that age.

But students will never accomplish so much unless they are animated by an ardent love of knowledge, unless science is pursued, not only as a means, but as an end. Thus only would indolence or indifference disappear from among us; for such enthusiasm is contagious, and would reach those whom no exhortations can move. Those who preach industry to others, and despair because they make so little impression, should consider whether their own motives are sufficient. If they work, and urge others to work, for purely selfish objects, we do not see what right they have to complain that others are idle, who very likely despise the advantages which are held up as the reward of diligence. When these monitors shall show the true spirit of scholars, they may be sure of making converts; but they cannot before.

Should such a spirit prevail here, our Universities would send forth really well-educated men, — men, too, who would exert a vast influence on their country, for no quality commands the respect and admiration of men so much as earnestness. America needs such men, even if she does not now appreciate them. She needs them all the more because she is a new country; — to give dignity and solidity to the character of the nation, as yet hardly mature; to ennoble

commercial enterprise; and to make our government as excellent in practice as it is perfect in theory.

But is the ardor which might do all this, and much more, ever likely to be found here? We do not know; we must both hope and fear. Some of the difficulties in the way may be overcome, others perhaps are insuperable. At least each student may do much for himself, and it should be his chief care to cultivate a love of science; let him be assured that the most enthusiastic adoration he can bestow is no more than the goddess deserves, and no more than she will amply repay.

Teller 17

A GALLOPADE.

I room upon the lower floor. As I am seated comfortably ensconced in my window-seat, the head of an Editor is thrust in at the window, and the owner of said appendage, with a knowing nod, says, "Anything ready?" "What for?" rises to my lips; but I remember a promise that I made some time ago,—to furnish him an article,—and am silent. When, after a short time, I inform him I have not, and profess my inability to do so, he appeals to my ambition, wants me to have a chance to spread myself, &c., and informs me I shall come to view like a fire-fly in the night, distinguished by a peculiar brilliancy.

The subject, what shall it be? That was a question I could n't answer. But I consoled myself by thinking that, with the freedom allowed in themes, I could make a bee-line from any subject. As I could settle upon no one to start from, I thought of inviting you to become my partners in a gallopade, assuring you that I must dance at my own pace, be the music fast or slow. I had formed plans for a short trip; the day fixed had arrived, and I started. Before starting, however, I called upon my male progenitor, and

suggested the propriety of his accompanying me to the station. He immediately perceived it, and we went together.

As I walked along, I could not help thinking how differently Seniors and Freshmen are accompanied by their respective fathers. The Senior is his sire's companion, and his opinions are respected. The Freshman is an object of solicitude to his fond parent. The Senior says, "Let's walk." The Freshman prefixes a please, and suggests that, otherwise, he shall be lonely. With his father the Senior walks arm in arm, while the Fresh takes his pa's hand. The Senior converses to entertain, while the Freshman listens to words intended to keep up his spirits. The Senior wishes his father "good luck," and leaves. The Fresh murmurs a lugubrious "good by," and is torn from the bosom of the family. This argues no want of feeling upon the part of the Senior. The Senior is more fond of his father, for he can see him from a nearer point of view. The "don't care" manner which he assumes serves as a blanket to keep warm the natural affections. There is a heartiness in a jolly "How are you?" that would shame a dozen "How-d'-ye-do? glad-to-see-you"-s.

While I was thus reasoning, the train started, and, with a proper share of proper pride, I ensconced myself in a snug corner, where I could observe my companions at my leisure.

Perhaps you do not know, reader, that a travelling-car always contains lovers. In fact, without them it is unfurnished. My car was not so unfortunate as to be left in that destitute condition. Now, I always like to see genuine affection, and take delight in noticing the expressive nothings by which love makes itself known. Stealthily did I turn my eye towards the fond couple opposite me. Carefully did I note the interchange of melting glances, the hand-squeezings (by the way, Love's a hand-press), and the hum of sentences tenderly whispered.

I smiled to think how differently from a Gorgon Love effects changes; for Medusa, by her glance, irretrievably hard-

ened the features gazed upon, whereas a glance of Love has a decidedly softening tendency. I, for one, do not believe in letting concealment prey upon one's cheek, but yet think that Love, when travelling, is inclined to be too demonstrative. His travelling-dress seems to be of the thinnest material; I should myself prefer a thicker. — At this stage of proceeding I was aroused by a basket thrust under my nose, and a voice crying, "Apples?" After exerting myself sufficiently to shake my head, and after the basket, with its appendage, the owner, had moved on, I was horrified by perceiving that all my neighbors were possessors of that natural luxury, an apple. Now, I happened to be in a sensitive state, and this sight inspired me with a delightfully desperate feeling, and I imagined I could act heroically, should any fruit-consumer insult me. But my eye revealed nothing disagreeable in comparison with the ear. I have a decided objection to the sound of munching apples. They cause a squeaking, grease-needing feeling to take possession of the outer part of my body.

The apples were finished, and I began to resume the scrutiny of my fellow-passengers, when the same boy that brought the basket returned with a box, and everybody began to buy checkerberry lozenges, and my peace was again disturbed. I don't mean to imply that checkerberry lozenges are not good. They may be good, very good, and so may apples; but, when eating them, I like to have folks keep their mouths shut, and not breathe in my face. Everything, however, must have an end, and I thanked my stars that apple-munching and lozenge-crunching were no exceptions to the general rule.

My wandering eye soon rested upon a remarkably pretty young lady, with light hair and an India shawl, sitting by a vacant seat. I always pity pretty, unprotected females, and I thought I should like to converse with this one, and take care of her baggage. I remembered how my grandmother was wont to beguile the time by conversing with fellow-

passengers. My grandmother is a Down-Easter; this young lady is probably one; and perhaps it is the custom Down-East to address without an introduction; therefore why should not I?

I had reasoned thus far when I was aroused by a powerful scream arising from the lungs of a neighbor's infant. No coaxings, no window-drumming, no trotting, could induce this minute specimen of humanity to hush up. He had evidently been started and could n't stop. I have a strong prejudice in favor of babies. I delight in twitching, trotting, and thumping them, but it makes an astonishing difference whether one knows the mammas. Of this fact I was now forcibly reminded. A stranger's baby is a different article, another style of goods, from that of a friend. We love to tend one, and to see the nursery-maid take off the other. This biped soon ran down, and we once more settled, to be shaken up by the voice of the conductor rattling unintelligible nonsense about changing to boat and seeing to baggage. I was inclined to take no notice of the fellow; but, finding myself nearly alone, I followed the crowd, and embarked in the boat which was to finish the journey. To me there is no motion like that of a boat. Nothing but swinging makes me feel so completely another man. The boat started, and we perceived that we were progressing. Feeling like a patriarch surrounded by his family, I paced the cabin; I was in high spirits; they soon began to be lowered peg by peg. The perfume of bilge-water stuffed my nose, and a confounding din of machinery my ears. I became conscious that the earth revolved around the sun, and not *vice versa*, as some have supposed. To be or not to be, was a question I frequently put to myself. Afflicted with a rather-not-move feeling, I laid myself upon a couch, and endeavored to plod my way to the land of dreams. Not even here could I obtain rest, for I was soon warned off my lounge. I saw why travellers should be fond of boating; it was because they could take so many trips in one. I found that, although

sailing brought out of the inner man much that was good, it still made one less of a man.

I considered Sir Ocean the worst of cowards, and I dared him to take a fellow of his size. I thought that, if I could get Neptune by the hair, I'd fret him. I take the liberty, now that I'm out of his reach, of proclaiming him a cowardly, grasping barbarian; dissatisfied, like Oliver, he asks for more. "All those who have not purchased tickets, please step up to the captain's office and settle!" These words burst upon me with prodigious effect, and when repeated the infliction was complete. But it was not until the gong was beaten in my ear that I realized how exquisite a torture sound can prove. A man without sense is the only person fit for travelling. He will have no cause for grumbling, because nothing will affect him, and he will probably have no friends lingering about him for pity. No one will be continually offering him messes and consolation. The night was squeamish enough, but I gradually grew less ferocious, and imagined myself better. Did you ever notice that, while sailing, there is always a fog? No matter how bright the moon is, how clear the sky may be, there is always a fog to detain those sick. Besides, the boat is always slow, the captain ignorant of the shortest cut, and the passengers obliged to bear numerous hardships. It seemed as though we were continually backing out of something we had run against. I concluded, from what I had seen, that, although travel may be beneficial, it was certainly unsettling. We came to smoother water, and I began to be less ruffled. Soon morn broke, and a small piece of it fell into the cabin, and we began to feel encouraged. Little by little our turbulent sensations subsided, and we once more became portraits of ourselves. When I say portraits, I do not at all imply a strong resemblance; here I mean a slight one. Now morn is fairly in, and the cabin-boy, jingling his keys, walks past us and opens the piano. No one at first takes advantage of it, but soon a short, dark-haired gent begins to

electioneer for singers, thus: "Do you sing 'Greenland's Icy Mountains'?" Some who profess themselves no vocalists he urges to join in the chorus, and seats himself at the piano, assuring us that he knew but a few notes. He touches the keys. I don't wish to say anything against the music, but the instrument was certainly sea-sick. We happened to have on board several parsons of the stiffest tie, and they seemed bound to "glorify" as far as in them lay. Now it so happened with regard to ears (for music), the Dispenser of all Good had created them the very opposite of asses, although they differed less as far as voices were concerned. He had given them, however, a strong passion for lifting their voices, and we suffered for it. One after another they came up to time, one after another they shook their heads, and lifted their eyes, full of religious intensity, and one after another they gave out. I had never before supposed that song capable of half the emphasis with which it was then rendered. Next in order "Coronation" was suggested, and sung in the same manner.

Now secular succeeded sacred music; for the self-appointed leader, stepping forward, announced his intention of singing us a new song, entitled "Modern Times." He began with but little "vim," but warmed up and limbered out as he proceeded. The winks, twistings, and other contortions of which he was delivered, were truly spasmodic, and he certainly aped the St. Vitus to perfection.

When he had finished, he seated himself by me, and I, perceiving that he considered what he had done something remarkable (and I did not differ from him), turning, said, "Very good! capital! Who's the author?" He rose from his seat, and, with a low bow and considerable grimace, replied, "Your humble servant." "Possible! Give me your hand," said I, and we were friends at once.

We now began to draw near our journey's end, and all were eager enough to do so. One peculiar feature in the characters of most Easterners is their strong desire to oblige

strangers, and while sailing along the river several volunteered information respecting the towns we were passing. I ought to be familiar with the names, population, business, and buildings of all the towns we passed, for they were repeatedly repeated to me. I should also remember the family history of several very nice, chatty old ladies, who informed me of their sons in the West, and their daughters, happy wives and mothers, in flourishing towns upon the Penobscot; how their husbands had been induced to sell out their paternal estates and move down river; how it had proved a bad speculation, and they would move back if their present farms could be profitably disposed of; how they had lost their eldest sons and youngest daughters; how smart a scholar a certain child was; how many grandchildren they had; and how they were at present travelling to christenings, and were to have granddaughters named after themselves. These and a hundred other scraps of information I carefully laid aside, and, having wished the old ladies and all their descendants the utmost prosperity, I joined a party of men who were proposing to adjourn to dinner.

They asked me to join them in that, and informed me that it would "do me wondrous good," but I was firm. What can people be made of, to eat on board a small steamboat? While I thought of it, I rebelled from my inner soul. What! eat the baked beans and fried doughnuts of the negro steward? I'll be hanged first, and then I would n't. Why wish for more when you can't take care of what you have? I continued proof against temptation.

We approached the landings, and immediately the glasses are taken possession of. Ladies are tying bonnet-strings and shaking out dresses. Did you ever notice that ladies never do anything without first looking in the glass? Gents are fixing cravats and giving the last twist to the hair. Those who but a few moments before had been samples of humanity governed by circumstances, now aroused themselves to the absorbing duties of the toilet. How preferable sprucing to pining!

The view of the final landing puts a stop to these proceedings. Every one is in a flutter about baggage, and in haste to get home. We stow ourselves into wonderfully small quarters, and find what it is to get into a tight fix. One after another, we recognize friends, and endeavor, by all sorts of nodding, beckoning, and shouting, to attract attention. But friends don't distinguish friends, and we subside for a short time.

The board is lowered, and we are delivered right side up with care into the hands of friends who seem desirous of providing for us. It is strange that I should get adrift as soon as I reach land, but such is the fact. A wonderful change takes place in the have-been passengers. I see that the essence of selfishness can be distilled from the pink of courtesy, and that a gracious manner can conceal peevishness. I notice that we generally don our party best when starting, but that travelling shakes it off and leaves us exposed. What had some time before bored me greatly, seemed to be a capital joke, and my vexation seemed to be unwarrantable. I came to the conclusion that cheerfulness was the best economy, for he who frets at trifles with his own hand turns the grindstone that will wear him away. He will be frozen in a furnace, starved at a feast, and suffocated in the open air. He will overlook the lights,—the shades alone will be visible to him; for a jaundiced disposition, like colored goggles, presents none but gloomy prospects to the view. Always when travelling move with good spirits in reserve, bottled, but so that they can be easily opened and allowed to effervesce; and when this supply happens to give out, go no further, but follow my example, and stop.

Hampden
LIBERAL EDUCATION.*

THE address on this subject before the Phi Beta Kappa Society was better in the after perusal than in the delivery, for the natural reason that it was so comprehensive in its treatment and in its detail so suggestive. It would be presumptuous in me to attempt any criticism or extended review of this address; I shall only give in a few words the course pursued in it, and proceed immediately to apply some of its suggestions.

The question which the author investigates is, "What principles should guide us in the selection and arrangement of studies in the academical course?" This subject he discusses, "not as a question of policy for Alma Mater, but in the broad light of duty,—of the relations of the soul to the universe and its Maker." The conclusions that he arrives at are, that "the mathematics are the preliminary studies; that they should be followed first by natural history, then by history, and finally by psychology and theology."

However strange these conclusions may seem at first, you are led to them irresistibly, although you would probably maintain at the end that you had only followed the author, and that neither your previous notions nor your inclination had been opposed. There is such a fair representation of the opposite side, such a fearless statement of the difficulties in the way, and such a mathematical precision in stating the arguments, that you cannot differ from him. The address shows in the author breadth of view, a keen perception, and a clear understanding of mental philosophy; and the whole discussion is conducted in a truly Christian spirit. But enough for the address itself. It is most valuable to us in what it suggests; and in the light of these suggestions I propose to consider what part an institution like ours should bear in affording the means of a liberal education.

* An Address delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College, July 22, 1858, by REV. THOMAS HILL, of Waltham.

Man lives in a threefold relation : to God, to man, and to nature. Nature addresses the intellect ; man claims our feelings, and God is revealed to us, especially through the soul. Thus our whole nature is satisfied. God is all-sufficient for directing the aspirations of men, and satisfying the longing of the soul after something higher than the earth affords ; man's claim on our sympathy is as long as life, and needs all the depth of our feelings ; and Nature is sufficient to employ all the force of intellect that we can bring to her service. Now it is the part of a liberal education to excite and cultivate all the faculties of the mind ; for thus only can we rightly understand our relations to the universe and its Maker. Of necessity, in a four years' course we can only lay the foundation of such an education. But on this very account the greater care should be taken that undue prominence should not be given to any one of our capacities, but that all should be harmoniously developed. To bring about this end, students, instructors, and text-books have each a duty to perform. What this duty is, and how far it is at present fulfilled, I shall now consider.

A College text-book and a book of reference should never be made to serve the same purpose. Too many of our books are made up of dry detail, in which a principle is brought out only here and there, as an oasis in the desert ; and we must drag our dreary way through this desert, and be thought dull if we find no nourishment in the dry thistles along our path. Now a work does not deserve to be called scientific, unless it rises to a statement of causes and consequences ; and it is not fit for a text-book unless its main object is to exhibit principles, and only so much detail is introduced as is necessary for the illustration of the principles. Several of our text-books are far from coming up to this standard. Stöckhardt's Chemistry is, perhaps, the most prominent among the number. The first fifty pages are interesting, as illustrations seem to be subordinate to principles ; but in the rest (at least the part devoted to Inorganic

Chemistry) there is little to relieve the excessive dulness, but the retrospects ; and these, for some reason or other, were omitted in the course of instruction.

By actual calculation, less than one fifth of the work is devoted to the statement of principles and the needed illustrations, and thus we have four fifths of dry detail, dull to the general student, and only of interest to a select few, who catch a fever for spirit-lamps and test-tubes, and whose whole interest in general science might be put up in a reagent bottle. This is the fault of the book, that it dwells too much on experiments, and so makes it difficult for the student to find out the principles to be illustrated. As the fact that a little waste matter with nutritious food favors digestion, does not justify a man in living on husks ; so the fact that a few experiments are beneficial in fixing principles, does not show that it is advantageous to bury the principles in illustrations.

To turn to the duty of the instructors, they of course have a responsibility in assisting the student to get a liberal education. The instructors superintend the building up of the fabric of the mind, and their aim should be to make it symmetrical. Each of them should learn, first of all, that his department is not the only one to which the students must give their study. There has often been exhibited on the part of some of the instructors a rivalry, not in contributing what each could to advance the general education of the student, but in surpassing one another in the requirements upon the student's attention. No doubt this is human nature, but it is only another proof of its perversion. As if it were a desirable object that the students should be wholly chemists or wholly mathematicians. It would be no more absurd for the mason to wish that a house should be wholly plastering, or the carpenter that it should be wholly wood.

Besides this petty rivalry, there is another foible to which most of the instructors are liable. Each one seems to think that he must have something original or startling to display ;

something which, while it causes a good deal of drudgery on the part of the students, shall yet furnish a cheap badge to flatter the pride of the instructor. And so he goes to work ; and if his own brain does not furnish what he wishes, he is pretty sure that, by going abroad, he can find something novel to bring back and introduce here. In this catalogue, among others, I put mathematical constructions, chemical exercises, hexameters, and Modern Greek. Mathematical figures, drawn neatly in ink of two colors, are pretty enough ; but when we consider that they require no small amount of time, that mathematical instruments are not cheap, and that the figures thus drawn illustrate principles no better than those required at recitations, then they seem a waste of time. Chemical exercises — as they are given out only as a mechanical repetition of the regular work in recitation — are worse than useless.

The writing of Latin poetry has been defended on the same ground that a full experimental course in Chemistry has been defended. But there is the same objection to both. They are too special for the general student. The only way in which hexameters could be well introduced would be to have them earlier in the course, in place of some other Latin exercise ; and even this should not be done before it is shown that they afford the best means of getting an insight into the language, and the best foundation upon which to build afterwards, if desired. As they are now required, they come in, not so much as an aid to the true appreciation of the beauty of Latin poetry, but rather as an excrescence, with little to recommend them but their novelty ; and even this is lost by their being required.

Modern Greek is another branch that might be dispensed with. It would seem sufficient to cultivate the Classical Greek, especially as we are told that the Modern Greek is only the language of the common people in Greece, and is not taught in the schools, and as we feel that not sufficient attention can be given to it to do any good.

But enough for the duty of the instructors. Whatever difference of opinion there may be about the propriety of introducing a particular study, there is no doubt that each instructor ought to consider in what way he can best advance the general education of the student, rather than how he can draw the greatest part of the student's attention to his single department. This ought to be especially considered in the lectures, which, if detail is made subordinate to principle, and each department is investigated in its relations to others and to the whole, become the most interesting and profitable exercises in our College course.

But the student's duty is perhaps the most important. If he is not guided in his study by broad principles, he will lose half of the good of the College course. His aim should be to lay a broad foundation, — to get, in each department, a thorough acquaintance with principles. Of course, not much time can be given to each; but this is not needed, for, as it takes only a little nourishment to start the oak, so in education it needs only a little impulse to start the student on the right track. In science he must not become a specialist too soon. If he does he will become narrow-minded, and narrowness is the great enemy of science. It is a disagreeable, not to say a pitiable sight, that of a man finding his highest satisfaction in the dull technicalities of a single department. In this class are those fossils in science, men who bury themselves in the details of their department, and leave no principles as a monument of their labors. In this class are those students who do not look beyond nor through the illustrations of a science to the broad principles that connect it with the universe; who see in the sparkling stream nothing but a reaction of oxygen and hydrogen, and in the flower nothing but a combination of perianth, andræcium, and gynæcium.

Now nothing in finite nature has in itself the entire aim of its existence; all centres in man. And if we stop with the work itself, and do not consider it in its meaning and in

its relations, we gain nothing. In the study of nature we should have a higher aim. We should look through the work to the Maker. And if we give a willing and a teachable spirit, Nature will speak to us with her silent voices, and spread out before us her shining treasures. Then shall science bear a noble part in the education of man; the earth shall speak of its Creator, and the heavens shall become the very temple of God.

IN A CONCERT-ROOM.

My love has come ;
And now she sits so near,
That o'er the concert's hum
My beating heart she 'll hear.

Delight and dread,
Now charming and now chilling,
My cheeks with fire o'erapread,
My inmost fibres thrilling.

Hark to the song !
" A knight in death is lying
To save his love from wrong.
With smiling lips he 's dying.

" The hero dies."
Each keen emotion heightening
Brings rain into her eyes,
Flushes her cheek with lightning.

She does not know
How gladly I would perish ;
What deaths I 'd undergo,
Her slightest curl to cherish.

Be still, my heart !
She does not know I love her.
If thus my pulses start,
The secret she 'll discover.

For could she hear
The name my heart 's repeating,
She 'd know how sweet, how dear —
Be still, be still thy beating !

IN CORPORE SANO.

I do not take up this subject where the writer of "*Mens Sana*" ended, because I think he left his work half done, or with an insane desire to write an appendix, continuation, or supplement. I make use of his great beginning, to introduce a small thing of my own, as your small showmen who hover in the train of the "big circus" hail spectators with "Now, gentlemen, here's where you see the great Western giant and the woolly horse," knowing that the giant and the woolly horse are a natural sequence to the clown and pony.

I do not mean to suggest that the writer mentioned acted the part of clown, while I intend to appear as giant. But every one has his hobby, whose paces he exhibits on occasion, and so I will trot out my pet specimen; and because he is *non nitidus et incomptus*, do not therefore dismiss him as second cousin to the nobler animal. I do not intend to give a rehash of Titcomb, nor to deliver a Grahamite lecture, talk wisely of the laws of health, and lay down rules for diet and regimen.

In defining *corpus sanum* I will use the jockey phrase, "sound in wind and limb." As students are not apt to be troubled with rheumatism, and I know nothing about corns except that they come from bad shoeing, I will confine myself to wind. Now let no one laugh in a sarcastic way because he conceives the weak shade of a pun. Sound lungs are the great essential to a sound body. It may seem superfluous to speak of sound lungs, in connection with such a broad-shouldered, healthy set as the students of Harvard. But when I speak of sound lungs I do not mean merely that they are free from disease, but that they answer perfectly the requirements of the body, as a furnace and ventilator. The majority of students, especially after the Freshman year, have fine, straight, full forms; thanks to rowing, gymnastics,

and football. Now if you observe, you will find that the difference between a good and a bad form is in most cases in the make of chest and shoulders. Of course there should be a certain symmetry in breadth and height. A well-made chest and straight shoulders are all essential to a good form. Freshmen especially, and too many among the upper classes, are deformed by a flat chest and round shoulders. They slouch along in a grovelling way, and it strikes you that they have just risen from all fours, or are about to assume that animal posture. Their shoulder-blades wear threadbare outlines in their round-backed coats. Drop a plumb-line from the chin, and it falls far beyond the toes. Place a yardstick across the chest, and, while it touches the points of the shoulders, you can put a lexicon underneath.

The face is not the picture of ruddy health, and one seems to see the infinitesimal dust of charcoal circulating beneath the skin. There is not a good, clear fire burning in the chest; it smoulders, combustion is imperfect, and the half-consumed carbon floats through the apartments and passages of the ill-ventilated system; even the windows are smoky. To any one who recognizes the least likeness to himself in the above, I speak. Let him not say, "You are severe; you reproach me for physical defects; the Lord made me." I do not reproach; the Lord did n't make you. He called you into being, but the making is left pretty much in your own hands, and, in childhood, in those of your parents. I wish to put the thing in a strong light. Look for the causes and the remedy.

I remember the remark of a certain scrawny individual: "You see I'm nat'rally flat." If he meant that his model as originally conceived in the womb of nature was flat, he was emphatically wrong. But if he intended to say that, as the natural consequence of careless habits, his shoulders were rounded and his chest flattened, he was right. Look at the shape of infants and children, except in cases of deformity. You find the chest full and round, the shoulders

well set. I have been surprised to notice, in the dirtiest and most unwholesome by-places of the city, how well Nature does her work in moulding the forms of little children. You ask the experienced horse-breeder, and he will tell you that, except in case of accident, he expects to see the form of the colt reproduced in the full-grown horse. The long hip, short back, close ribs, back-set shoulders, high crest, and deep chest, all come out again after passing through the scrawny period. It is just so in the human species. If the well-formed child does not grow a well-formed man, there is something wrong in the raising. I attribute the frequent occurrence of flat chests and high shoulders, especially among females, to our common-school system and low-necked dresses. Go into any one of our common schools, and notice the habitual posture of the children. True, it is changed, when the whole school go through their absurd, saw-wood, and patty-cake-baker's-man drill ; but observe, I say, the habitual posture, and consider that it is repeated for six hours nearly every day, and you can conceive of its effects during a period of rapid growth. Boys tumble about in the open air so much, that it is not so bad for them, but the girls keep more in the house. And then those absurd dresses. I have watched the little things. There is an uncomfortable feeling of the dress, slipping off the shoulders, and so they are constantly hitching, first one, and then the other, up almost to their ears ; what must be the effect ? Consider that this daily forming process is kept up from the age of four till sixteen or seventeen, and that the habit of posture in school is allowed at home, and we can see why, in this country, especially in large towns, where our common-school system is a characteristic and a boast, we have so many bad forms. Is this the training to fit us for our unfavorable climate, and give us big chests and sound lungs, who need them the most ? This may be a digression, but it is quite natural, for I have gone out of my course to look for the cause.

To return : here we are in College, where, according to tradition, there are more constitutions ruined than anywhere else. And it is true that, if we do faithfully all the work required of us, we shall be apt to neglect our health, and in the pressure of duties forget to set apart time for suitable exercise. A great many enter College at an early age, when the body is changing from crude, ill-formed youth, and assuming the full, symmetrical proportions of manhood. In a normal condition, the chest and lungs expand more at this period than any other. Now it becomes those flat-chested, swan-necked youths, so numerous among us, to take heed. They are ambitious, they cram their heads and neglect their bodies. They have all sorts of queer feelings when they get up in the morning. Some are afflicted with mysterious little pains. They look upon their physical deficiencies as so many inevitables.

Said one of these youths, as he crept energetically along, "I have pains here every day." "Ah," said I, "those are wind pains; I know them. You have, some way or another, got wind into your chest: get a little into your lungs." The fellow actually could not swear that he had drawn a full breath in the last four weeks; he had not felt his lungs expand against his diaphragm, and heave against his "thickly-ribbed sides," as Homer would have it. There might be air-cells deep down that had not been filled for weeks; just the place for the collection of impurities, a nice spot for tubercles. "But I exercise every day," said he. He was in the habit of airing his legs for a half-hour each day, up Brattle Street to Mount Auburn, and called that exercise. But that bodily action which makes the blood course swift, the chest heave like a pair of bellows, and the perspiration start in beady drops, he knew nothing about. That exercise is worth nothing which does not bring the lungs into unusual and vigorous play, and this is all-important when the chest is growing. If you examine the ribs of young, growing animals, you find that the growth is at the ends. Just take notice

the next time you eat a fore-quarter of lamb ; you will find at the ends of the ribs a soft gristle, which gradually becomes bone. Just so your ribs lengthen, and if you do not spring them out every day by vigorous inhalation, — more, if by an habitual stoop you bend them inward, — what form must they take, if not a flat or concave ? But if daily you excite the lungs into energetic action, and throw back the shoulders, each deep inspiration produces just the contrary effect. Here I come to the very gist of my subject. If you examine the whole structure of the chest and shoulders, you observe that no part is rigid. Everything has free play, — the shoulders move backward and forward, or up and down, the blades slide freely on the back, the ribs are elastic, and the sections of the spinal column allow it to bend.

Now, in view of this, I say a man can shape himself at pleasure, and he must not blame Providence for his awkward build ; for if, when the body is kept in some confined posture a great part of the time, whether in an active or sedentary occupation, a naturally good form is entirely altered, — if the straight shoulders grow high and round, the back crooked, the chest flat and narrow, — it seems to me to be a self-evident proposition that the contrary course, persisted in for the same length of time, will restore the form to its original symmetry. In fact I know that it is true ; I have seen the thing done. This becomes more evident when we consider that our bodies are not stable, i. e. that the whole material changes every seven years, even in less time recent investigators say. If this be so, as the old matter wastes and the new is deposited, can we not by our persistent habits form it, in a measure, as we will ? We see, then, how a lank, weedy fellow can cultivate his chest into quite respectable proportions. I was never disposed to blame the ambition of the mother frog in the fable, when she tried to puff herself up as large as the ox, and I believe that, if she had not been so much in a hurry, she might have done it without bursting. All these changes are gradual, and of course I

suppose in every case that the individual is in ordinary health. If your shoulders are narrow, do not be discouraged, for, as their breadth is greatly dependent upon the size of the chest, as that expands they will grow broader. Moreover, here is a simple principle; the capacity of the lungs should be proportional to the weight, other things being equal. A little fellow with no great breadth, weighing one hundred and twenty-five, may be able to inhale as many cubic inches of air as he who weighs one hundred and eighty, and is broad in proportion. The first will have the best wind, and ten to one he is the healthiest. Breadth does not indicate good wind. A quart pot with its sides crushed in looks broader than before, but it will not hold as much. Hence we see how a broad-shouldered, thin-chested man may be consumptive, while a round-bodied switch of a fellow is as tough as a pine knot. Now it is plain that he is the healthiest all the functions of whose body are performed with the greatest regularity and the greatest vigor, and this regularity and vigor are just in proportion to the purity of the blood and the energy of its circulation; these last, again, depend upon the action of the lungs and the skin. The last go together; for if we wish a healthy and vigorous action of the lungs, we must have air and real exercise such as starts the perspiration. Large, strong lungs, then, are the first requisite to a healthy constitution, and the *sine qua non*. If you have these in good training, I will warrant you free from dyspepsia, jaundice, cold feet, cold hands, ill-temper, and the blues. Who go crouching and shivering to prayers in the morning? If you consider that the heat of the body depends upon the heat of the blood, and that the heat of the blood depends upon the amount of carbon which is consumed from it, or, in other words, the amount of carbonic acid made in the lungs; that this is in proportion to the amount of oxygen inhaled; that the amount inhaled depends upon the capacity of the lungs; and, moreover, that the circulation is inactive in the same proportion,—you will see why

your big-chested men do not cringe and shake in the north wind. I would compare the weak-lunged man in the cold to a besieged castle, in which the defenders are not only weakened, but are not sufficient in numbers to man the outposts. The little particles cry, "To the rescue!" and hurry to the magazine, that is, the lungs, for ammunition and arms against the enemy, but they get only half enough; their numbers are few, and they are long in reaching the outposts, and discharge but weak volleys of heat against the advancing enemy, and soon are driven in, while the white-plumed warriors carry the outer works. But with your big-chested man it is not so. The castle is garrisoned and provisioned, there is plenty of powder, and every passage-way to the outworks is crowded with red-coats, the walls are all manned, and the outposts of the fingers and toes tingle and burn in the heat of the contest. Jack Frost is repulsed. Your fat man is apt to be short-breathed; instead of burning his fat to keep warm, he lays it on outside. He is like the man who does not keep up a good fire in his abode, but buries his house in fuel; it may answer, but it does not add to the beauty of his dwelling.

I think I have shown that we can expand our chests at pleasure. How is it to be done? By erect posture, and deep, full inhalation. Practise this when you rise in the morning, when the whole body is flexible, and when you can form the new deposit of the preceding night. Learn to throw back your shoulders and take a full breath at Hollis door, and make it last by slow expiration till you reach the Chapel. Try the same experiment at the bottom of the stairs, and leap up three steps at a time, and every time take in with the spring a little more air; by the time you reach the top of three flights, you will have your lungs pretty well inflated. Winter is coming, which will put an end to football and rowing; but the Gymnasium is left, and if you can raise the money, go. If not, make a gymnasium of your room. A pair of clubs, two chairs, and a broomstick will

furnish gymnastic exploits sufficient to astonish your wind and muscle for some time. The great preventive and cure for "coughs, colds, and consumption" is a big chest and plenty of wind. These are the foundation of all health. Practise what I have preached until you have cast your old body and assumed a new one, and see if there is not a great change. When, by standing in a natural position with your arms hanging free, you can thrust a yard-stick readily between the hollows of your elbows and the small of your back, you are becoming pretty straight. Then your lungs, heart, and stomach have room to do their work. Burn your fat in sacrifice to your genius, and then your genius will not be fat nor your body frozen.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON SLEEP.

"BLESSED is the man who first invented sleep!" said Sancho Panza. "Blessed is the man who knows how to sleep!" say I.

I am a man of very few accomplishments. I cannot row a boat nor sail one; when I skate, I like to do it privately to hide my awkwardness; I never swim far from shore; I am not musical, not even sufficiently so to talk music; I do not aspire to writing criticisms of the "Paintings in the Athenæum," nor do I know whether the cuts in Punch are "Pre-Raphaelite" or "Turnerian." Of course I cannot sing, and I long ago gave up trying to tell funny stories, finding my attempts always made my audience look grave. I don't talk well at a party, and as for dancing I never attempt it. In short, I lack all those polite accomplishments which it is so pleasant to have, and which do so much for a man in our little world here and the big world outside.

But there is one subject to which I have devoted some

attention, and in regard to which I flatter myself I have some taste. It is sleep. I have an enthusiasm on the subject of sleeping. I like to read about it, and about dreaming. When a writer treats in a sensible way of sleep, he becomes a very sensible person in my estimation, and I like to own his writings. I am familiar with the books in the Library which treat philosophically and scientifically on this subject. The different theories and speculations of learned men concerning it are curious reading. I am fond of reading Charles Lamb's "Dream Children," and his refutation of the "Popular Fallacy that 'One should rise with the Lark.'" De Quincey, too, is pleasant when he is not too flighty even for a dreamer; and peculiarly delightful is the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," in my laziest moments, which commonly are soon after dinner. Shakespeare would have stood lower than he does in my estimation if he had not shown his appreciation of the delights of sleep. Hear him sing its praises:—

"Sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

He makes Julius Cæsar a man of discrimination when he puts into his mouth these words:—

"Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights."

I like to meet any one who is sensible of the delights of sleep, and does not despise them. A man who wishes he could live without sleep I don't care to know. He is apt to be too ambitious, too much a hard worker, and very likely too disagreeable in character for a pleasant companion. I like to know people that "sleep o' nights" for a good eight hours in a rational way. They are commonly good-natured, easy people, without crotchets and angles in their characters, very pleasant to know, yet not dull men. I should like to have known Martin Luther, though not to have had occasion to wake him in his first nap; for he says, "Scarcely any

minor annoyance angers me more than the being suddenly awakened out of a pleasant slumber." Indeed, very few persons, I think, would bear this test of amiability well. But I admire also the good sense of some famous man of whom I have read, who used to have himself awakened for a moment in the middle of the night that he might enjoy the more by anticipation and retrospect the luxury of sleeping. I sympathize, too, with Dr. Arnold, who said that one of his daily trials was getting up in the morning; but not with some one else, who said the other day that life ought not to be called pleasant, since it involved the necessity of going to bed every night.

They say that in China, where there must be a good deal of cunning and ingenuity in the character of the people, one of the most successful methods of torture used to be depriving of sleep. No wonder it was successful. Think of being kept awake for one or two weeks, indulged in everything else that would make life comfortable, and sleep therefore more ready to come upon the victim, whilst he is constantly watched, tickled, or pinched, or what not, to keep his eyes open. For a day or two it might be borne, but think of the agony at last! Who would not confess anything under such treatment? One would think, though, that the victim would have gone to sleep at last, spite of all torment. Soldiers have been known to sleep on the march.

I said that I had an enthusiasm on the subject of sleep. I believe that I have also some taste, having been at pains to cultivate it by observation and reading. I would like to see this taste more common. In the enjoyment of sleep, one should be, it seems to me, an epicure, and not a glutton; careful to have his feast, so to speak, well served, rather than to have it in profusion. In the ordinary sense, everybody knows how to sleep; of course, the most stupid best, in his own stupid way. So everybody knows how to eat, but not how to get the right good from his eating. The man who eats meanly or greedily shows it in his face. The man who

eats rationally shows it also. He has a satisfied, respectable look. You may often recognize similarly the man who sleeps in a generous yet temperate way, and he who sleeps as a woodchuck sleeps in winter, simply because it is the best thing he can find to do. Common sense teaches that everything is most useful when in its best condition, and therefore that sleep should be taken in its purest form, in order to go as far as possible towards the end it is intended to produce,—which I suppose is a healthy life and a quiet death. We are constantly told that anything intended to improve or preserve bodily health should be taken with gusto. Physic, I suppose, may be excepted; but you must take your exercise of such kind, and under such circumstances, that you will enjoy it, with your mind at ease and your heart open. Was it not so laid down to us when we were Freshmen? And has not experience proved it? After Freshman year, we are apt to vote dumb-bells a bore, and to take to the open air for exercise. Gymnastics we know are more satisfactory and invigorating, if taken in pleasant company, than if by one's self. Even the sober author of the "Student's Manual" admits that walking five miles is more profitable than chopping wood for an hour. If you ask the doctor what is the best thing for you to eat, provided you are not sick, he tells you, with a little limitation, to eat what you like best, and, with no limitation, the best of its kind, if you can get it.

Why, then, should not sleep, too, be the best of its kind? One of the results of my observations is that sleeping, as a fine art, is not cultivated here to a great extent. A good deal of sleeping is done in various ways, but not scientifically. There is not too much early rising, probably not too much early retiring. A good deal of extra work of the sort is done, in window-seats, on lounges, on lecture-benches, over text-books or heavy "collateral" reading, after dinner, in the late cars, and elsewhere. But it is not done in such a way as to tell, or to be thoroughly enjoyed. Consequently it does not answer the purpose of sleep fully.

Sleep seems to be quite a monotonous affair, and yet one may take it under queer circumstances and in out-of-the-way places, which give it a romantic, sometimes a painful interest ; in a berth at sea, for instance, on a rough night, or close by the engine of a steamer, where one's dreams are full of ugly sights of fiery furnaces and grinning demons, and sounds of Hephæstian trip-hammers and anvil-choruses ; or on the night when a fever is setting in, and begins to affect the brain, when odd lines of poetry, stray rules of grammar, or scraps of nonsense keep repeating themselves to the tired fancy ; or with the sound of music under one's window ; or on a mountain, with a huge fire for warmth and protection from bears, and a sloping roof of boughs to break the force of the wind ; or on a battle-field the night before the fight, as Richard slept at Bosworth ; or in a haunted house ; or in the desert ; or in Pompeii ; or under a snow-bank ; or from the effects of freezing.

Would one like to have been Rip Van Winkle, or Jamblichus, or Frederic Barbarossa ? If one were not to sleep at all, would he not get dreadfully tired of his own company ? One of the charms of sleeping seems to me to lie in this, that you bid good by to yourself at night, tired out and stupid, and are introduced in the morning to your new self, recreated, fresh and bright.

It is pleasant, when you wake from your first nap, as you sometimes do, under the delusion that you had no right to be asleep, not having yet retired, to find that you are mistaken, that you are really settled for the night, and that there is nothing now to do but to turn over and go to sleep again ; or to be aroused by some keeper of late hours, who comes whistling or singing across the yard, or up the stairs of your entry, returning from a party or the theatre, and, congratulating yourself that you are better off than he is, to drop off again into forgetfulness of him and everybody ; or to hear the bell of the twelve-o'clock car, and, with a drowsy feeling of pity for the poor, sleepy mortals in the car who have to

find their way home and to bed, to roll yourself in the bed-clothes for a fresh nap.

Some one ought to write an article on "Great and Good Sleepers," a subject which has been strangely neglected. There is a nice distinction to be observed between great sleepers and much sleepers. Rip Van Winkle, the Seven Sleepers, the Fat Boy in Pickwick, were great sleepers only in the sense in which Daniel Lambert was a great man. Then one might treat at large of dreaming, — a department by itself, and very extensive as well as very curious.

Being, as I said, somewhat curious in the matter of sleep, I am in the habit of noting facts in my experience, reading, or observation, which bear upon it. I purpose to set down modestly a few suggestions, original and stolen; they might be called "Hints towards the Formation of Taste in the Art of Sleep." Such a taste, as I remarked before, might be cultivated here to advantage. There is leisure and opportunity for this cultivation, and the result could not be otherwise than good.

There must be sleep enough. This position is fundamental, and not to be questioned. Attempts to cheat Nature in her demands in this matter are seldom successful. Many a stunted body, weak pair of eyes, languid intellect, and set of droning habits, may be found to testify to its truth. Physiologists say that life is shortened by want of sleep, especially by the use of narcotics for the purpose of keeping off sleep. There is danger in attempting to reduce the amount of sleep to the minimum, for nobody but an ambitious man will try it, and he will be very likely to overdo the thing, since the consequences are not always felt directly. The amount required seems to vary much for different constitutions. The books tell marvellous stories of people who could live with infinitesimal quantities. Well authenticated and reasonable enough are the accounts of "a gentleman" who was satisfied with three hours a day, of "a lady" who required only four, and so on. Everybody meets occasion-

ally with such cases amongst his acquaintances. There is mention by a well-known writer of "a man of brilliant and ready wit, who always took nine hours," and of "a distinguished jurist, who assured me he always slept as long as he felt sleepy." There is nothing remarkable, of course, in these statements; but, from a collection of various cases of one sort and the other, the writer mentioned deduces the theory, in which he is quite commonly supported by other authorities who do not write "Guides" for students, that about eight hours is what most persons find "necessary and sufficient," though very many require a smaller amount of actual sleep than this. There is a fallacy somewhat prevalent, that students require less sleep than other people; whereas, in reality, thinking is the most exhausting sort of labor, and requires consequently the most liberal amount of repair by sleep; moreover, the demand is much greater in the case of young than of old men, since in the latter the constitution is established and the system built up. So that, because I am told that Frederic of Prussia used to rise always at five o'clock, I am not going to jump out of bed two hours before daylight in the winter, to grope about in a dark room till daylight, or ruin my eyes by an early candle, or cut my way through a Cambridge fog "before the world is aired," in search of health. "Waking overmuch causeth dryness of the brain," saith old Burton.

On the other hand, too much sleep is as inconsistent with good taste as too little. Not to cite the old example of the birds as frugal sleepers, who, I suspect, as a matter of fact, take a very fair allowance of sleep considering the size of their brains, and even without considering it,—and not to put forward the old bugbear that too much sleep leads to apoplexy, dropsy, and various other ills,—there is not much doubt that it deadens energy and takes off the fine edge of the faculties. Busy people, of course, find other reasons for not oversleeping. Buffon says that the abandoning a habit of lying late in the morning made a difference of ten or a dozen volumes of his writings in the course of his life.

I have a favorite theory, — which I sometimes try to establish experimentally, and with some success, — that it is possible to compress sleep, a good deal of it into a small space, by being a little severe with one's self for a while. The fundamental principle of the theory is, that I have a perfect right to sleep till nature wakes me, whether six hours, eight, or ten; on that is based another idea, that at this point I may consider my right as ended; and, finally, that, if these two principles be acted upon, the habit will be formed of awaking just when nature is satisfied. This theory has been supported by good authorities. The well-known anecdote of the Duke of Wellington illustrates it. Some one criticised the Duke's camp bedstead as being too narrow to turn over in. "Sir," said the old hero, "when you want to turn over, it is time to turn out." Sleep of this sort seems to be according to nature. It is certainly very sound and satisfactory.

As to the best hours for sleeping, every exemplary student has read in Todd that an hour before midnight is worth two hours after that time. I find the same idea in other books. Medical writers seem to be agreed that sleep is soundest, most free from dreams, and most satisfactory, between the hours of ten and one, especially between ten and twelve. The common experience here in College seems to point the same way. Fellows who write their themes for Thursday at midnight on Wednesday, and make up the loss by sleeping over prayers and dozing through the next day, find that they do not get into mental condition again till after a night or two of good sleep. As for the men who go habitually without early sleep, force of habit probably sustains them as far and as long as they are sustained, which is apt to be not very far and sometimes not very long, since the men of this class seem not to be commonly those who do most intellectually, and it is common enough to hear of such men finally breaking down altogether and having to change their habits.

On the other hand, most persons — those who have not the power of putting their minds into harness under all circumstances — find a peculiar success in writing at night. Perhaps there is really an inspiration at midnight. Or perhaps there would be the same amount accomplished between eight and ten on two successive nights, as between eight and twelve of one night. Many persons compose with great ease in the early morning. The experience of a few suggests that it is possible to accustom one's self to writing during the day, with a proper regimen of food, exercise, sleeping at night, and controlling the will.

Sleeping after dinner in one's chair is very comforting. Happy the man who can afford a siesta. Taken in a recumbent posture, the effects of sleep are apt to be unpleasant at that hour. The authorities unfortunately are against the system, especially books of advice for students. They say it makes the mind dull and the body unhealthy. One of the charms of early sleeping at night is, that it removes that unpleasant drowsiness next day, which is so common among us.

Who is insensible to the delights of an extra nap in the morning before prayers? Dr. Hall, whoever he may be, publishes in the newspapers some pleasant theories on this subject. "He advocates going to bed early, but does not advocate early rising when one's natural sleep is disturbed by it. He thinks that no person should jump out of bed immediately on waking, but should be quiet until the sense of weariness passes from his limbs." Very pleasant advice is this last, but rather fatal to early rising, I am afraid.

Now, notwithstanding what Hood says,—

"The man that 's fond precociously of *stirring*
Must be a *spoon*,"—

I have begun to cultivate the theory that, pleasant as it is to lie and doze, it is pleasanter sometimes to be out of bed and out of doors, between six and seven, A. M. My

æsthetic friend, who goes to Mount Auburn tower to see the sun rise, has been giving me glowing accounts of the delights of early morning walks, and quite fired me with a passion for them. So when I connect this theory with my other about compressing or condensing sleep, and put them both into practice, I succeed in making a very pleasant night and day occasionally.

I need not stop to enlarge on the delights of the cold bath as a supplement to the night's sleep. They are too well known in Cambridge to be insisted on. Exercise conduces greatly to comfortable sleeping. Too violent exercise, however, disturbs it, making it either dreamy or lethargic. Sleep without previous exercise is as unprofitable as a lazy man's studying. Anxiety of mind and toasted cheese are sure begetters of uncomfortable sleep and nightmare. A common mistake in College, I fear, is going to bed with the mind excited about studies. Lord Bacon says: "To be free-minded and cheerfully disposed at hours of meat and sleep and exercise, is one of the best precepts of long lasting."

Finally, for the man who would cultivate taste in the art of sleeping, these words of Burton are good, as helping the formation of generous and genial habits of mind, which are essential to the enjoyment of sleep, as of all other good things: "Avoid overmuch study and perturbations of the mind, and as much as in thee lyes live at heart's ease; and amidst thy serious studies and business use jests and conceits, playes and toyes, and whatsoever else may recreate thy mind."

COLLEGE RECORD.

ORDER OF PERFORMANCES FOR EXHIBITION, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1858.

1. A Latin Oration. "De Moribus Homericæ Ætatis." John Chipman Gray, Boston.
2. An English Version. From a Speech of De Tocqueville. George Everett Adams, Chicago, Ill.
3. A Latin Version. From Mirabeau: "Against the Nobility and Clergy of Provence." William Channing Gannett, Boston.
4. A Dissertation. "The New Life of Shelley." Chapin Howard Carpenter, Holyoke.
5. A Disquisition. "Should a man read what he likes?" George Lyman Locke, Cambridge.
- *6. A Greek Version. "Sir Henry Vane against Richard Cromwell." Hersey Goodwin Palfrey, Belfast, Me.
7. A Dissertation. "Persecution of Literary Men in France during the Eighteenth Century." Charles Joyce White, Cambridge.
8. A Latin Dialogue. From "All's not Gold that glitters." Henry Austin Clapp, Dorchester. Edmund Wetmore, Utica, N. Y.
9. A Disquisition. "Royal Interviews." George Wellington Batchelder, Salem.
10. An English Version. From Livy: M. Porcius Cato for the Oppian Law. William Eliot Furness, Philadelphia, Pa.
11. A Latin Version. From Victor Hugo: "The United States of Europe." George Willis Warren, Boston.
12. A Disquisition. "The Rationale of Vacation." William Reed Huntington, Lowell.
13. A Disquisition. "Science as a Peacemaker." Daniel Swan Preston, Boston.
14. An English Version. From Livy: "Hannibal to Scipio before the Battle of Zama." George Gill Wheelock, Cambridge.
- *15. A Disquisition. "The Opening of China: Macartney and Elgin." Edward William Hooper, Boston.
16. A Poem. "The Execution of Andreas Hofer." Francis Ellingwood Abbot, Beverly.
17. A Dissertation. "Progress in the Idea of Heroism." Andrew Tucker Bates, Bridgewater.
18. An English Version. From the Ajax of Sophocles. Henry George Spaulding, Dedham.

* Not spoken.

19. A Greek Dialogue. From "Box and Cox." Thomas Bayley Fox, Dorchester. Julius Sedgwick Hood, Lynn.

*20. A Greek Version. From Burke's "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful." Arthur Wilkinson, Cambridge.

21. A Dissertation. "Comparison of the Greeks and Trojans as they appear in Homer." Andrew James Lathrop, Watertown.

22. An English Oration. "A Citizen of a Free Country who feels no Interest in Politics." Francis Balch, Jamaica Plain.

The music on this occasion was performed by the "Pierian Sodality."

APPLETON CHAPEL.

Appleton Chapel was dedicated, and services first held there, on Sunday, October 17th, 1858.

* Not spoken.

EDITORS' TABLE.

THE CATALOGUE made its appearance, of course, early in October, and has been lying for a fortnight on everybody's table. The regular semiannual return of this faithful but unpretending friend offers us a tolerably stout peg on which to hang a little paragraph. Its very covers are replete with moral lessons and profound allusions. What but the force of habit could blind us to the mystic significance of that cerulean hue, mimicking (however unsuccessfully) the azure of the celestial concave, turning our thoughts and aspirations upward, and teaching, as manifestly as the crosses that used to be prefixed to the alphabet, that the end of all learning is piety. A more grovelling and matter-of-fact imagination, again, might reflect that this color is appropriated by the grocer to the conical envelope of saccharine delights, and might thence deduce inferences relative to its sweets, but would, alas! be soon enough disappointed by looking within. And the scholar versed in classic lore (for whom it is intended) would see an even more recondite allusion to this age of progress and improvement, in philology and grammar, as well as in all things else. For does not Mr. Gladstone tell us that Homer knew no word to express the tint of blue? Is not our old friend, "blue-eyed Minerva," obliged by him to exchange her time-honored appellation for "bright-eyed"? It is even so; and we may conclude that, had this specimen of typographic art fallen into the hands of the blind bard of Chios, before he was blind, he would not only have been inexpressibly mystified by its contents, but its very covers would have obliged him to confess that in all his plastic and euphonious dialect there was not an adjective to express their color. So that even in this trifling matter we are taught the superiority of the age in which we live, and the language which we speak, over any other age or language whatsoever. But perhaps this may be refining too far. Perhaps the Faculty, or the bookseller, were not aware of all the momentous conclusions which depended on their choice of colors. Let us then pass to the contents of this opusculum. We are struck at the outset by the cruel monopoly of the Corporation, who confine the jolly title of "fellows" to half a dozen gentlemen named on the third page, without the slightest regard to the paramount claims to that distinction of hundreds who follow in the undistinguished crowd. The student, however, being neither a philosopher nor a radical, loiters not to moralize over the covers, nor yet to study the familiar titles of the officers, but turns at once to his own Class to discover their local habitations for another year. As you glance carelessly down the middle column of each page, and notice again from how many quarters of the world your classmates are gathered, do you not strangely realize that each acquaintance whom you meet every day at recitation, and in his room, and think you know so well, goes home, nevertheless, in Vacation, to a whole world of parents, brothers, sisters, cousins, friends, hopes, fears, loves, joys, sorrows, of which you have no more cognisance than the man in the moon? No, nor half so much as that sedate and elevated personage; for he sees all manner of evening strolls in summer and merry sleigh-rides over the winter's snows, and has probably a very clear and thorough insight into the characters of almost all your friend's as-

sociates, for all he sits so quiet and demure in his celestial orb, as if the painful experience of his early terrestrial adventures (when, as nursery tradition informs us, he "came down too soon, to ask the way to Norwich," &c.) has taught him ever hereafter to refrain from the rash temerity of his adolescence. No "cold plum-porridge" could now induce him to forget the dignity of his station. But we are wandering far from our theme, which, in truth, is about losing its interest to the collegian, who, after perusing with indolent curiosity the unfamiliar names of Fresh, and looking to see how many friends of past years are haunting the scenes of their former glories in the misty forms of resident graduates, feels but a languid interest even in the brief catalogue of budding theologues, or the amiable amenities of law, or the crowded files of science and medicine. He shuffles over the leaves with rapid and careless hand; but before he throws the book aside, he is sure to bend one look of lingering interest on the concluding summary, which bears the grateful intelligence that Harvard's ranks were never so full, and that her steady annual increase has been as marked as ever this year. And with a fervent, though unuttered, prayer for her continued progress in all excellence, he drops the book, and we drop our pen.

THE general interest taken in the recent prize-fight between Messrs. Morrissey and Heenan shows the rising popularity of the manly sports among us. Long since have we learnt to shoot our "little pistils," — following the example of the flowers, — but now we begin to devote our attention to the kindred sciences of pugilism and fencing. In almost every student's room you may find the dropical yellow gloves and a pair of foils; boxing your adversary is almost as important as boxing the compass; it is even whispered that Professor Stewart will soon take his seat in our College Faculty, for a professorship of the manly sports is to be instituted as soon as the Gymnasium on the Delta is completed, and the Cambridge chimes ready to peal. We do not propose to enter into any argument here upon the subject of prize-fighting, but we have a suggestion or two to make. First, we propose that some man of education — a member of the Pugilistic Benevolent Association, for instance — compile a dictionary of the technical terms used in the science of self-defence. For while those who read the Clipper Extra will admire the substitution of such words as "carmine," "ruby," and "claret," for the vulgar "blood," and the figurative expressions "eye in mourning," "bellows to mend," "face like beefsteak," &c., — all these displaying, not only a refined taste in the avoidance of such expressions as would shock a sensitive person, but the greatest poetical genius, — some may be puzzled to know how to "get home on the mouth," and the nature of that "fearful punishment" so often hinted at. They may ask whether "mutual fibbings" are exactly proper, whether the "grogginess" of the fighters was in any way connected with the fine old ale they imbibed during their training walks, or the cry of "foul" with the tender broiled chickens on which they sometimes made their matutinal meal. These matters should be clearly explained, so that the gentle reader could enter without difficulty into the spirit of the fight.

Our other suggestion is, that more poetry be infused into the description of these noble encounters. We are becoming too matter-of-fact, too unpoetical.

The fight is now not for a wreath, as formerly, but the champion's belt; the crowd, instead of shouting, manifest their approval or disapproval by their bets. There should be a reform; there is no reason why the picture of a prize-fight should not be as pleasing as that of the old gladiatorial shows, or the tournaments and tilts of our ancestors. Just take away the horses, plumes, and glittering armor, substitute Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan for Sir Philip Front-de-Mouton and the White Knight, place bottle-holders for squires, and you have the modern prize-fight. If this is remembered, a little judicious coloring will make an epic of a modern, as well as of an ancient fight. Thus, describing the recent encounter, the poet might represent the Benicia Boy in the opening as entreating in vain the aid of Jove by promising to sacrifice Irish bulls or an Irish bully; Jove, hostile to him, winking in lightning at Morrissey, thundering over the left and sending three black crows as an ill-omen. Then, when the fighters are bestowing the right and left handers, clenching, &c., there is a chance for a graphic picture. The blows should fall like the strokes in the Anvil Chorus, the dust of the ring should arise as when the hot breath of the Simoom tosses the locks of the sandy-haired Sarah (*Sahara* being only the slang word used by rowdy Arabs). Heenan's wind should gradually die away, and his blows consequently be lighter, just like the North-east when Æolus is tying it up. Finally, what an opportunity is there for dramatic display in that closing scene! where Morrissey the broad-chested rushes forth, plants a tremendous blow on the neck of the windless Benician, follows up with two terrific right and left handers, and sends him fainting to the ground; while Aaron, the faithful second, rushes forward, tosses up the sponge, and proclaims the fight over; then, for a final tableau, victor and vanquished are borne off on litters with swollen noses and blackened eyes, amid the shouts of the winners of bets and the groans of the losers. We trust our friends of the New York Clipper will avail themselves of these valuable suggestions, in case the Champion of the United States vouchsafes to fight again.

THE weather was most auspicious upon Exhibition Day. Alma Mater put on her best dress of red and green, now a little rumpled by the rough hand of Autumn, to receive her visitors, who gave quite a surprising air of gayety to the usually quiet precinct of the College yard. The audience gathered to listen to the exercises was unusually large, and we could not but notice a remarkable fact in their arrangement in the chapel. The rules which govern balls and parties were directly reversed. There the beauty of the assembly always seeks the middle of the room, and neglected plainness goes to the wall. Here the centre of the chapel was the centre of gravity, occupied by the gold spectacles, white hats, and antique cloaks that denoted the presence of the elderly and victimized relatives of the performers, while round the side of the room, like a diamond setting to a sober picture, were the glittering jewels, the new fall bonnets, the excess of the equatorial diameter over the polar, that told you at a glance, that, contrary to all laws, the force of attraction acted along the line of the wall in the opposite direction from the centre. Do you mean to insinuate, sir, that *they* (the emphatic they) took those seats because that situation afforded the greatest facility for student friends to walk down the side-aisle and talk to them? Of course not. To barely hint that such was the fact would be high treason.

As per programme, the music was furnished by the Pierian Sodality. (A lady wished to know why they were called a Sodality. We told her it was because it was a time-honored custom that all the members of the society should drink soda the morning after Exhibition. Never were much on derivations, but think we were right.) We cannot speak of their music with the authority of a critic, but we can say, as an unscientific lover of sweet sounds, that their performances entitled them to more applause than they received. The music of our College has of late years received a new impulse, and we hail it as a good omen, and hope most sincerely it will meet with every encouragement.

But when we have spoken of the audience and the music, we fear we have noticed the most attractive features of the occasion. We could not but feel sincere pity for the unfortunate friends who came to see the first sproutings of some tender intellectual bud of the family tree, and were compelled to remain during the whole performance. Some indeed were fairly overpowered, and retreated as soon as their particular friend had displayed himself.

Why is it that twenty-four young men should make themselves as a general rule so uninteresting? Is the fact, that years ago the students, on these occasions, used to "pronounce orations in the Latin and Greek tongues," a sufficient reason why the few hundred people who semiannually assemble in the Chapel should be compelled to listen to a performance one half of which is totally unintelligible to them, and the other half a discussion upon subjects which have for them no earthly interest? Would it not tend at least to enliven the occasion to omit a few flat translations? What is the purpose of the Exhibition? Is it to show what the College training has done by examples of the methods used or of the results accomplished? If the former, why not go a little further? The performers might recite something which would be a more severe test of their classical attainments, and be quite as intelligible to their audience.

Why not have versions from Zumpt or Buttmann? — disquisitions on the use of the subjunctive, or disputes as to the authority of the manuscripts? What a depth of feeling might there be in the delineation of the principles of syntax! What an intensity of passion in the enumeration of the thirty-six aorists? Or if the object is to show what our Latin and Greek have done for us, and the habits of thought we have acquired, let the young men say what they have to say in the King's English, and on some subject that both hearers and speakers feel an interest in. Boys' thoughts — begging the Seniors' pardon — on such an occasion, when the audience has come to hear them, honestly and plainly expressed and earnestly spoken, are neither dull nor uninteresting. At any rate, they will afford a sample of the College training that all can judge of. Give, we say, Anglo-Saxon rather than Greek, and native common sense — or even native dullness — rather than translated eloquence.

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CONVERSATION.

THAT Homeric epithet of our race, "word-dividing men," is by no means inappropriate, since word-chopping is the employment of half our lives. When this is done to a purpose, when our words are but the exponents of our ideas, we may be said to converse; but a mere exercise of the organs of speech is not worthy to be designated by so respectable a phrase. The thoughtful sage and the chattering idiot are the two extremes, and we must rank ourselves somewhere between these; — carelessness in regard to our habits of thinking and speaking gradually dragging us down towards the condition of the latter; and attention to these as surely elevating us towards that of the former. While we are spending our time in poring over the earnest thoughts and strong words of other men, it is easy and natural for us to neglect paying proper attention to our own, because perhaps they are less earnest and less powerful. Yet to us they are all-important, since upon them depends in a great measure our influence and prosperity. Our conversation, then, is deserving of our care and attention, since it gives permanency and definiteness to our thoughts, and method and accuracy to our knowledge.

There is generally a curious medley of the important and

trifling in the current College conversation, that cannot fail, at some time, to have attracted the attention of every one. Debates on questions arising from the teachings of the sciences and disquisitions on the merits of the last dinner, critiques on the most distinguished literary productions of every age and observations on the contestants in the last prize-fight, earnest discussions on the next theme subject and pompously trivial personalities, follow each other in quick succession. And yet there are probably but very few societies in which so much that is praiseworthy is spoken. There is always a fund of humor, of good sound sense, and of pertinent remark pervading our daily talk, that might escape the notice of one who should take only a casual and superficial notice of our every-day life. And it is true that even to us the heap of dull, smouldering ashes through which this fire sparkles, deprives it of much of that warm, genial, and inviting appearance which it would otherwise have, and in no way tends to favor its increase. With so keen a relish for whatever is truly deserving and ingenious as is always to be found among students, there must also be something to meet the want; and if we only give to this a little care, and room enough to grow in, we shall find a marked increase in it will be the consequence.

Our conversation ought generally to be of such a character as to bring together men of different talents; so that those who are brilliant in wit, quick in shrewd remarks, or ready in argument, may mingle together and each one find an opportunity and encouragement to speak; and thus a genuine interest would be aroused. Yet in order for any one, whatever may be his peculiar talent, to become skilful in interesting and attracting by what he says, it is as necessary for him to look to manner as to any other consideration. The great advantage which conversation has over reading in its influence upon us, is that peculiar meaning imparted to the thoughts by the voice and action of the speaker. Indeed, appropriate action is almost as

essential as in oratory. For we expect more than a monotone recital, more than statue-like immobility; and when we do not find this, we are disposed to overlook all other excellences. Moreover, we gather much advantage from the insight into the character of an individual which we get if he really puts forth his whole soul into what he speaks; and his manner has fully as much to do with this as his thought. One who does not accommodate his gestures and utterance to the character of his subject cannot enter into the true spirit of the occasion, and does not express his real feeling. We can at once understand the secret of the charm which drew together to the "Mermaid" club such men as Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Seldon, Donne, and others of like merit, when Beaumont himself testifies that he has there

" Heard words that have been
So nimble and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whom they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life."

It was conversation in which each joined with unbounded freedom and with the keenest relish, which refreshed the mind at the same time that it taxed all its powers, and which supplied a want not to be satisfied in any other way.

But their earnest words were only the expressions of earnest thoughts. These did not come straggling in only now and then, in as sorry a plight as if they were the survivors of a hard-fought battle, but rather like the host on its way to the field, so numerous as to be reckoned only by battalions, and so brilliant and imposing as to call forth unbounded admiration. They concentrated all their powers upon a single purpose, and carried it as by force. To attain the ability to do this is the part of individual and private effort, while practice in society can alone give skill in expression. And it is essential that both these systems of education should

be at work at the same time. It is not by cramming the brain with facts and maxims, so thickly crowded as to be unmanageable, that readiness is acquired, but by giving to each new idea proper consideration, — an individual existence. Experience has shown, that on the field of battle the activity of the legion, in which each soldier is free to move and act for himself, is far superior to the strength of the densely crowded phalanx.

It is necessary also that each one who takes part in a conversation should preserve his own originality of thought and expression, and thus he will be far more likely to excite attention to his words. An old idea put in a new dress is sometimes pleasing; but even a new one wearing the long cloak and knee-buckles of the last century is simply ludicrous; and if it has on the "black coat and buttons of the same color" of our day, it is positively repulsive. A social gathering, in which each speaker does not thus give utterance to the conceptions of his own mind, in his own way, is like a congress of crows, which makes noise enough, to be sure, but it is most unpleasantly monotonous. Goethe says of himself, that all his writings were furnished him by a thousand different persons and a thousand different things; and yet no one will call in question his originality. He has infused his own living, active spirit into the motionless mass, and it has thence received a new motive power. And one who interests by his conversation does not drag in the clattering skeletons of anecdotes, illustrations, and philosophy, but the living realities, each with its own proper form and color.

But even though one has a store of thoughts and words appropriate to express them, it does not follow that he should make himself liable to a compliment for his "flashes of silence," by depriving every one else of the privilege of speaking. There ought to be no circle in which some one person is a mighty mouthpiece, a perfect giant in talking, and all others but squeaking parrots or silent moles. Every

one present ought to take part in the discourse, and bring out each subject as it appears to his own mind, and then, instead of looking at it from some one point of view, so that certain portions in the foreground have undue prominence, while others are mingled and confounded in the dim distance, we shall, by having our stand-point continually shifted, see all in their proper proportions, and obtain some just idea of the merits of the question. No truth is injured by being bandied and boxed about; and while those who join in the contest gather strength and interest, one who merely looks on becomes listless himself and a stumbling-block in the way of the rest.

By far the greatest hinderance to the cultivation of a thoughtful mode of speaking is the monotony encountered at the very outset. In a narrow round of subjects, or a small circle of individuals, this might be a continual obstacle; but when such a diversity of character and such a variety of topics can be found as in College, it seems as if this objection might be done away with. Starting upon any topic whatever, it will be found to branch off in a thousand different ways; and if we but suffer our minds to lead us as they will, we shall never be at a loss for matter for a cheerful chat. It is only when this wandering becomes the rule, and not the exception, that it is injurious; for it often leads us to see unexpected relations, and to stumble upon hitherto unknown truths, which we could not have arrived at in any other way. Conversation follows the same rule. We have widely different ends in view when talking and when studying, although we strive to make them in each case conducive to mental culture. If we attempt to make our recreation but a repetition, in a slightly modified form, of our usual labor, we shall make as great a mistake as if we employed it in undoing the work of the day. It is the part of wisdom to decide upon the mean, to restrain frivolity, and to throw off burdensome cares, that we may be refreshed and not enfeebled, advanced and not overtaxed.

If it is desirable to cultivate a taste for true conversation, and to reach any skill practising it, daily care and attention is the only way of doing this. Debating-societies accomplish a very desirable end, but they do not teach to converse. There is more formality, more oratorical display, and, above all, more previous preparation, required in these than is compatible with the free, jovial, and natural manner and matter of the social circle. Societies organized for the especial purpose of promoting this end meet the same insurmountable obstacle. Prearranged topics must be thought of, must be studied, and all the juice runs out through the holes that have been "dugged" into them before they are brought up for consideration. Sometimes, too, most unfortunate accidents happen. The profound erudition, the result of a week's study, is not always most clearly arranged, or most perfectly understood and remembered; and once in a while some long, lame, lumbering apparition, a creature of the "midnight lamp," will show its uncouth figure at a most unlucky moment, to the utter confusion of all philosophy. Besides, even though they should meet with the greatest possible success, such societies would hardly accomplish their object. Any good that might be effected by them would be entirely counteracted by the reaction of idle talking. If any lasting structure is to be built up, it must be upon the ruins of this.

Perhaps, among us, the conversation which savors most of the true spirit is our table-talk. There is generally a freedom, sprightliness, and meaning in what is said on such occasions, that is truly refreshing. This is encouraged, undoubtedly, by the heap of "smoking vivanda," which form a pleasing contrast with the usual pile of dusty or well-thumbed books,—a change of circumstances calling forth in most cases just enough mental exertion to produce a cheerful and intelligent chat. Yet even here perfection has not been attained, and a little care—not enough to beget formality—might introduce some important improvements.

But it is during the after-dinner lounge, when we give ourselves up for a time to the work of digestion, that our words fly on their most bootless errands. On such an occasion one could not, to be sure, be expected to display any remarkable talent; yet listlessness is not the only relaxation. Since digestion is a physical and not a mental process, it ought not, even for a short time, to tax the brain to such an extent as to produce mental aberration. Yet sometimes the discourses held on these occasions seem intended to put into pleasing exercise the organs of speech, and leave the contents of the cranium quiescent.

Besides the practical benefit to be derived from a genuine, thoughtful converse, it affords more real enjoyment than even the most amusing frivolity. No one who has once acquired the power of always uttering earnest, living, moving conceptions would ever again indulge in trifles. When Rousseau once retired to a rural village, expecting to be blessed with happiness and contentment among the simple country-people, he found himself continually tormented by their idle talk, which produced in him the most indescribably uneasy sensations. His previous life had been spent among men who had discarded trivial and unimportant subjects; the daily habit of these rustics was to talk of such subjects; and this circumstance by itself is almost enough to account for the difference in the mental powers of the two parties. Those who are continually engaged in meaningless chit-chat gradually narrow down their minds to the scope of their daily gossip, and lose all power, as well as all inclination, to reform themselves. It is not possible for us to spend an hour of social intercourse without receiving either benefit or injury. We can make such hours a means of intellectual advancement, or we can so employ them as to counteract in a measure the good effects of our closest application. *Ita se res habet.*

O. W. Holmes, Jr.

BOOKS.

THE highest conversation is the statement of conclusions, or of such facts as enable us to arrive at conclusions, on the great questions of right and wrong, and on the relations of man to God. And so we all know well enough the difference, in our various associates, between him who lives only in events, and can relish nothing but the College gossip for the day, and him who feels that this is well enough, but that he can find higher food for thought, and who, while still young, passes restless hours longing to find some one who will talk to him of better things. Those, then, who have somewhat higher aspirations than the mass of their companions, and who in the ranks of boyish insipidity find none who meet or satisfy their desires, must as an alternative take to books.

And, again, many even of the somewhat unthinking will resolve every day to "read," (a phrase of slightly indefinite meaning, even to those who use it,) but, every day discouraged by the idea of the enormous quantity of books pronounced "indispensable," end by reading nothing. But this is very unnecessary trouble. Books are now almost innumerable, and most of them have been written within three hundred years. Regarding, then, what has been done already by mighty minds, and looking forward on the futurity we may reasonably suppose to be still remaining for this world, we see that the time is not inconceivably distant when a bookworm's life shall be spent in perusing a literature of Shakespeares and Prophets. This view, it is evident, will very materially contract the importance to be attached to any single volume, and will show two or three rules to be all that can be laid down with any real certainty.

First, then, we must read for ideas, not for authors. And we shall find that every grand book carries with it and implies ten thousand lesser ones; just as, when a huge tree is torn from the ground, it carries along with its roots an entire

body of weeds and flowers and saplings. We read the Bible, and do not feel the need of Doctor Johnson's instructions in morality; and after studying the works of William Shakespeare, we find that Addison's Cato can teach us nothing. The first two contain all the last, and a great deal to spare; as I said in the beginning, they imply them.

Secondly, I cannot get beyond the belief that it is best to read what we like; there must be some book or books not absolutely vicious which would be interesting to any reader of this Magazine, and these, whatever they be, will necessitate a certain degree of thought, which of itself is sufficient cause for a better choice in the second instance. Of course a certain number selecting simply by preference would choose certain yellow-clad volumes and newspapers not of the best; but they are capable of higher things, and the rule is good. A great reader said, "As soon as you forget the color of the heroine's hair, lay down the book." We must read no longer—of course I speak of such reading as fills the intervals of other study, and does not itself form our labor—we must read no longer than we are perfectly engrossed in our subject.

Thirdly, for the description of books. After what has been said, it is sufficiently evident that but few rules can be laid down when we start by leaving all to individual judgment; but this may be suggested. First, as for the great books of other tongues, there are in each language one, or perhaps two or three geniuses, that have, as it were, originated the very literature of that state and period from which they sprung; that, like the loadstone mountain of the Arabian Nights, have drawn to their own mighty bulk the nails and strength of the time, and, while everything around them has fallen to pieces, stand only in increased power and majesty. These we must know; but for the Antoninuses and Thomas à Kempises, the reflectors and commentators, their spirit is the same in one language as in another, our native English furnishes enough of them, and, moreover, all the fine ideas that

were their *end* are in the books of the present day the assumed axioms from which we start. But more important than all this, we must at once in some shape understand the questions of the day. Just as one man implies humanity, so the history of the struggles of one period implies eternity. And though there always is a fight and crisis, yet are we not in a peculiarly solemn position? Books and papers, within a century or two only accessible to the common people, have had their effect. A hundred years ago we burnt men's bodies for not agreeing with our religious tenets; we still burn their souls. And now some begin to say, Why is this so? Is it true that such ideas as this come from God? Do men own other men by God's law? And when these questions are asked around us, — when we, almost the first of young men who have been brought up in an atmosphere of investigation, instead of having every doubt answered, It is written, — when we begin to enter the fight, can we help feeling it is a tragedy? can we help going to our rooms and crying that we might not think? And we whistle or beat on our piano, and some — God help 'em! — smoke and drink to drive it all away, and others find their resting-place in some creed which defines all their possibilities, and says, Thus far shall ye think, and no farther. No, no; it will not do to say, I am not of a melancholic temperament, and mean to have my good time. It will not do for Ruskin to say, Read no books of an agitating tendency; you will have enough by and by to distress you. We *must*, will we or no, have every train of thought brought before us while we are young, and may as well at once prepare for it.

History should be the finest, in fact, the all-comprehending study. But we do not find it so. The cause, as it seems to me, being that facts and dates are mistakenly supposed to constitute its chief part. Yet, if we think, we shall know that these are not what impress us with the realities of past time. Little things — anecdotes — will often display the whole manners and customs of a period,

when we should have laid down the statistics as ignorant as we took them up. What is most pleasant about Herodotus is, that, in a history of the great nations of the earth, he tells us such facts as that the mares that gained three races are buried by the side of their master in the road that runs through the Hollow. This history, which we can by no possibility get, except by fragments from contemporary plays and poems, with regard to past days, at present we can have, or almost have forced upon us by the daily newspapers, reading in them details about each day enough to fill a volume of Grote or Macaulay. And so I say again, we must study the present to know the past. Emerson, who probably takes about as large a view of men and events as any one we could point out now living in America, gains much of this breadth by the peculiar direction of his studies. Look into his article on Books, — never was a stranger list of indispensables, will be our first impression. But we shall soon see the plan that regulates him. *We* read principally, more even than we do Shakespeare or any great man who lived as many as fifty years ago, the ephemeral productions of the day, — a very different thing from studying the progress or regress of the day in politics and religion. We encourage a hot-bed operatic taste that requires a strong stimulus to excite it, and consequently the delicacy of the noblest and calmest books is to us insipidity. The great secret of all delight in literature is preserving this fineness of taste, and Emerson understands it, and not only reads the great works of our own tongue, but he studies all the great inspired books of all the great literatures. He knows and reverences Shakespeare, Montaigne, and Goethe; but he has also penetrated into Plato and Confucius, into the Buddhist and Zoroastrian sacred books, which we condemn on the authority of others, without ever having looked into them ourselves, and some of which, written five hundred years before our Christian Scriptures, teach us lessons of love and forbearance, that, after eighteen hundred years have gone by,

we have not yet granted the New Testament to inculcate. It seems to me that there is nothing in literature so elevating as these volumes; and we cannot help feeling how infinitely better were our time spent in really learning these, than in reading book after book of puzzling and involved commentary on a book which bears on its face that it was written for all if for any. Yet books are but little seeds after all, seeming insignificant enough before the merest weed of real life; but they lie soaking in our minds, and when we least expect it, they will spring up, not weeds, but supporters that will be our aid in the sorest struggles of our life.

IN BED.

CHUM is six feet two, I am five feet two. There, now, is the truth, chronicled by the stern resolution of a steel pen. Although an ardent admirer of truth, I cannot but think the introductory sentence would sound better if it stood thus: Chum is five feet two, I am six feet two. But the sentence does not stand so; nor do I. Chum is handsome, with a straight nose. For myself, on a leisurely inspection of my mirrored charms, I have resolved to rely on my intellectual advantages. Chum's back-hair is a miracle of impartial division, my back-hair is nothing of the sort. Chum is a perfect master of all the mysteries of dancing, and can call the most amazing figures. I am not a master of the art, and as for amazing figures, why, certainly, I have performed sundry abnormal evolutions, but somehow they never attracted much admiration. Chum is very much admired by the ladies, to whom he is very attentive at a party, and always does the right thing. I attend as a kind of complement to chum, and generally do the wrong thing. The other evening, the pretty and sprightly Clarinda dropped her teacup, in

consequence of my jostling her arm. Chum caught it,— caught it, sir, without spilling a drop! The murmurs of scorn at my awkwardness and admiration at chum's dexterity had hardly subsided, when, in a tumult of mortification and generous enthusiasm, I trod upon Clarinda's train, and fled precipitately. Chum afterwards observed that I left by the first train. Chum thinks he is witty: I cannot agree with him.

On the other hand, chum is not brilliant as a literary man. Chum understands horse-racing very nicely, for an amateur, and won fifty dollars on the late encounter for the championship; but he is generally lost when poetry forms the topic of conversation, and, after looking up the word "æsthetic" three times in a dictionary, has given up the attempt to remember it. As a scholar, he is not distinguished. In fact, he translated *καθέζετο μὲν, ἀνίστατο δέ*, "he sat down on one hand, and got up on the other,"—whereupon the first clause at once proved prophetic.

Chum and I are accordingly following the dictates of our natures when the curtain rises and presents us to your view, gentle reader. Chum is at work on his back-hair with two brushes, I am copying my forensic. We are pretty quiet now, having just finished a miniature battle, in which chum hit me between the eyes with a bootjack, whereupon, in a moment of unthinking passion, I flung the rough copy of my forensic at him, which fortunately missed. He is silently arraying himself for conquest, glowing with anticipated triumph, while I am drudging through my task of copying. I dislike few things more than copying essays. I remember that a classmate of mine, who had purchased a theme instead of writing it, sat down to copy it, and was much interested, finding "his" theme invested with all the charms of novelty; but I never knew another instance.

Chum leaves early, saying, "I suppose you ain't going to go." I assent to the supposition, protesting inwardly against his English, and my chum retires, whistling an air from "Trovatore."

I am getting stupid, but I write on manfully till the last page is finished, and sink back with a sigh of exhaustion and relief. "I think I will go-o-ah-oooo to bed."

It is a way with me to walk about the room when I am studying or dressing, and now, as I disrobe, I walk skilfully through a labyrinth of chairs and tables, occasionally pausing before the grate, for the night is cold as if it were the depth of winter. Not that there is any fire in the grate, — our last fire was made in June, — but it has an appearance of warmth. At length, having shuffled off my external "coil," and being resolutely athletic in spite of the cold, I grasp a pair of dumb-bells, and violently contort myself, endeavoring to hug to my heart the fond delusion that my exercise is keeping me warm; and this belief I stoutly maintain, notwithstanding a singular sensation about my feet and ankles, which is very much like cold. At last, I give it up, and lay down the dumb-bells. At this stage of the proceedings I am nearly blue, and am shivering so violently that it is strange the exercise does not throw me into a perspiration. By the way, it is a favorite theory with me that intense cold will always warm a man in this manner, and that any one who complains of its being too cold should rather say it was not cold enough. It is generally agreed that the temperature at the North Pole is comparatively mild. This impression would naturally be caused by the really intense cold.

But a truce to science. I am now ready for bed. Nay, let me tantalize myself, and finally enhance the pleasure. I scorn those people who bolt their beds, (if I may be allowed the expression,) rushing to them in a greedy, unappreciating way. A man should be an epicure in innocent enjoyments. I have forsworn wine; but if I make a fortune, and turn out a bachelor, I will have a large cellar in my house, where shall be numerous casks of water of different kinds. "John, bring us another dozen of the old sixty-seven," may sound as well for water as for wine. I mean then to be a connois-

seur in water ; now I will be expert in the science of bed. I will look out of the window, — that will cool me. How hard and cold the ground looks ! How the wind sighs and moans and “ whoos ” round the walls of time-honored Massachusetts ! I believe my very bones are blue ! Now a figure crosses the yard, and some unhappy collegian, wrapping around him his enormous cloak, hurries to the warm shelter of his room. Ugh ! I do think I could enjoy my bed now, — there is such a thing as refining too far. I open the window, and flee from the chilly gust that enters. A single mighty bound, — a convulsion, — and I am IN BED !

Oh ! is this the warm nest to which I rushed ? I shiver clear to the centre, and through to the other side. Hedgehog-like, I roll myself up into a ball, until the sheets feel less like layers of ice, and begin to be comfortable. I think, however, I should like to lie straight ; so I will send my left leg out on an exploring excursion, to try those hyperborean regions of my bed into whose chilly expanse I have not yet dared to penetrate. The unhappy left leg comes back in an instant, nearly paralyzed, and “ cuddles ” again. But “ try again ” is my motto, and out goes the L. L. and now devotes itself to colonizing ; that is, it settles down in a cold place, and stubbornly maintains its position till the rigor of the climate relaxes. How now, leg ! art thou sighing for the luxurious warmth of the “ cuddle ? ” Go out a little way into the “ Unexplored Regions,” (as geographers call them,) and learn the comfort of thy new home. Soon the repining L. L. comes back to the warmth of its new settlement, and is so soothed by its genial temperature as generously to invite its old comrade, the right leg, to come and share such pleasure. The right leg, discontented in the effeminate pleasures of the capital, and fancying the place is getting cold, accepts the invitation and moves down, while the sturdy left, filled with a spirit of adventure, penetrates into fresh wildernesses. But the tender right, pampered in (I may say) the lap of luxury, is nearly frozen in the retreat its owner deemed so

warm, and hurries back, as ill pleased with these hospitalities as the British officer, in honor of whom Marion added a savory dish of roast rat to his ordinary fare of potatoes. But this shall not continue. I sternly despatch the right leg after the left, and in a short time the whole of my bed is warm as I could wish.

I once heard a man say that all beds were alike to him. I do not hold him to the letter of a statement so palpably absurd; for, of course, he would not say he perceived no difference between the soft side of a plank and the valleys of a feather-bed. Nor do I imagine it would be a matter of indifference to him whether or not he found crumbs and chopped horse-hair in his couch. But putting a liberal construction upon his remark, is it not evident that he lost a great deal of pleasure by this want of discrimination, upon which I observed that the misguided man plumed himself not a little? Some discomforts, of course, he escaped, — that is, he was a proper object of envy when bad beds only could be procured, but of pity when beds were good. I knew another man whose hand became so callous that he could carry a live coal from one room to another in it; but how little of the pleasure of touch could he realize with such insensibility! Bed is a great good, and every man should cultivate his powers so as to enjoy it.

Somewhere I have seen it stated, that a trainer of dogs should be a man of sober habits, industrious, good-tempered, sagacious, well educated, well dressed, with good manners, and possessed of a happy faculty of influencing men or animals. Less, it has been said, is needed for a prime minister, but no less is essential to a full and delicate appreciation of bed! Of course, I do not claim to have mastered the science, only to be a zealous student. There is a great difference in beds. Now there is the feather-bed. Reader, are you partial to feather-beds? If so, you are yielding to the dictates of a false taste. The first rule of the science is, "No feather-beds!" In the first place, although

seductive, it is not refreshing, but enfeebling and unhealthy. You are not to enjoy your bed like a Sybarite, but like a man who has earned his rest manfully, and means to enjoy it manfully. Because I would not have you at dinner eat as if a dozen peas were enough to support you, but bid you, if you have a good appetite, satisfy it boldly, do I therefore countenance gluttony or epicurism? As for feather-beds, leave them to women, since the fair ladies insist on ruining their health and their beauty.

The hardness of the bed varies, of course, with your liking. But remember, if you can bring yourself to like a really hard bed, you will like it extremely. I became very fond of one bed that was full of hard lumps. To be sure, I was some time in learning to like it, and cannot recommend such severe practice to others. Don't have many clothes on the bed, if you would sleep easily; and never go to bed without undressing. Suwarrow slept dressed, merely taking off one spur when he wanted to sleep particularly well; but you and I are not Suwarrows. Half an hour of sleep without your clothes is worth more than three hours with them. You may be tired in the morning, but you do not wake with a coppery taste in your mouth, and a feeling of indescribable seediness.

While I have been indulging in the above reflections, my condition has steadily improved, until I am now in Elysium. How one becomes aware of one's free, physical existence! How one feels fully alive, yet perfectly at rest! I lie in calm happiness, listening to the strokes of the clock and the clang of the bells. I like to go to bed early, and hear noises in the night. I have followed with great pleasure the receding sounds of the fire-engine, or the course of a military company, and never blamed them for hindering my slumbers.

Hark! my chum's heavy footstep on the stair. Here he comes, fairly exhausted in body and spirits. Unless I am mistaken, he will have a cold room to undress in. Here he is. "John!" Silence prevails. "John! are you asleep?"

The temptation is strong to say "Yes," but I restrain myself; and chum, closing the window with a bang, shivers and huddles into a bed which would have tasked the fortitude of Dr. Kane. I silently bid him good night, and, as the shadows deepen on old Massachusetts, and the tramp of the last Sophomore dies away in the distance, sink into the marvelous land of dreams.

TAKING IN COAL.

EARLY on the morning of September 27th we were aroused with the intelligence that land was in sight. This was gratifying news to many sea-sick passengers, who had never been on blue water before, and who were inwardly vowing that, if they once set their feet on *terra firma*, they never would be again. It is a rather curious fact, that a man's most intimate friends do not sympathize with him at all in sea-sickness, but, on the contrary, take a malicious pleasure in watching his rueful grimaces, and in suggesting to him various remedies, approved by "old salts," but not likely to find their way into the dispensatory. But even to those not afflicted with this disagreeable malady the news was pleasing; for life at sea, to a passenger at least, is essentially monotonous. The good old lady's ideal of a nice young man, one "who did n't play cards, read novels, or smoke cigars," should never trust himself for a long voyage upon the treacherous fluid; for though he may escape all dangers from the elements, yet the blue devils and *ennui* will inevitably seize upon him for their prey.

While the land was yet far distant, and scarcely to be distinguished from the horizon, the mate oracularly pronounced it to be Jamaica, adding also the supplementary information, that we should stop there twenty-four hours to take in coal. The island we were approaching suggested new

subjects of discussion, and it was interesting to go around from one to another of the little groups assembled here and there upon the deck, and see the various turns which conversation had taken. In one, they had confounded it with Haiti, and were discussing the character of Soulouque; in another, they had comprehended the political condition of the island, and quite a warm debate was going on between some Missourians and Yankees as to whether it had been improved by emancipation; in a third, a fat old distiller from New York City having very sententiously remarked that they made good rum there, (a fact of which some of our number were cognizant,) there forthwith sprang up quite an edifying discussion on the subject of Jamaica rum.

In the midst of this conversation, and while we were yet several miles from land, a stalwart negro rowing a small boat drew near, and having hailed us to know if we wanted a pilot, and being answered in the affirmative, and the engine being stopped, fastened his boat to the ship's side and began to clamber up. While he was employed in this, some of the sailors, who were washing the after part of the deck with a hose and pipe, managed to so direct the water (accidentally, of course) as to give him a thorough drenching. He reached the deck in a highly excited frame of mind; but being appeased by the promise that the sailors should be put in irons, took his station, spy-glass in hand, on the wheel-house. We neared the land rapidly, and could soon distinguish trees and green grass. Our sable pilot was well acquainted with the intricacies of the channel, and we passed slowly by Port Royal, and soon, after the customary amount of pulling and hauling, ordering, countermanding, and working at cross purposes generally, were safely moored alongside the wharf. Then, picking our way through the crowd of fruit-sellers and idlers who were gathered around, we started off on a tour of exploration of the town of Kingston. It has an old and dingy-looking aspect, as though it had been built a century or two ago and nothing had been done

since to keep it in repair. The streets are narrow and dirty, there are no public buildings which would attract attention, and the only objects which we saw worthy of notice were, to use a comprehensive bit of alliteration, beggars, babies, and buzzards.

The beggars were of both sexes and all ages. If you stop for a moment in the street, little children who can hardly go alone will tug you by the coat-tail and entreat, with a piteous whine, "A dime, massa! Gor bress you, a dime!" I was at a loss to know of what use money could be to them; with a soil so fertile that little or no labor is requisite to obtain the necessaries of life, a climate so mild that any greater amount of clothing than decency demanded is an encumbrance, apparently in good health,—for, unlike the beggars of many foreign countries, they did not exhibit any sores or wounds, or seek to excite pity by any display of suffering,—with no higher desires than those which pertain to the body, what disposition they could make of money was to me a puzzle. My companion suggested that they would invest it in tobacco. "I have just been purchasing some cigars," said he, "and I find that even in Jamaica they are an expensive luxury. You observe," he continued, "that three fourths of all the people you can see, old and young, male and female, from the little fellow yonder who can hardly toddle, to the wrinkled old crone who is selling oranges at the corner, are smoking, and smoking cigars too, while the remaining fourth are beggars, whose occupation will be gone as soon as they get your money to invest in cigars." As tobacco seems to be regarded rather as a necessary than a luxury in Jamaica, this explanation seemed plausible, at least.

The buzzards are protected by law, and stalk gravely around, quite undisturbed by your presence, and assist some attenuated hogs and hungry dogs in performing the duties of public scavengers.

As for the babies, the little woolly-headed fellows (we will,

if you please, consider them here as of the masculine gender, although, as has been mentioned by a preceding writer in this Magazine, a baby is generally regarded as neuter and designated by an "it") rolled about everywhere, on the sidewalks, in the gutters, in the street, fraternizing with the hogs, dogs, and buzzards, and having a nice time generally. Students commonly have an aversion for babies, and the dislike has already found expression in the pages of this Magazine. But I must confess to entertaining the heretical opinion, that they are quite interesting little objects. Not that I have a special fondness for caressing or talking to, or rather *at*, them. That *copia verborum* which is as necessary for baby-talk as table-talk, I don't possess. My interest in them, too, rapidly diminishes when they begin to cry; for if there is anything annoying, it is a baby who has a good pair of lungs, and a disposition to use them upon all possible occasions. But perhaps some one will say that a baby that does not habitually spend a great portion of its time in this invigorating, but not inspiring exercise, is an ideal creation, and has not its counterpart in real life. I grant that it is a *rara avis* in what we term civilized society. But the little ones often have very good reasons for crying; for besides the torments they suffer from careless dressing, over-feeding, over-dosing, etc., etc., very many, through neglect of physical laws by their parents, inherit from birth such a complication of disorders as to be in a state of continual suffering. But the nearest approach to this "model baby" is to be found in savage life, where nature is allowed freer play. Indian babies, as I can vouch from having seen them in a great variety of circumstances where the lachrymal glands might reasonably be expected to be open, seldom cry. And these Kingston babies, who swarmed about in numbers frightful for a disciple of Malthus to contemplate, seemed to be in a state of most enviable happiness. They were smiling, grinning, sucking their thumbs, and otherwise disporting themselves in approved infantile fashion, without deeming it at

all necessary to indulge in the luxury of a "good cry." Now, in simply watching the movements of good human babies like these, there is to a reflecting mind, I contend, a great deal of pleasure, similar perhaps in kind, but higher in degree and vastly more suggestive, to that with which a person at leisure watches the pranks of young kittens or puppies. But this is a digression. *Revenous à nos moutons.*

On our return to the ship, we found a troop of black girls, or women rather, for they were of all ages from fifteen to sixty, numbering some seventy or eighty, each with a tub of coal on her head weighing some sixty or seventy pounds, filing in on one side of the wheel-house, passing along to the scuttle, emptying their coal, going around the galley, which projected up on the deck, and coming out on the same side of the ship as they entered. They had on gowns and petticoats of coarse stuff reaching just below the knee, a girdle of rags or straw around their waist, and a wadded kerchief, that their load might rest easily, on their heads. With that love of ornament which characterizes the Ethiopian in every condition of life, and which induces the African chieftain to sell to the slave-trader his prisoners of war, and sometimes even his own subjects, for glass beads and similar trinkets, nearly every one had a string of beads around her neck, and very many had gold rings on their fingers and in their ears. They marched along in Indian file, with neither hurry nor delay, but keeping time to a certain wild and not wholly unmusical recitative, which, like the long swells of the ocean, now rose high and then sank low. Each one, as she came to the scuttle, stopped chanting, steadied herself for a moment, then, emptying her tub and restoring it again to her head, resumed her place in the procession. With the exception of a very short interval at noon, this work was kept up in the same manner all day and until late at night.

The evening was most beautiful, and to one seated in the stern of the ship the scene was singularly impressive.

The full moon was rising in an unclouded sky, not a breath of air was stirring, and the water, undisturbed by a ripple, was as smooth as the surface of a polished mirror. Afar off, — too far to hear their noise, — the white caps of the waves could dimly be discerned, as they broke upon the beach. In the extreme end of the harbor a few vessels were lying, whose black hulls, tall masts, and long yards, as seen in the distance and by the moonlight, presented a shadowy or spectre-like appearance. In front lay the town, looking gloomy and sombre, with here and there a tall palm rising above the houses, while far inland rose a steep and lofty peak bathed in most celestial blue, and seemingly running up to almost a perfect point. This for the background of the picture. In the foreground was this file of dusky figures, their heads, surmounted by tubs of coal, appearing first, as they ascended the inclined plank which led from the wharf up the ship's side, then the whole figure coming distinctly into sight, disappearing for a moment as the galley hid them from view, reappearing on the other side, and descending by a plank parallel to that by which they mounted. I watched this scene until quite late in the evening, and then went below to "turn in"; but the noise of the falling coal, and the ceaseless chant of which I have before spoken, penetrated every portion of the ship, and I sought in vain the embraces of the "sweet restorer"; so I again ascended to the deck, and watched these swarthy sisters until their labors were ended. Then a fiddler was brought into requisition, and all joined in a saltatory exercise, termed, by courtesy, a dance. Besides the usual ball-room festivities and the Terpsichorean performances of Class Day, I have witnessed an Indian fandango, a Spanish bolero, and some other fancy dances of a varied and unique character, to say nothing of the dance of the witches in *Macbeth*, brought upon the stage of the Boston with all the scenic accompaniments; but none of them will remain longer in my memory than this performance of these sooty,

begrimed coal-heavers upon the wharf at Kingston under the full effulgence of a tropical moon.

After this was finished and the actors had departed, the band of an English war-vessel which was in the harbor began to play, for the entertainment of some lady visitors whose white drapery we could see fluttering in the moonlight, selections from popular operas, ending with "Home, sweet Home," which came softly stealing over the water, and insensibly turned the thoughts of all to scenes far away. I fell into a reverie which glided into a dream, from which I was roused to consciousness by the gruff voice of a sailor, suggesting to me that I had better move out of the way at once. It was broad day, and preparations for departure were quietly going on. The sun soon appeared, lighting up the wharves, the shipping, and the town; fruit-dealers and venders of small wares began to assemble, more clamorous than ever; passengers with mysterious-looking packages were seen hurrying on board, dense black clouds began to rise from the tall smoke-pipe, and there was the usual bustle and stir attendant upon departure. The ropes were finally cast off, the huge wheels commenced slowly to revolve, and we again glided gently past the frowning batteries of Port Royal, out into the open sea,

"Provehimur portu, terraque urbesque recedunt."

NEWPORT.

You may as well escape from Death as from an editor; and what is to be done when you have made a rash promise, and feel your utter inability to fulfil it? This is my reflection as I sit gazing despondently into a mass of anthracite in a state of active combustion, cudgelling my brains in vain for something to write about. I cannot go into the usual style

of Carlylish, Thackerian, soliloquizing method of composition, which is the approved outlet through which a collegian airs his young vocabulary. What is to be done, for I cannot flatly deny my own promise? I am told to give a little of my own experience. I have no experience that is worth anything. I did go to Newport last vacation, to be sure, but so have fifty others. However, this is a last resort. I will make believe I am writing a plain letter to this fiendish, much-teasing Editor, and tell him about that. It will be stupid, of course. I care not. I am desperate. I never received more than twenty-eight for my best theme, so that no one can expect much, and I will tell a simple story, for it is all I can do. You need not read it, sir, if you do not wish to; but it may recall a few pleasant recollections, perhaps, to those who have been there, and I warn all others to skip to the next article.

The first view of Newport is not very prepossessing. As I walked up the street to my hotel, I must confess that I thought the town had been cracked up a little too much; but fortunately first impressions are often effaced. As for my room, it was and always will be a mystery to me *how* I got into it, and *how* I existed after I was once in. It was in the seventh story; there was said to be a fine view of the harbor from the window, but the exertion of mounting the stairs always overpowered me to such a degree that I never looked out of it. My room was also so exceedingly *narrow*, that, when I wished to turn round, I was obliged to go out into the entry and face in the other way.

The next morning after my arrival beheld me, with the rest of the world, on the beach. The long line of bathing-houses are rolled far up on the sand, and, it being an extremely flat shore, you are obliged to walk almost to *Europe* before the water much more than covers your ankles. The beach swarmed with carriages driving up and down, and ladies and gentlemen in "weird and wild attire," dashing frantically from the bath-houses, vainly endeavored to

reach the water before they should be recognized by the throngs of people who go to make fun of the bathers. I must say, (though with all due respect be it spoken,) that the ladies far exceed the gentlemen in hideousness and unbecomingness of dress. I believe that if Venus herself, *in propria persona*, was to appear in a red-flannel bathing-dress, hair tucked above her ears, and a straw hat tied down over her head, she would lose her reputation as an Olympian belle, and be called a *perfect fright*.

A friend of mine, a jolly good fellow, called on me that morning while I was out; he left his card, asking me to drive that afternoon. I concluded to give him the pleasure of my society, and at 5 P. M. I stepped into his exceedingly stylish open wagon, drawn by two fine bay horses, who stepped out admirably, while he guided them in most perfect style. But alas for the short-sightedness of those who seek to show themselves off! The horses, which were not of the livery stamp, made an unexpected start. The carriages in front, preventing their progress, they made a discontinuous curve, and turned around so sharply that I slipped from the smooth leathern cushions, and found myself in a most undignified position among the horses' feet. I am happy to state, however, that several ladies screamed distinctly, and one, in all the loveliness of blue ribbons and an "occipital bonnet" actually fainted away. What did I care then? I had sprained my arm, but I felt it not. I had made a rent in my garments, ghastly to behold, but I smiled at it. I even bore more than that with equanimity. My hat was placed upon my head by my friend, and that I hold to be the depth of disgrace and ignominy. A man never looks so weak, so despicable, as when obliged to submit to that operation at the hands of another; and though I was in a blissful frame of mind, the recollection of that disgrace served to keep me sobered for at least an hour. The sequel shall come presently.

The last ball of the season was to take place in a week.

As I was acquainted with one of the managers, I found one day on my table a formidable-looking card, about a foot long and six inches wide, informing me that the honor of my company was requested at the ball. I felt flattered, and determined to go. Accordingly, having got myself up in a most regardless style, and walked into the hotel with the most *nonchalant* air I could assume. The large dining-hall was turned into the ball-room; at one end were perched the Germanians. The ceiling and walls were hung with some pink and white material, which I imagined to be at least *silk*, until undeceived by a rather you-had-better-keep-at-a-distance young lady, who told me, with a slight turn of the "pure Grecian feature," that it was "only cambric"! The galleries were boarded in, and hung with evergreens and lights in a most bewildering manner. As I knew very few of the fair sex, I was wandering rather disconsolately along towards the door, when I saw coming in the very young lady who had so sympathizingly fainted at the Fort. She was dressed in white, and looked as if she had just stepped down from Paradise for the evening; she was leaning on the arm of a fine-looking old gentleman, who was evidently her father. As she passed by me, she certainly recognized me, for she colored slightly, and gave me a look, out of her glorious blue eyes, that finished me up completely. I got a friend to present me, and had the felicity of a "Lanciers" with her. She danced as she looked, — like an angel. I then strongly urged that a walk round the cool gallery would be very refreshing after a close ball-room; she was willing, and out we went, — and of course stayed there until the ball broke up. As I escorted her to the carriage, I entreated her to let me see her the next day; she said she might be on the beach the next morning, and I went to bed in a state of imbecility.

It is needless to say that the next morning found me on the beach by nine o'clock; there I waited, walked, and looked for three mortal hours, when at last I saw her driving down

the hill. She was in a little open wagon, and by her side sat a very stylish-looking fellow, talking to her so earnestly, and evidently making himself so agreeable, that I could have shot him with pleasure. As she drove by, I raised my hat and made a most meaning bow, when to my surprise and dismay she merely lifted an eyeglass which he held in her hand, and, after looking at me most scornfully, made a very slight inclination of her head, and drove on.

I have taken a shock from a galvanic battery, and have fallen from a hayloft and alighted upon my head. I have had the ceiling tumble upon me, and had several other accidents of like character, all tending to produce temporary confusion; but I never comprehended what is meant by the telling phrase, "a stunner," until that moment. I must have shown my feelings in my face, for, as I walked along, one of my friends caught hold of me and asked me if I had seen a ghost. I poured forth my sorrows into his sympathizing ear. He shook his head, told me that he himself had been through a great many such trials, and that now, when he felt himself growing a little "spooney," he left town for a few days, and, by devoting himself to the intellectual sports in which Young America delights to indulge itself, was generally cured in a week. "Such things," said he, "don't last very long. It may do for a week or two, but it is tough work keeping up to the mark for any great length of time; and then, my dear fellow, there are as many fish in the river as ever came out of it. Pick your flint, and try it again, and you may be the favorite for three days; and that certainly is enough for any man."

I took the advice in silence; but it was my first disappointment, and I should be ashamed to tell how long it lasted. Mighty queer are these little bits of experience scattered along our years of passage from the greenness of later youth to the verdancy of early manhood. They are some of those trifles, "light as air" though they may be, which hold a place in our memories to the exclusion of

many more important matters. A look, an attitude, a face, and some surroundings of drapery or natural scenery for a background, some scene with a few figures in some situation or other, how often do they remain uneffaced before us for years and years, though mere nothings in themselves, until I sometimes think that such little episodes as I have related affect us more powerfully than we ourselves suspect. So it seems to me, as I sit looking into the fire, and recalling the white beach and cold look, may it be with this Newport experience. But I've told it, and need write no more.

THE MAGIC FOUNTAIN.

NEAR the walls of Rome the ancient
Stands a fountain stained and old,
From whose base for years unnumbered
Have the waters ceaseless rolled.

'T is the King of Oceans, Neptune,
Riding o'er the water's crest,
In his chariot drawn by dolphins,
And by horses four abreast.

When the moonlight falls upon it,
With its rays of silver white,
Gently bathing this old statue
In the beauty of the night, —

When the solemn bells have warned us
That the midnight hour is near,
In their notes of mournful music,
In their accents full of fear, —

He who drinks the flowing waters
Shall his youth once more regain.
Who 'd not quaff this magic liquid,
Which can make him young again ?

To the southern "land of flowers"
Men have ventured forth from Spain,
And sought there the priceless treasure,
Yet have made the search in vain ; —

While the waters of this fountain
(If tradition tells the truth)
Offer us what they have sought for, —
Offer us eternal youth.

There is only this condition,
That we draw the waters up
With our hands both placed together,
Forming thus our drinking-cup.

Stern old Neptune now imploring,
Quick the goblet must we drain ;
If one crystal drop has fallen
Downward to the stream again,

Then the eager, trembling listener
Hears the wavelets, as they flow
Onward to the distant river,
Whisper to him, soft and low :

"Fool thou art to seek the treasure
Which tradition says is here,
From thy hand 't has gone for ever, —
Vanished, when it seemed so near.

"Do not dream away existence
In vain longings for the Past :
Life is given for advancement,
One by one the hours pass."

Sad and weary from the fountain
Turn we, with thoughts full of pain,
That the moments have been wasted
Weaving dreams so false and vain.

THE ENGLISH COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

It would be difficult to find a nobler class of men than the country gentlemen of England. They are as a race manly, generous, and cultivated. Without being intellectually brilliant and showy, they are yet sure and weighty. They are men to be relied upon in an emergency, will stand by a friend against the world, and will pledge a word which shall be equal to any other man's oath. Many of them are, and all of them are capable of becoming, as fine gentlemen as any in Europe. Their whole character and mode of thought is tempered by an innate aristocratic pride; yet their sturdy common-sense and their warm hearts render them sensibly democratic in their active life. In short, that renowned ideality, rejoicing in the soubriquet of John Bull, owes nearly all his most excellent and most striking traits to the character of the English country gentleman. And very properly, too; for the character of the English country gentleman is the true, unadulterated English character. Every country has her *αὐτόχθονες*, — her children of the soil. Her country gentlemen are England's own legitimate offspring, and all others are only step-sons and children by adoption. True it is that the little island-dominion is emphatically the mother of great and populous cities, of trading marts, and of manufacturing emporia. Commerce and manufacture have, indeed, made London and Liverpool, Leeds and Manchester, cities so rich and powerful that they can be surpassed by none on the habitable face of the globe. Still the true, stout old Anglo-Saxon is a dweller in the green fields, under the glorious blue heavens, — not amid brick pavements and beneath a dusky cloud of smoky impurities. And all these noble and flourishing cities could never maintain themselves; they would soon grow decrepit and hollow and rotten, were they not unceasingly invigorated by bounteous infusions of health and elasticity from the country.

Neither in any important particulars do they have the predominance. They do not regulate the standard of moral opinion, or give the tone to thought in the nation. And in civil influence and matters of government they do not out-balance the country interest. And well it is that they do not; for England has a mighty bulwark in the sound, liberal, high-souled views of her country children.

And let not any one venture to bring the charge of rustic awkwardness, simplicity, and clownishness. But if the English gentleman's character need any foil to set it off, we have only to step across the Straits of Dover, and we shall find a most excellent one. The French *αὐτόχθων* is a citizen, — nay, more narrow still, he is a Parisian. See how all France is, as it were, only a magnificent maelstrom, of which Paris is the deathful vortex. Thither are swept all who have wealth, genius, or high aspirations; and here, by the fascinating frivolities of Parisian life, they are overwhelmed with black and utter destruction. Compare the meagre, wiry, weazened physique of the Frenchman, with the full, broad, muscular development of the Englishman. Put his cold, heartless artificiality beside the genial, honest warmth of a hearty English nature. The country gentleman of the present day is a most perfect model of a man and a gentleman. Enough of the spirit of his ancestors — the hard-riding, fox-hunting squires of yore — has come down to him to make him a fine picture of animal health and physical development. Whilst an education at Oxford or Cambridge, a tour on the Continent, and frequent visits to London, prevent his falling behind the age, give him mental resources and conversational power, good-breeding and a general cultivation. England is the true home of domestic architecture; and throughout all her realm she has nothing finer to show than the mansions of the rural gentry. At their country-seats, in the arrangement of the park and of the pleasure-grounds, Art is called in to lend a helping hand to Nature; but it is to assist, not to thwart her. In the

buildings themselves, the old solid, substantial style, in which comfort seems to be the first thing sought, is retained, but is at the same time softened down, and even acquires some pretensions to beauty, through the skill of the architect. Whilst in the interior the general air of elegance which reigns throughout, the tasteful collection of paintings, and the well-filled library, attest the refinement and cultivation of the owner.

But pleasing as this character may appear, it is not, after all, the genuine and original. In the present day, the state of ceaseless rotation and fermentation in which society is kept, serves to do away with all peculiarities of caste. In old times it was different. Then people had to travel from the country to London on horseback, over roads beset with highwaymen, and so mired that their horses could scarcely toil along through mud which often came above their knees. Every night they were obliged to put up at the little wayside hostleries, which were often not a dozen miles apart. The journey was thus prolonged for weeks, often for months. As may be imagined, the country squires seldom entered upon so laborious an operation. And indeed, if they once accomplished it, the result was seldom such as to induce them to wish to repeat the experiment. We may suppose that a wild buffalo-bull, snatched suddenly from the midst of a vast prairie herd, and set down in a farmer's quiet barnyard, would present much the same appearance as a rough, unkempt country squire in the streets of London. Bewildered by the din and the crowds of a city, astounded by all the new and marvellous sights around him, trying to look twenty different ways at once, he was sure soon to become the centre of a throng of loafers and gay street wags, — a numerous class in those times, — who hustled and chaffed and teased him without limit. His clothes and finery, which had probably been the fashion some two or three reigns before, and his extraordinary and outlandish vernacular, as odd and as unintelligible as the broadest Irish brogue

of to-day, became the subjects of endless drolleries and witticisms. And a stay of a few days in the metropolis inevitably sufficed to throw his rustic brain into such a dizzying whirl and confusion, that he had just sense enough left to re-saddle his horse and crawl gloomily home again. The one solitary memento of his visit which he usually bore away with him was a most intense hatred, loathing, disgust for London and all Londoners; and this sentiment became from that moment the first and firmest article in his political creed.

Once again, however, upon his paternal acres, and he was a changed man. He was verily "lord of all he surveyed." He looked round with all the pleasurable pride of ownership upon his spacious old mansion-house, his extensive stables, his well-filled kennels. He could ride for miles without going out of his own possessions; and he ran no risk of meeting a swaggering bravo with a nervous sword swung from his thigh, or an insolent wag with an unpleasantly keen tongue. His huntsmen, his grooms, his family servants, were all part of the estate. There they had been born and bred, and there they expected to die. Their fathers and grandfathers had served most loyally the squire's father and grandfather; and they in their turn looked up to him with mingled feelings of attachment and veneration. And indeed, how could they help feeling some attachment for one who from his birth had been brought up among themselves,—who had been taught by one to ride, by another to shoot, and by a third to swim? And how could they help standing in some awe of one who gravely administered justice in the Court of Quarter Sessions, and who filled the dignified post of an officer in the county train-bands?

But we must not fall into the egregious error of imagining the country squire to be either a cultivated, or even an educated man. On the contrary, judged according to the standard of the present day, it must be confessed that he would appear extremely coarse and illiterate. Of this, Fielding's Squire Western furnishes the best proof; for this

famous character is not that of an individual, but is the type of a whole class of men. A few only of them enjoyed the advantages of a year or two at the University ; and even these returned, while still little more than boys, to forget in their father's hall what little they had managed to learn away from it. And in truth a better place for banishing all literary tastes and acquirements could not well be devised. Instead of the elegant library which now graces every rural manor-house, from cellar to roof-tree, not a book could be found, save perchance an odd volume of some old work on farriery, or a tattered book of songs. Still, though these tough old gentlemen never read, and were often unable even to write, they yet generally managed to "drive dull care away" pretty successfully. Early in the morning, before the sun had dried the dew from the grass, all was life and bustle around the hall. Horses were stamping and neighing ; hounds were yelling and baying in the most harmonious discord, in every key from the shrillest treble to the deepest bass ; and the huntsmen and grooms arrayed in the gayest attire, in brilliant red or yellow jackets and most extensive and muddy top-boots, were hurrying around, winding the "merrie horn," whistling to the dogs, and swearing in the deep and heartfelt manner peculiar to Englishmen. Then came the fiery chase, — the mad, break-neck gallop for miles and miles, up hill and down dale, "through bush, through brier," over the goodman's flourishing corn-field, and through the housewife's bed of marigolds, until at last the unhappy fox gives in, and her captor has another brush to hang over his fireplace, and another skin to help to patch his barn-door withal.

Meanwhile the chances are that our jolly squire has been joined in his hunt by some of his neighbors ; and they all now adjourn to the Hall, in quest of some good cheer after their long run. A jovial, crackling wood-fire, equal to half a dozen of the dainty little *dilettanti* fires that one sees in a drawing-room now-a-days, is heaped up in one of the genuine, deep, old-fashioned fireplaces, whose capacious chim-

ney-corners, known to our degenerate selves only by pleasing traditions, can verily hold a dozen people in their cordial embrace. The oaken table is spread; but the viands consist of little beyond a monstrous joint of the national roast-beef, an extensive venison pasty, and numerous flagons of beer; for beer was then the favorite drink, it being rather expensive daily to intoxicate a numerous party of tolerably strong-headed guests with foreign wines. The conversation usually aspired to be sagely political; but, unhappily, a total ignorance of all political matters rendered it rather circumscribed. In fact, it was confined to cursing with the most cordial English oaths all those whom the squire in his younger days had been taught to hate as enemies of the Established Church, of the King, and of all honest and right-minded men, the latter class consisting chiefly of himself and his brother squires throughout the kingdom. These enemies were somewhat numerous; for they included all twaddling Frenchmen, all insolent Londoners, all false courtiers, all niggardly Scotchmen, all ranting Irishmen, and, finally, all Presbyterians, all Roman Catholics, and all other heathens of what denomination soever.

The ladies were allowed, like little children, to come to the table for a short time; but soon it was intimated to them that their presence was an unwelcome restraint, whereat they modestly took themselves off, and left their lords to revel and riot undisturbed. And of the liberty thus generously accorded, the gentlemen usually availed themselves so thoroughly, that, among the small hours of the morning, many of them were snoring beneath the table, and the rest were reeling away, clinging with maudlin affection to the necks of their footmen.

But neither, on the other hand, must we now conclude that the country squire of those days was nowise superior to the drover or the rough small-farmer of the present day. For in so doing we should greatly wrong him. He was a strange mixture of good and evil. With all his coarseness and brutality, he yet had in him the germs of all those vir-

tues which are to-day so much admired in his posterity. Although his unhappy want of education prevented him from invariably filling the post with dignity, he yet felt that he was by right of birth a gentleman. He felt that he had a right to assert a superiority over his uncouth retainers, even though in point of letters he stood on a par with them. And in fact this superiority was in him; it was not, perhaps, tangible, nor easily definable in words, nevertheless it was none the less sensibly felt. It was the superiority which a high lineage and generous blood seldom fail to bestow. He was as proud of his vaunted genealogy as ever was a Scotchman of his proverbial pedigree; but this aristocratic pride of family really did bring with it many of those virtues with which we are fond of connecting it, at least in our imaginations and tales of chivalry.

The squires were brave, high-spirited, and eminently faithful. No men in the world had hearts more loyal or more generous than theirs. Little cause, for example, had they to love the Stuarts, when they could not enter Whitehall without being ignominiously hustled by the gaudy butterfly minions of the court. Still, when the Revolution broke out, and these pretty butterflies had fluttered away to sun themselves elsewhere, then it was by the squires and their retainers almost exclusively that the royal ranks were filled. They battled and bled on the bloody fields of Naseby, of Edgehill, and of Worcester, long after all hope was fled. And under Goring and Lunsford they threw themselves upon the pikes of the firm, well-disciplined soldiery of Cromwell and Fairfax, with an heroic daring and a noble self-sacrifice nowhere surpassed in the annals of England. They melted down their old ancestral plate, they forfeited their estates, they plunged deeply into debt, they beggared themselves and their posterity; and all because their warm, manly English hearts would not see their rightful lord and king, whom they had been taught to love and obey, — tyrant though he was, — browbeaten and bullied by his own subjects and servants.

EDITORS' TABLE.

WE notice the following petition in circulation:—"The undersigned, after earnest reflection and frequent interchange of opinion, respectfully address and petition the President and Faculty of Harvard University regarding Section 49, Chapter 4, of the 'Statutes and Laws': 'The students of the College shall constantly, seasonably, and with due reverence, attend the daily devotional exercises of the Chapel, morning and evening, and the religious exercises of the Chapel on the Lord's Day, and the days of the annual Fast and of the Dudleian Lecture, and at such other times as their attendance may be required by the authority of the University.' We believe that compulsory attendance on Divine worship defeats the object in view, inasmuch as, when the mind is not engaged in religious reflection of its own free will and accord, Divine service degenerates into a mere form, alike blunting to our moral nature and discreditable to true religion. Many of us prefer other services than those at the Chapel. Most of us would be regulated by the wishes of our parents. All of us desire to exercise free will in matters of religion. We therefore ask that all students, with the consent of their parents or guardians, be allowed to attend church on the Sabbath, and all other specified days for worship, at times and places agreeable to themselves."

WE have appealed to the imagination of the Freshmen, the pride and honor of the Sophomores, and the Class feeling of the Juniors and Seniors, not to let the Magazine go down in the hands of the present Editors; we have got out a circular and laboriously distributed it throughout the College; we have personally visited a great number of the students, and have solicited their subscriptions; but, notwithstanding all this exertion, we have not yet succeeded in filling up our list. One of the Editors makes the following report:—

Number of students attacked,	100
Number who could n't afford it,	7
Number who did n't think the Magazine worth supporting,	1
Number who had n't subscribed before, and consequently could n't now,	8
Number who would decide in a few days,	11
Number who had understood that the Faculty were opposed to the Magazine,	7
Number who would subscribe, if, after having canvassed the College, we found we needed one more to complete the list,	19
Number who subscribed	47
	— 100

The report speaks for itself; it requires no commentary from us. It is plain that the old-fashioned, gentlemanly way of simply requesting a man to subscribe is out of vogue. Something more artificial is needed, now-a-days. We must make it an object for our friends to take the Magazine; we must set prizes before them, or else make subscription a part of a grand Gift Enterprise.

We accordingly invite the attention of our readers to the following magnificent scheme of prizes. We offer,—

To the man who, on being asked to take the Harvard Magazine, says "yes" quicker than any other man, A new and useful writing-desk. (We know it is new, for we bought it only last Christmas, and useful, for we have used it every day since.)

To the man who gets us the greatest number of subscribers who pay in advance, The post of one-sixth Editor of this periodical.

To the man who gets us the greatest number of non-paying subscribers, A new and beautiful corkscrew, used at the last Editors' meeting.

To every man that says he will subscribe if we can just make up the number save one, A copy of our circular.

To every man that says he will decide after consulting his parents, A copy of "The Young Man's Guide."

To every man that says he can't afford it, A copy of "The Bread-Basket, or Every Man his own Boarder," by Dr. Alcott.

BEFORE another number is issued, it will be the pleasant duty of the Editors to canvass the College and solicit subscriptions for a new volume. In spite of those who have been ever ready to empty their water-pitchers upon our youthful efforts, the Magazine has passed her fourth year safely, and promises to live another year at least. To her subscribers, and more especially to her contributors, she makes her handsomest courtesy. Let her be pardoned, however, for the suggestion or two she now offers.

There are yet too many subscribers who look upon the Magazine merely as an "institution," which claims their support merely because other Classes have supported it before them. "We pay of course, but who ever reads it?" is the question we often hear sneeringly asked. We do not ask you to subscribe only, fellow-students, but to read the Magazine. While we cannot expect great literary merit in the articles, we wish them to be a fair sample of what the students can write. It seems to be often forgotten that this Magazine does not enter the lists and ask attention from the outer world as a literary periodical. That it may be heartily supported in our midst by both subscriber and contributor, be found on every student's table, and saved by the graduate with his other memorials of College life,—this is all we wish, certainly all we have a right to expect. We ask our contributors, therefore, to write articles which they would consider worth reading, to take pains with them, and write on subjects which would interest those for whom they write. Let each choose his own subject, and let it be one on which he has bestowed some thought. Let us have no hashes from other person's writings, which would only excite a longing for the meat when it was first cooked. Let us have fresh, original articles, such as a student and young man would write,—yea, even if the thoughts are crude and the style somewhat "squirry."

This is not the time or place for entering into a defence of College Magazines; we will only mention a significant fact by way of stimulus to our contributors. Those who have taken the lead in our little periodicals in times past are all men who have since attained the highest literary eminence. Everett, Felton, Hillard, Holmes, and Lowell shine among College Editors, and wrote their first pieces for their Harvard periodicals. Yet the first Magazine here failed because the articles

were too heavy, the other three because they were too light. The Harvard Magazine, it is believed, by adopting a middle course, is thus far the most successful. We ask for all articles written on interesting subjects, and displaying some thought, whether sober or witty, provided the soberness does not degenerate into dullness, or the wit into insipidity. Thus our labors may not be bestowed in vain, and the Magazine may never suffer from an empty treasury or a full balaam-box.

And with these farewell comments, we place the extinguisher over the already flickering flame of

THE FOURTH VOLUME.

the 1990s, the number of people with a mental health problem has increased by 50% (Mental Health Foundation 1999).

There is a growing awareness of the need to address the needs of people with mental health problems, and the importance of providing them with appropriate services. However, there is a significant gap between the current needs of people with mental health problems and the services available to them. This gap is due to a number of factors, including a lack of resources, a lack of training for health professionals, and a lack of awareness of the needs of people with mental health problems.

One of the main reasons for the gap between need and service is a lack of resources. There are not enough health professionals to meet the needs of people with mental health problems, and there are not enough services available to them. This is due to a number of factors, including a lack of funding, a lack of training for health professionals, and a lack of awareness of the needs of people with mental health problems.

Another reason for the gap between need and service is a lack of training for health professionals. Health professionals need to be trained in how to deal with people with mental health problems, and in how to provide them with appropriate services. However, there is a lack of training opportunities for health professionals, and this leads to a gap between need and service.

A third reason for the gap between need and service is a lack of awareness of the needs of people with mental health problems. Health professionals and the public need to be aware of the needs of people with mental health problems, and of the importance of providing them with appropriate services. However, there is a lack of awareness of the needs of people with mental health problems, and this leads to a gap between need and service.

There are a number of ways in which the gap between need and service can be closed. One way is to increase the number of health professionals, and to provide them with appropriate training. Another way is to increase the number of services available to people with mental health problems. A third way is to increase the awareness of the needs of people with mental health problems, and of the importance of providing them with appropriate services.

It is important to address the needs of people with mental health problems, and to provide them with appropriate services. This is because mental health problems are a major cause of disability, and they can have a significant impact on the lives of people who have them.

THE HARVARD MAGAZINE

Claims only to be the exponent of the thoughts and feelings of the students of Harvard College. It lays no claim to the highest literary excellence, but only to such a degree of excellence as may be justly expected of young and undisciplined writers. It depends on a personal interest in the writers, rather than on the intrinsic merits of the articles themselves, to give to it zest and interest. It addresses itself, therefore, chiefly to the undergraduates of Harvard, and on them it rests mainly for its support.

The Magazine will be published on the first day of every month, with the exception of February and August. **TERMS**, \$2.00 per annum, *payable on the delivery of the first number*. Those remitting \$2.00 in advance to the Publisher will receive the Magazine free of postage.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—For the convenience of both Editors and printers, contributors are requested to use white letter-paper, and to write on one side only.

EXCHANGES received since our last issue:—*Ichonolite* for August; *North Carolina Magazine*, *Rutgers College Quarterly*, *Yale Lit.*, and *Beloit*, for October.



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